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Cover Design: Joanna Troutman. From a portrait by Marie Cronin, which now hangs in the Senate Chamber of the Texas State Capitol, and which is the property of former governor O. B. Colquitt. See "The Story of the Flag of Texas," p. 12.

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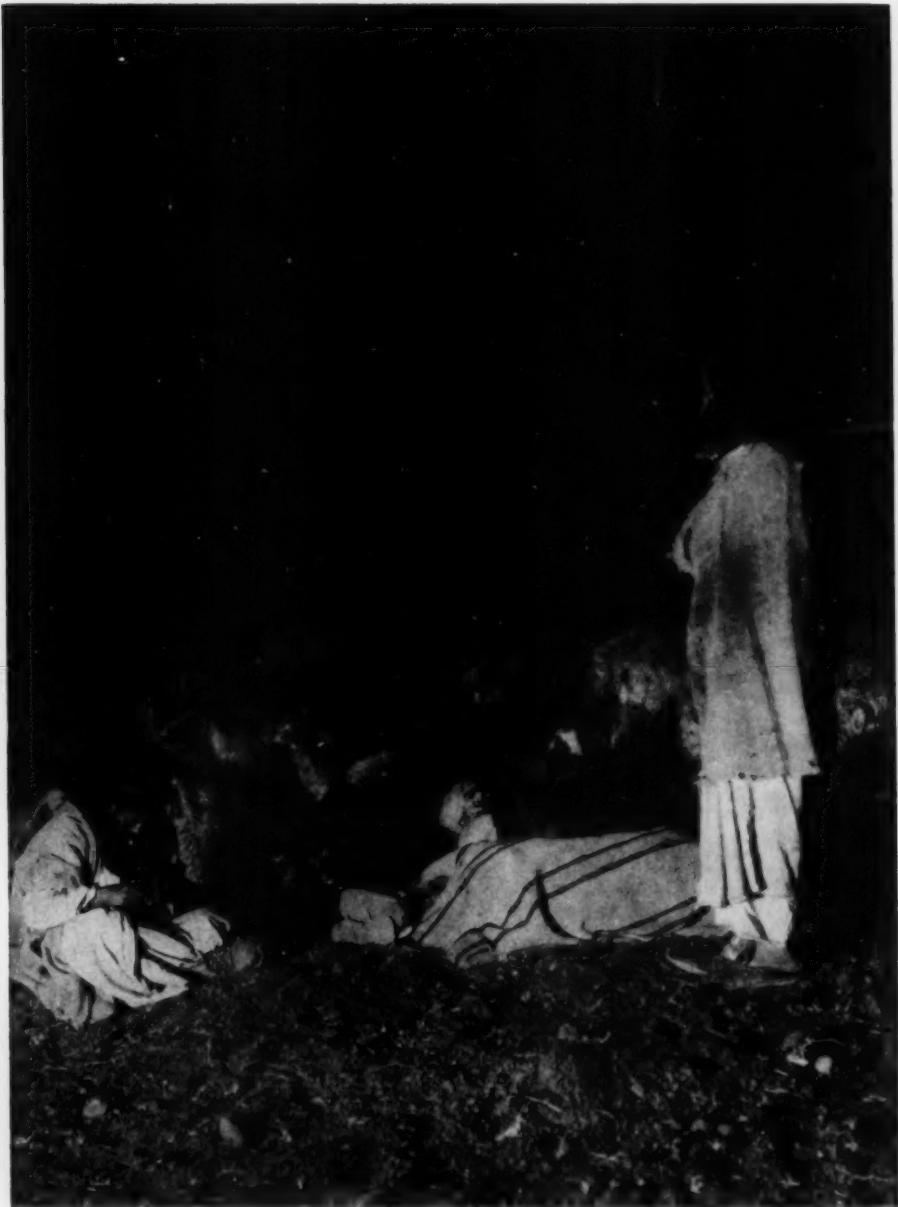
Editor

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"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night"—*Luke 2:8*



THIS IS HERMAN, YOUR CHRISTMAS CHILD

Christmas Child

SARAH CORBIN ROBERT

President General, N. S., D. A. R.

*Christmas began with a gift.
Christmas began with a child.
You have a Christmas gift-child.*

MANY TIMES, chapter members have said: "How I wish that we might have a scholarship child, but I fear that will never be!"

Your wishes have become a reality. For several months, a young lad down in our eastern mountains has had new life because of you.

It has been customary for Presidents General to greet each chapter of the National Society with a Christmas card. Since Christmas means giving, it occurred to me as President General that the chapters might be happy to give their card in order that their wish for a scholarship child might come true. In early fall, each of the twenty-five hundred chapters figuratively dropped its card from the President General into a cauldron, out of which has come new opportunity for Herman. The only magic is the power of little things directed in united effort.

Herman has no mother. Last year he was ill and lame. This year, because of care and nourishing food, the lameness has nearly disappeared.

May the knowledge of the new life brought about through your tiny concerted offering bring you joy at Christmas.



LOOKING AT THE CHRISTMAS ALBUM

Albums and Annuals

The Favorite "Christmas Gifts" of Long Ago
EUDOCIA LUCKY

IT may be, as some have asserted, that the library of the earliest homes in this country consisted of only two books, Shakespeare and the Bible. However, before the

nineteenth century was many years old, to these were added further printed treasures, tomes that supplied our forebears with an abundance of pleasant, sentimental, in-



From an old Godey Print

nocuous reading. These "albums" and "annuals" made their debut in the 1820's and had their heyday during the forties.

"Albums," did I say? Now, an album is "a book for photographs, autographs, sketches, a printed book of sentiments." The photograph album came into being when "sun pictures" were invented—around the year 1840. The novelty of

daguerreotypes and ambrotypes made people want likenesses of all their relatives and friends and, consequently, demanded a handy repository for the resultant bizarre collection. To this assortment in turn were admitted tintypes and *cartes de visite*. Down the years the "family Bible," the stereopticon, and the colored-glass water set magnanimously shared hon-

ors on the parlor table with the richly bound "family album." Manifestly most purchasers of the latter insisted that the book be ornamental—whether to complement or to supplement its prospective contents, who can say?

Somewhat less embellished than the picture album was the older autographic album of our great-grandparents' time. This booklet, it is said, reposed in nonchalant accessibility upon the mahogany or rose-wood table, secretary, or lady's desk, where dear friends, callers, and even strangers sojourning but for a night were urged to pen a choice thought or two—preferably in verse—on one of its blank pages. And blank books one might well call these old autograph albums, which bore meager printing besides the word "Album" stamped in gilt letters on cover or backstrip. Although some specimens carried a few whole-page illustrations, most presented a rather plain exterior.

Before me lies my grandmother's album with inscriptions of the years 1840 through 1842. In addition to a frontispiece entitled "The Flowers," this booklet of some fifty pages contains five engravings: "Benares," "The Night Storm," "Why Don't He Come?", "Death of Hassan," and "The Castle." The engravers here represented are Neagle, Cheney, Ellis, and Patton. During the forties and fifties especially, such chaste little books of hand-penned sentiments were cherished by matrons as well as maids.

Their passion for autographs was too general to be called a hobby nowadays, and it could not rightly be termed a fad, since it lasted for generations and, with some individuals, is still going strong. While ring tournaments, sealing-wax wafers, talmas, lye soap, and isinglass custard belong to an age that is past, their contemporary, the autograph album, will never disappear so long as there are persons in the world who are bent on securing the signatures of other persons. To be sure, the hero-worshippers of mid-Victorian days craved autographs of their idols, but in many cases the tender, "beautiful" lines from Moore or Byron or Mrs. Hemans were undoubtedly prized quite as much as the signature of those who meticulously penned them in Susanna's or Cornelia's album. Even

though autographs of celebrities were no doubt harder to obtain than is true today, autograph albums were plentiful.

"A printed book of sentiments" came into general vogue, we are told, about the year 1830 and it held a secure place in the sun of fashion until the mid-century had passed. Its origin was clearly the ancient almanack. A few books of this sort bore the title "Album," but more were called "Annual," the principal distinction between the two being that annuals were supposed to be issued year after year.

The very first of these printed miscellanies to appear in this country was "Le Souvenir, a picturesque pocket diary for 1826, with almanack, ruled pages for memoranda, literary selections, and a variety of useful information." This work was printed by A. R. Poole at Philadelphia in December, 1825. Almost simultaneously, Messrs. Carey and Lea of that city (who already were agents for the British publication *Hommage aux Dames*) brought out the first American annual of consequence, *The Atlantic Souvenir*.

Similar collections soon appeared in Philadelphia, Boston, and New York, the chief printing centers of North America. It seems that our young republic, desirous of being independent from the cultural standards of England, felt that she should establish a literary and artistic reputation of her own. American-made annuals, therefore, were welcomed as objects of a peculiar national pride that should be media for the proof of native talent and the exercise of native skill.

Since when these books were first published literature in this country was by no means a paying business for the writer, the editors of annuals were able to procure contributions from the best American authors. Longfellow received only five dollars each for two of his poems printed in *The Atlantic Souvenir* of 1829; Emerson wrote for *The Offering*; Poe's "Manuscript Found in a Bottle" appeared (a reprint) in *The Gift of 1837*; Bryant was a co-editor of *The Talisman*, 1828-36.

Early publishers of annuals commanded, likewise, the work of the best artists and the master engravers of America: Sully, Inman, Neagle, Leslie, Cheney, Sartain, Morse, and several others of unquestioned

WARNE'S HOLIDAY ALBUM.

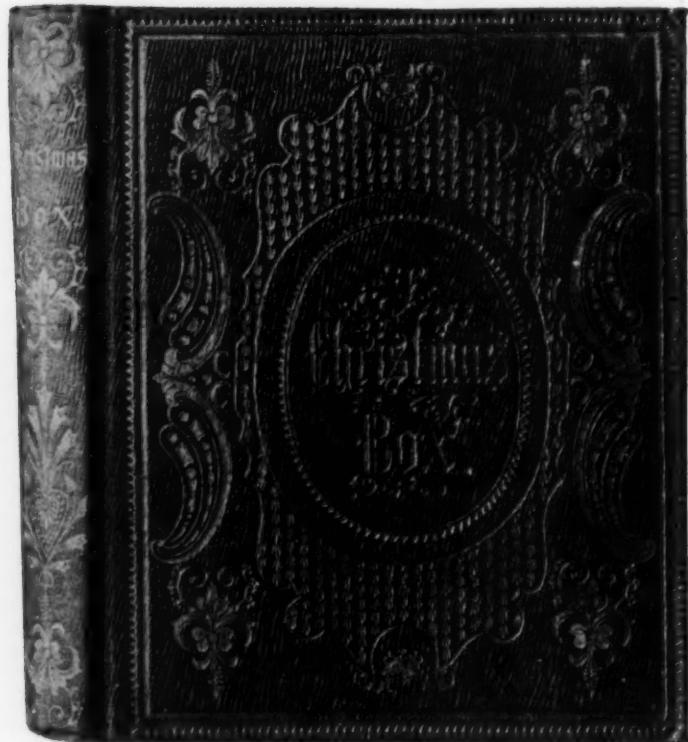


FRONTISPICE OF A TYPICAL HOLIDAY ALBUM

ability. Albums and annuals made possible a general distribution of good pictures throughout the country, just as, conversely, these books lost their hold upon popularity when such pictures became available in cheaper publications. "The tools of the engraver" came to be employed "upon something else besides door plates

and visiting cards." All told, it is interesting to note that engravers profited from annuals more than did artists. Engravings were customarily of the line type. Some annuals carried colored plates and a few hand-painted sketches.

As a rule, the pictures that appeared in annuals were those of bucolic settings, ma-



JUVENILE ALBUM OF THE FIFTIES
Cover: Bright gilt on chocolate

jestic landscapes, storms at sea, funeral sights—subjects with a poignant appeal to the emotions. On the whole, American scenes were less favored than foreign views and ancient historical episodes. The female form was often portrayed—always in chaste delineation. When *The Token of 1832* carried an illustration entitled "The Toilette," the modest representation of a young woman, fully dressed, combing her hair, a contemporary critic denounced the picture as bordering upon "indecency."

Regarding many of the illustrations found in annuals, it is difficult to accept this statement of a certain editor writing in the year 1837: "The dissemination of Annuals softens the asperities of life." These books were, of course, a sort of spiritual and aesthetic *multum in parvo* to house-

holds devoid of cultural assets and in a day when public libraries and picture galleries were confined to large centers of population and news stands and rental-book collections rare. Nevertheless, what stimulus or solace, pray, could your Great-uncle William or my Great-aunt Augusta have derived from gazing upon "The Dying Greek" or "The Duchess and Sancho" or "Aqueduct Near Rome"?

Even more artificial and stereotyped than most of the artistic output of the albums and annuals was their letter press. Sober and moral, neither racy nor coarse of phrase, with an ever-present note of the didactic. Of slight humor and that refined, restrained—never hilarious. Such was the reading matter presented in annuals. Every one of these volumes was well padded with



Painted by Stephanoff; engraved by O. Peilton

"THE FLOWERS" FROM THE ALBUM, PUBLISHED BY J. C. RICKER, NEW YORK

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sentimental poems full of conventional drama, moral didacticism, exotic description. The poetry was banal as contrasted with the simple, forceful verse that you and I enjoy today. The letter press (often, by the way, composed to fit the illustrations!) might correctly be summed up as romantic and genteel.

Much of this material was from feminine pens, for it chanced that simultaneously with the launching of annuals in this country there occurred the emergence of the American woman into literature. A list of the women who as editors or other contributors wrote for annuals would include Emily Percival, Sarah Josepha Hale, Eliza Leslie, Emily Marshall, Elizabeth F. Ellet, Lydia H. Sigourney, Mary E. Hewitt, Frances S. Osgood, Sarah C. Edgerton, Ann S. Ste-

phens, Elizabeth Oakes Smith, Harriett Beecher Stowe, Louise Chandler Moulton, and Mary A. Livermore.

A few of these women, it will be noted, attained some distinction in American letters, while others never achieved more than a mediocre rating as writers. The same being true of the men contributors to annuals (particularly those of later date), the contents of these publications was quite varying as to quality. On the other hand, the external appearance of annuals was, with few exceptions, ornate. Fancy covers and gilt-edged pages were the rule for the more pretentious specimens, which were generally bound in tooled leather (often with mother-of-pearl inlay) or in watered silk. Whether it sold for twenty dollars or for only three dollars and a half, every one



THE TITLE PAGE OF THE ATLANTIC SOUVENIR

of these books was fashioned to please the eye.

Their external embellishment was most important for the reason that albums and annuals were printed primarily to be given away, hence they had to present an attractive front. "Candy and flowers . . . and perhaps a book of poetry or an album or a bottle of Florida water are the only things a lady may accept from a gentleman," Scarlett O'Hara's mother was wont to remark. Suitors sent annuals and albums to their sweethearts; husbands presented them to their wives. Parents were spared the holiday quandary of whether to buy Junior an electric toy or a bicycle; they simply gave him (for example) *The Keepsake* or *The Union Annual* or *The Juvenile Gem*. Annuals not only wore fancy dress but

also bore aesthetic titles like *The Amaranth*, *The Lily of the Valley*, *The Diadem*, or *The Magnolia*—metaphorical names to match elegant covers.

Many of these books of yesteryear had titles declaring their purposed use: such were *The Woodbine, a Holiday Gift*; *The Christmas Blossom and New Year's Wreath*; *The Harbinger, a May Gift*; *The Moss Rose, a parting token*; *The Casket, a gift book for all Seasons*, and innumerable others. Dr. Ralph Thompson, an authority on gift books, estimates that each year between 1846 and 1852 on a average sixty such works were produced in this country. A prolific record indeed when we consider that the occasions for issuing gift volumes were really very few. Our calendar was not yet cluttered up with sentimentalized and commercialized dates to be observed by giving presents. No one had inaugurated such festivals as "Old Maids' Day" or "Pay Your Doctor Day" or "Office-Boys' Day" or "Kiss Your Wife Day," else enterprising publishers might have let loose a veritable plague of gift books.

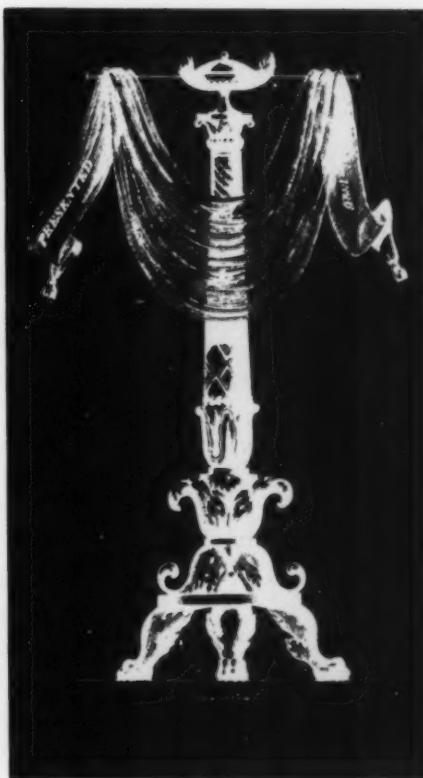
On my desk is a comely volume called *Gift of Affection and New Year's Present*, printed in 1869 by George A. Lovett, New York (who, by the way, produced many creditable gift books). It became a common practice of publishers to reprint annuals under a new title guise. This particular annual is, in part at least, a re-issue of *The Magnolia* for 1837. Letter press was often borrowed; engravings were likewise freely reproduced, with the result that few of the late literary albums possessed individual character.

Their want of originality was both the cause and the effect of the waning popularity of the annuals. In time, taste for the genre spent itself as a new zest appeared among potential readers of this type of book. When the American people began to take interest in the realities of life they were no longer content with the detached, idealistic reading matter of gift books. This public craved more timely material. Our forebears, experiencing deep concern over such pertinent problems as foreign missions, female education, temperance, and slavery, turned their attention increasingly from romance to realism.

Not that there was no realistic material to be found in annuals. On the contrary, a few such volumes dealt wholly with the American scene: *The Biographical Annual of Wild Flowers in their Native Haunts*; *The Home Book of the Picturesque* (American scenery and art); *Homes of America*; *The Geographical Annual for 1842* (full of American data); *The Jackson Wreath or National Souvenir*. Regional pride sponsored authors of a particular state or city in a few publications like *The Charleston Book*, *The Native Poets of Maine* or *The New Orleans Book*. Other annuals represented certain organizations and movements of the American people. "Almost every society and order had its Souvenir or Offering or Annual." A sort of year book, if you please. No fewer than four annuals were issued to combat slavery. *The Liberty Bell*, published at intervals from 1839 to 1858, was unique in its dual purpose of disseminating anti-slavery propaganda and of providing funds for the Abolition cause. There was *The Temperance Offering*, also *The Sons of Temperance Offering*. The year 1855 produced *The Wide-Awake Gift*, "a Know-Nothing token."

It was quite natural that current social, political, and religious questions should be presented to the public in the familiar form of annuals. However, because under the influence of the latter the subject treatment was apt to be emotional rather than logical and convincing, gift books were hardly effective media for conveying vital, practical topics to popular attention. Moreover, they were expensive.

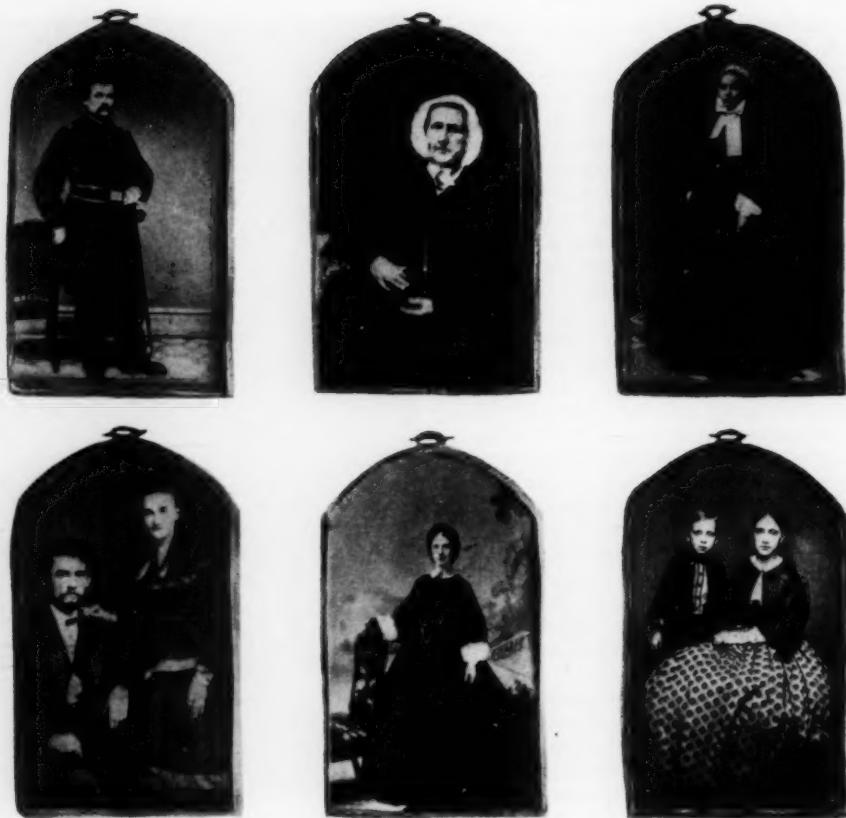
Furthermore, such compendiums did not meet the growing demand for frequent publications, hence we find annuals gradually outmoded by ladies' books and other magazines that appeared more often and yet furnished a more satisfying variety of reading at much less cost. What woman of the 'fifties did not embrace a volume like *The Ladies' Literary Museum*, which treated of "the latest books, styles of dress, changes of fashion and customs of society, new recipes, new charades, etc. . . . original stories by the most accomplished writers, with hints on female education and manners"? This publication was indeed a veritable "Saturday Parlour Companion." Whenever my grandfather would go from his deep-south



THE FRONTISPICE OF THE ATLANTIC SOUVENIR

home "north" to market—to buy goods for his plantation and clothes for his family and servants—grandma's parting reminder was always, "And don't forget to bring me a lady's book." As the country became less sparsely settled and transportation facilities improved, interest in current affairs was, naturally, quickened among the members of every literate American household. They desired to receive the latest in the printed word regularly and often, so they subscribed to periodicals.

By the 1850's magazines like *Godey's* that were intended for feminine perusal could well afford to give a kindly publicity to gift books of the annual class, because the prestige of the latter was already doomed in favor of "women's," "family," and "household" publications. In their slow



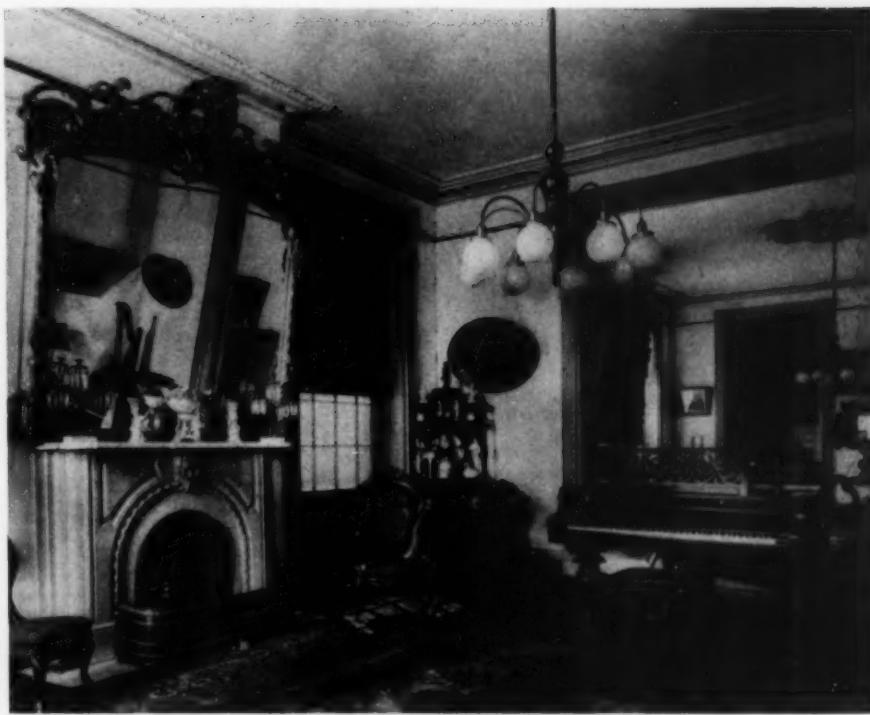
PAGE FROM A TYPICAL AMERICAN FAMILY PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM

demise annuals clung gallantly to life, and when they passed on they left behind at least one of their dominant traits, that of a fanciful form, which occasionally crops up still in some book prepared solely for a

gift. Although of meager merit when rated by present-day standards of taste and intelligence, albums and annuals will always retain a certain charm as old-time tokens of decorous ways and leisurely days.



THE SERIES "THE SPIRIT OF THE HAND-MADE" is unrepresented in this issue because of its similarity in subject and proximity in period to "Albums and Annuals." The series will be resumed in the January number with an article on wooden ware by Ella Shannon Bowles, a distinguished authority on antiques and author of several successful books. The latest of these is "Let Me Show You New Hampshire" which is at present enjoying widespread vogue.



AN INTERIOR VIEW OF ROSALIE, THE MISSISSIPPI SHRINE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION IN NATCHEZ

Old-Fashioned Parlor

HELEN HAZLETT

*A fan with painted sticks, pale blue,
Lay near an ivory mandarin,
With long mustachios, grotesque, thin.
And on the hearth were conch shells, two.
Above, a jar of amber hue,
"A present from the Falls." Within
A corner where its notes, though few,
Lent charm, an old melodeon.*

*When ladies came, sedate, to call,
In taffetas that rustled so,
They sat in rosewood chairs below
The family portraits on the wall.
Their tea in cups, both fragile, small,
My grandmother dispensed. A row
Of buttons fine . . . a cameo
Secured her basque of moire. Tall
And slim she stood there, long ago.*



Copyright applied for—W. M. White

HOTEL AT KNOXVILLE, GA., WHERE JOANNA TROUTMAN DESIGNED FLAG FOR STATE OF TEXAS

The Story of the Flag of Texas

CORNELIA HARTSFIELD BROWN

IN 1835 Texas was struggling desperately to throw off the yoke of Mexico. When her fate seemed trembling in the balance, she sent out a call for aid in her fight for independence which reached the hearts of Georgians and found a ready response.

On November 14th of the same year a public meeting was called in Macon, Georgia, for the purpose of arousing interest in the cause of Texas. Claims were presented in a soul-stirring manner. Among those present was a young man, Lt. Hugh McLeod, a recent graduate of West Point, who, fired with zeal at the story of Texas' struggles, announced his willingness to resign his commission and go as a volunteer to the aid of Texas. Eleven days later three companies had been formed in Georgia, which were reinforced by two more at Columbus, Georgia—all eager to set forth to help Texas in her glorious fight for freedom. This corps of Volunteers was commanded by Colonel William Ward.

In the village of Knoxville, Crawford County, Georgia, there dwelt a young girl of seventeen, Joanna E. Troutman. She was a girl of wondrous charm and beauty. Daily she listened to stories told by the travelers from the stage coaches who stopped for rest and refreshment at Troutman Inn, owned and kept by her father. Joanna wondered what she could do for this land of romance and beauty that lay a thousand miles away to the West.

The thought of Texas was constantly with her as she walked with airy grace through the streets of the town and gazed at the starry heaven from the windows of her little room at night. Texas—fighting alone for a great principle.

One night while looking at the myriads of stars there came to her mind the story of a night in the far away Judean hills, where a great star shone in the heavens, of how the Wise Men followed the star and came to the place where the Christ-child

lay, who would some day establish a kingdom on earth—where truth would reign and injustice would forever end. There then came to her a vision of the great fight Texas was making—that the shackles of a tyrant might be cast off—and she might be free.

Yes she would make a flag with a lone star—which the Georgia boys might follow as they fared forth on the Great Adventure. A flag of white—emblem of purity—with a star of blue for hope.

It happened that this little town of Knoxville lay in the direct route over which the soldier boys would march.

Next morning she called together a few of her girl friends and in an upstairs room of the old Inn she designed the flag—and with the assistance of the girls fashioned a beautiful banner of white silk with a single star of blue. In fact, it is said she used the silk from two of her own dresses.

A few days later the soldiers came marching through and Joanna Troutman, radiant with happiness and beauty, standing on the steps of the Inn, presented this flag to Colonel Ward.

The square below echoed the shouts of many people. The music of fife and drum was heard and the troops marched on.

The following is a copy of the letter written from Columbus, Georgia, acknowledging receipt of the flag:

Columbus, Georgia.
November 23, 1835.

"Miss Joanna:

Col. Ward brought your handsome and appropriate flag as a present to the Georgia Volunteers in the cause of "Texas and Liberty." I was fearful from the shortness of the time that you would not be able to finish it as tastefully as you would wish; but I assure you, without an emotion of flattery, that it is beautiful, and with us its value will be enhanced by the recollection of the donor.

I thank you for the honor of being made the medium of presentation to the company, and if they are what every true Georgian ought to be, your flag shall yet wave over fields of victory in defiance of despotism.

I hope the proud day may soon arrive, and while your star presides, none can doubt of success.

Very respectfully your friend,
HUGH MCLEOD."

This beautiful banner of the Lone Star bore upon one side the following inscription: "Liberty or Death", and on the other side the Latin motto: "Ub libertas habitat, nostra patria est."

After a long and toilsome journey the Georgia Company, under the banner of the Lone Star, reached Texas in December, 1835. This flag was first unfurled to the breeze on Texas soil at Velasco, January 8th, 1836.

After several successful engagements with the foe, the Georgia Battalion joined the command of Col. Fannin, together forming a regiment, which was stationed at Goliad. A few days later came the stirring news that Texas had declared her independence of Mexico. Then was this beautiful banner once more flung to the breezes, its star of blue waving its message of hope.

After several battles with the enemy both Ward and Fannin were taken prisoners, but later released on condition that they would return to Goliad and after a few days march their men back to the United States.

Relying upon the word of honor of the Mexicans, the brave troops marched out in single file, only to be shot down by the crafty Mexicans. It is said that only two Georgia boys of the one hundred and fifty who fared forth on the great adventure escaped the murderous fire of the enemy. These were Samuel Hardaway of Macon, the other John Spillers of Crawford. This massacre is known in history as "Fannin's Massacre."

On April 21st, 1836, just four weeks after the massacre of Fannin's troops, the war was brought to a close by the battle of San Jacinto, under command of General Sam Houston. The Mexican General, Santa Anna, was taken prisoner and among the trophies were pieces of his silver service.

When news came from Washington that Congress had made solemn recognition of Texas' independence, amid the blast of trumpets and strains of martial music, the Lone Star flag was hoisted over the fortress of La Bahia.

The first Congress of the Republic of Texas adopted the Lone Star as the flag of the Young Republic, and the great seal and all other seals of office were required to have the Lone Star engraved upon them as the coat of arms of Texas.

General Memucan Hunt was the first minister to the United States from the Republic of Texas. While en route to Washington he stopped in Milledgeville, then the capital of Georgia, and left with Governor Schley some pieces of the silver service of General Santa Anna to be forwarded to Miss Troutman in recognition of her services to Texas. Some of this silver was in possession of her descendants a few years ago.

Joanna Troutman was educated at Scottsboro, a school near Milledgeville, Georgia; she afterward studied at Barronsville, a boarding school near Columbia, South Carolina.

At the death of her mother, her father, Hiram B. Troutman, was married to a widow Lamar, who was the mother of L. Q. C. Lamar, a native of Georgia, afterwards a U. S. Senator from Mississippi, a member of Cleveland's cabinet, and a Justice of the Supreme Court.

Justice Lamar was a nephew of Mirabeau Lamar, at one time President of the Republic of Texas.

Joanna Troutman married S. L. Pope of Montgomery, Alabama, who died in 1872.

Three years later she was married to W. G. Vinson. Joanna Troutman lived many years at the old family home Elmwood, near Knoxville, where she passed away July 23, 1879. She was buried in the old family burial ground.

Years passed; touched by the appeal of an aged sister-in-law of Joanna Troutman I became greatly interested in the story of her life.

I visited her neglected grave—over the last resting place of this noble woman cattle from a neighboring farm roamed daily; the only vigil over her grave were the twinkling stars by night and the sighing of the pines by day. I resolved that Joanna Troutman's name and deed should not be forgotten—when the flag she designed floated proudly over a State whose luster had never been dimmed.

I wrote Governor Colquitt, himself a native Georgian. The heart of this great man was touched. With his usual prompt efficiency he gave this information to the Texas press. By addresses, newspaper articles and special messages to the Legisla-

ture, he succeeded in arousing the interest of Texans. Governor Colquitt worked untiringly and ceaselessly for months and through his powerful influence there swept a wave of enthusiasm over great Texas to honor the memory of the girl who made the Flag of Texas.

Her remains were disinterred and shipped to Texas. Her beautiful face now adorns the walls of the State Capitol and over her grave in the State Cemetery at Austin there stands a monument of surpassing beauty done in purest marble by the Italian sculptor, Pompeo Coppini. On three sides of the pedestal upon which the statue rests are the names of the brave Georgians—under Col. Ward—who gave their lives that Texas might be free. On the fourth side of the pedestal is a bronze tablet bearing the words composed by Governor Colquitt:

"This monument is erected to honor Joanna Troutman for the services she rendered the cause of Texas Independence.

"Born in Crawford County, Georgia, February 19th, 1818, she lived to see Texas free and one of the mightiest states in the American Union.

"When Texas was struggling to establish her rights as a State in the Mexican Republic she sent forth an appeal for help. Georgia responded by raising a battalion of volunteers, and Miss Joanna Troutman, then eighteen years of age, fired with her love of liberty and the zeal of the volunteer, with her own hands made a beautiful Lone Star Flag and presented it to the Georgia Battalion, and they landed in Texas with it in December, 1835. The flag was symbolic of the lone struggle Texas was making. The flag was unfurled at Velasco and later carried to Goliad, where it proudly waved over the walls of that fortress. This flag was raised as National Flag on the walls of Goliad by Fannin when he heard of the Declaration of Texas's Independence on March 8th, 1836.

"Gentle, pure, patriotic, the hands of Joanna Troutman wrought her love of liberty into the beautiful Lone Star Flag which witnessed the sacrifice of the man who brought it to Texas as an emblem of Independence."



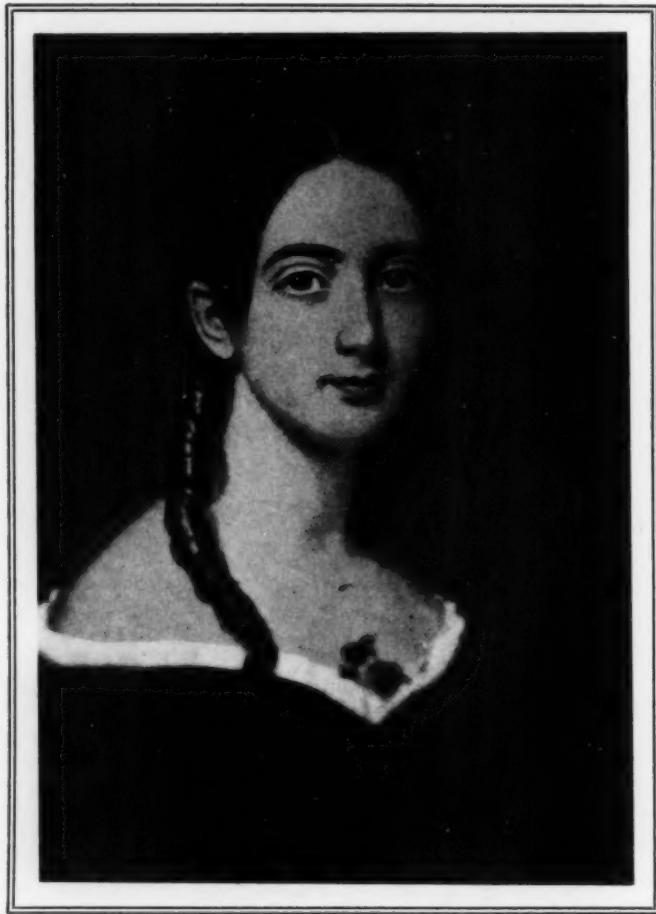
SAINT ANNE WITH THE CHILD MARY
Photographed by Edmondson from an old medallion belonging
to the editor.

ANNE

EDITH HARLAN

*"Peace on the earth," the angels sang
While shepherds gazed one night.
A great star lit the radiant heavens
With rays of piercing light.
And thro' the whole world gladness reigned
To fill the clear night air,
But while the Christ Child gently slept,
A woman knelt in prayer.*

*"Have ye not heard?" they asked of her,
"Tonight is born a King
To rule His people and bring peace.
Hark, hear the angels sing!"
The woman raised a tear-wet face
And looked at them and smiled.
"How well I know the song," she said,
"His mother is my child."*



In Shining Order

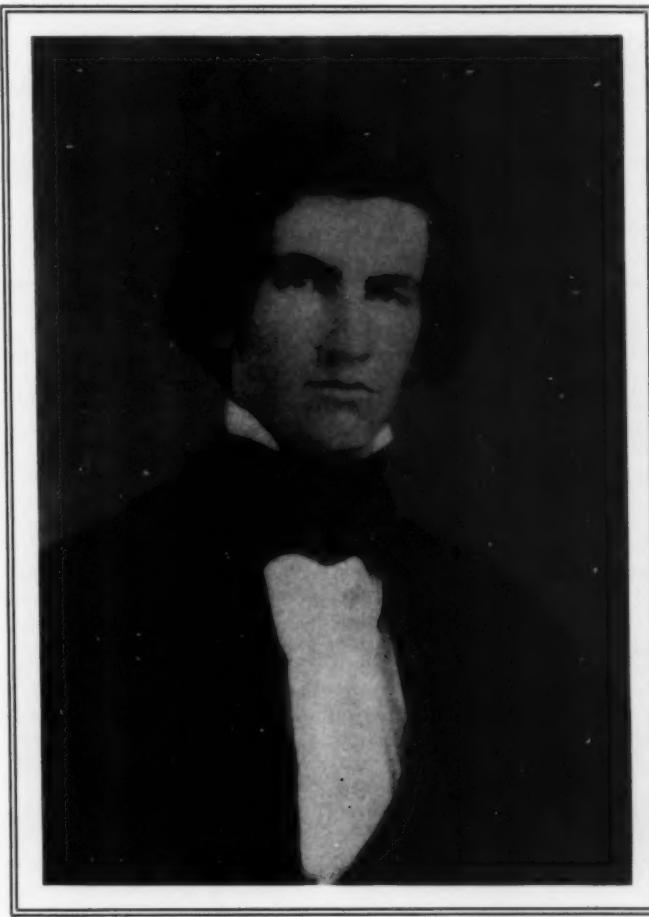
ROWENA RUTHERFORD FARRAR

FELICE ANDREWS descended the winding stairs in breathless haste, holding her rustling skirts high. Her dress, though somewhat faded, was of peppermint striped silk, and she was laced to slender perfection. Her dark eyes were sparkling, her smooth cheeks glowing, her copper lustre curls bobbing about her sloping shoulders, framing a cameo-like face.

At the newel post she paused to cast a swift, critical glance over the spacious hallway. Yes, everything was in shining order.

The doors and windows across the front of the house flaunted bright holly wreaths made with her own hands. The wide plank floors glistened from her own tireless polishing. Mistletoe hung temptingly from every chandelier.

There was shining order in her heart, too, which was more important. No longer was she bitter, or filled with hate, or even sad. This was a time to be humbly grateful, to be reverent, to be joyous. For it was Christmas Eve. Lee had surrendered



months before. There was peace on earth. And Jeff was coming home!

There had been mistletoe hanging temptingly over her four Christmases ago, she remembered with a little rush of tenderness, when Jefferson Blair had stolen that first shy kiss. Had he forgotten? Would he want to kiss her again? Had he missed her? Did he love her? Was his need for her as great as her need for him? She hoped so. She hoped he would find her even more desirable and lovable than that spoiled, light-hearted sixteen-year-old.

What a joyous Christmas that had been! Although her father, her two brothers and

Jeff had all predicted that within the year they would have to go to war, their prediction had not dampened the holiday spirit. There had been much laughter, a whirl of parties and beaux, groaning tables of delicious food, and grinning darkies everywhere to serve and to sing.

Felice looked back to it as to a fanciful dream, for since that glorious holiday, a parade of tragic events had marched relentlessly across her young life. She and her mother had sent their men off to war in a shower of proud goodbyes. Her father had lost his life within a month after shouldering his gun. One brother had died of

pneumonia in a Northern prison camp. The other had followed General Forrest to bright glory until he, too, had died a hero's death.

The once contented slaves had abandoned the Andrews plantation in twos and threes, going forth to nearby Nashville to enjoy their new-found freedom, until finally Magnolia, aged and rheumatic, was the only servant left. More often than not she had to be waited upon herself.

Felice and her mother had saved the family silver by burying it in the orchard. Their stately house with its proud columns, its boxwood hedges, its exquisite furnishings, had suffered only a few bullet wounds in the East wall. Though they were left without male protection, without money, without help, and without crops, still they had managed.

An odd smile played about Felice's lovely mouth as she remembered just how they had managed. Then she laughed softly to herself. That was their own secret. Not that she cared who might know she was on intimate terms with a plow, a hoe, a rake, a broom, a mop, a kitchen stove, and all of the other tools of menial work; their carefully planned deception was a concession to her mother's fierce pride.

Felice hurried across the hall to the parlor where the blazing cedar logs crackled merrily, pervading the room with a pungent, Christmasy fragrance. Her mother was there, lighting the candles, looking younger and lovelier than she had in years. She wore a heavy black silk dress, relieved only by a bit of ruching at the throat. Her greying hair was carefully dressed. The sadness that had lived in her fading eyes had given way to a hopeful gleam.

"Come here, darlin'," she said to Felice, "and let me look at you."

All of her life Mrs. Andrews had been the lovely, adored, sheltered darling of both her menfolk and slaves. Her slightest wish had been law; the smallest task had been performed eagerly for her. The necessary adjustments to a changed order had been much harder for her than for Felice. Yet she had shouldered her part of the work with gallant disregard for her frail body and her broken heart. All that she asked now was that no one should know. She could bear neither sympathy nor pity.

With a little curtsey to her mother, and then a swishing pirouette, Felice obeyed. She made a lovely picture spotlighted by the bright fire and the flickering candles, there before her mother's anxious eyes. Like her mother, Felice's beauty held a fragile, cloudlike quality that had endured in spite of hardship and suffering.

"Turn about slowly," the older woman spoke tensely, "and then hold out your hands."

She looked long and worriedly at her daughter's outstretched hands. They were small hands, with long tapering rosy-tipped fingers. And they seemed soft—if you did not look at them too closely.

"They will do," she nodded slowly, "if you are careful. Jeff and his cousin Timothy must never suspect you of hoeing and scrubbing and milking. They have been in Washington where the women are beautiful and devote much time to staying beautiful. Strong competition, darlin', but you can stand up under it. You're still a little lady. Always remember that."

"Of course, Mother," Felice said swiftly. Somehow a tiny shadow had crossed her happiness. But she cast it aside. "Look at my nose," she grinned triumphantly. "You don't see one ugly freckle, do you?"

"Magnolia has her moments," the mother admitted. "That buttermilk lotion has really banished them."

"It sho' has," came a cracked voice from the doorway. Magnolia shuffled eagerly across the room to present herself for inspection. Her face was scrubbed until it had an ebony sheen, her starched apron was as snowy white as her hair, and she was trembling with excitement as well as age.

"You look wonderful, Magnolia!" Felice exclaimed affectionately.

"Does I, honey?" Magnolia beamed. "You looks jes' lak a flower yo'sef. Marse Jeff gonna be struck dumb with lovin' you."

"You look very nice, Magnolia," Mrs. Andrews told her. "Now remember everything you're supposed to do. And don't you dare let on . . .!"

"Ah's rememberin'," the old negro grumbled, "but ah disapproves."

The conversation was abruptly halted by the patter of horses' hooves on the drive,

the sound of men's laughing voices, and finally a banging on the door. It was fortunate, Felice remembered, that Jeff always preferred stabbing the horses himself, otherwise she would have to slip out later and attend to that too. She waited in a flurry of eager expectancy while Magnolia went to the door.

In a moment Jefferson Blair and Timothy Gaylor tramped noisily into the hall, their faces weather bright, a few stray snowflakes on their coats, their hands extended in joyous greeting.

"Christmas gift!" Jeff shouted happily, as he rushed forward. He wrapped both mother and daughter in a swift bear hug and kissed them heartily. "How good it is," he said unsteadily, "to see you again!"

Felice was too deeply moved to say anything—not only because of Jeff's presence in the same room with her, and Jeff's embrace, but because of the tears in her mother's eyes. There were two stalwart sons, and a husband, who would never come home—not even for Christmas.

"What about me?" Timothy protested laughingly, relieving the tension. "I've been to war, too. I'm an old friend. I love you both. I love everybody tonight—even the Yankees."

They turned to welcome Timothy, then, but Felice was conscious only of Jeff's steely grey eyes upon her in swift scrutiny. He looked thinner, older and harder. There were lines of suffering about his eyes and mouth, strands of grey in his dark hair. But his shoulders were still broad and straight, and his limp was barely noticeable. She longed to encircle him with her arms, to mother him, to pour her healing love over all his wounds. To have him here, within her reach and still not touch him, was almost more than she could bear.

Magnolia vanished kitchenward, but reappeared soon bearing a silver tray of hot drinks for the travellers. Then Felice led the way upstairs and showed them their rooms. Here too, fires burned brightly. The canopy beds were turned down invitingly. Warming pans stood on the hearths. Everything was just as Jeff would remember it from other visits in better days.

"Supper in an hour," she told them gaily, then closed their doors softly and rushed

helter-skelter down the back stairs to the kitchen to help Magnolia dish up the food. Playing scullery maid and lady at the same time would keep her hustling, but she felt equal to anything tonight.

The table was gleaming with polished silver and steaming dishes when the men entered the dining room. Felice and her mother were waiting serenely, giving not the faintest hint, throughout the delicious supper, served solicitously by the faithful Magnolia, that they had done the cooking, the polishing, and the dishing up.

There was baked ham, served with hot raisin sauce, and garnished with pickled peaches; glazed sweet potatoes; buttered lima beans; hot biscuits. The dessert was a portion of the traditional fruit cake served with wine and coffee.

Jeff and Timothy showered Magnolia with words of praise, which she accepted with a troubled grin upon her honest face. Once or twice she mumbled a protest, but Mrs. Andrews shot a warning glance which silenced her. "Ah's got a turkey for tomorrow," she told them.

Later, at Jeff's request, Felice played the piano, and they sang Christmas carols. After that, Jeff gave them a detailed account of himself, his months in the hospital in Washington, and the destruction of his home, near Murfreesboro.

"The only thing left standing is the smokehouse. Even the slave quarters were burned to the ground. The fields haven't been plowed in two years. I'm thankful Mother didn't live to see her home in ashes." His voice shook with emotion.

"I'm trying to persuade Jeff to move to New Orleans with me," Timothy said. "Everything I possess is invested there, untouched by the war. There's plenty for both of us."

"My place is at Murfreesboro," Jeff said briefly.

When her mother had withdrawn ostensibly to the library but actually to the kitchen, Felice found herself in the delightful position of having two admiring young men devoting all of their attention to her. It was almost like old times. Once she dropped her knitting, and it was good to sit back and let them scramble for it. It was flattering, too, for each of them to try

to outstay the other, when she knew they both were weary from the long journey. She hoped Jeff was not too tired to want to be alone with her. Surely he would chase Timothy up the stairs soon.

But it was Jeff who said goodnight first, and it was Timothy who sat across from her in the firelight, saying little, but inferring much.

Felice refused to let this disappointment rob her of sleep. She knew she must be fresh next day. Jeff would be rested, well-fed, and happy. Her love would rekindle the flame in his heart. Before Christmas day ended he would surely declare his love for her, and ask her to be his wife. That is what she wanted above everything—to be Jeff's wife.

The women were up at daybreak building fires, washing the supper dishes, cooking breakfast, stuffing the turkey. After breakfast, served of course by Magnolia, there were presents to distribute. Presents they had made in the long evenings before the fire. Hankerchiefs for the men with initials daintily embroidered in the corners, knitted shawls for each other for cold mornings, and a bright red dress for Magnolia. Timothy had ventured to bring them exquisite fans from the East, which they accepted hesitantly; and Jeff, no doubt aware of their lonely existence, had brought them books—a collection of poems for Mrs. Andrews, and a novel for Felice. Thoughts of a lovely ring Jeff had showed her once, long ago, brought a wave of disappointment to Felice that had to be crushed down with a firm inner command.

They attended the services at the little church nearby, walking the short distance in pairs. Mrs. Andrews had appropriated Jeff, and Felice had to be satisfied with Timothy. Down on her knees in the humble pew, against a background of Christmas music played on the old, creaking organ, Felice sent up a little anxious prayer for Jeff's love.

The Christmas dinner was a triumph of ingenuity and clever planning. The young turkey came out of the oven a golden brown. The dressing, made with left-over bread, onions and celery seed, was served with giblet gravy. There was a silver bowl of fluffy creamed potatoes, a fruit stand of

currant jelly. With the spiked boiled custard there was a slice of delicious pound cake and a bowl of nuts.

Before the war no less than six different kinds of cake, and an assortment of pies and cookies had stood upon the sideboard; not to mention imported wine served with each elaborate course. The banquet table had been known to accommodate a young mob of hungry, happy revellers. But Felice did not bother to make comparisons. With Jeff sitting across from her, enjoying every bite, her heart was full. She had crowded in the last-minute kitchen work by the simple expediency of pretending to be taking a nap.

They lingered at the table until late afternoon when friends began to drop in. Magnolia kept a tray of eggnog, wine and fruit cake circulating about the reception rooms. The house rang out with young voices raised in song and laughter. There was warmth and love here once more. Heavy cares were forgotten in the miracle of Christmas spirit. But many hearts ached for loved ones who would never share the joys of Christmas with them again.

There was a late impromptu feast of cold turkey sandwiches and milk. At midnight the last of the neighbors departed. Felice was left alone with Jeff. The moment toward which she had yearned had arrived.

There was a stretch of tense silence broken only by the crackling logs in the open fire. Felice lifted her flushed face in unashamed eagerness to that of the man she loved. He gazed across at her with guarded eyes. She wanted him to rush forward and lift her up in his arms. But he remained quite still, his hands clenched, his smile set.

Timothy chose this inauspicious time to return to the parlor, and with a stab of pain Felice read relief in Jeff's eyes. Presently he turned his back to her and walked out of the room!

"Don't look so tragic," Timothy said, his brown eyes shining with sudden ardor. "I am here beside you. I—I've been plotting all day to have this moment alone with you."

Felice was only partly aware of him, for all of her heart had followed Jeff out into the hall. She heard a door slam, and some-

how she felt that Jeff was shutting her out of his life forever. She would have to hide the unbearable pain of it, because Timothy was watching her.

"Jeff and I are leaving in the morning," he reminded her. "But I can't go away without telling you what is in my heart. I—I love you, Felice. It hasn't taken me long to realize just how much. I think I can make you happy. My home in New Orleans needs your gentle touch. My friends there will adore you. Will you think it over, and tell me before I leave, when to come back?"

In all of her bright plans for this day, a proposal from Timothy had never entered her mind. She fastened her startled eyes upon him. There was reproach in her very manner. Though he was a young man of considerable wealth and discrimination, though he was paying her a high compliment, though he might love her, there was no room in her heart for anyone but Jeff. Surely he could sense their regard for each other, respect it, and not intrude himself. It was ungentlemanly of him to try to undermine his own cousin in her affections.

"Don't you realize," she began indignantly, "that Jeff and I . . ."

"Jeff knows I am asking you to marry me," Timothy said. "He left us alone together, at my request. He approves, and so does your mother."

She wanted to cry out that he was lying, that Jeff could not possibly approve of her marrying anyone but himself. But there was no use in tormenting herself with false hopes. Jeff had deliberately left them alone together—the night before and again tonight. His actions were an admission, stronger than words, that he did not love her.

Somehow, she would find a way to endure this blow, even as she had endured all the others. A wave of loneliness swept over her. She had tried so hard to face life gallantly because Jeff's love would eventually make every effort worthwhile. Without him . . .

"You don't have to give me your answer tonight," Timothy said hopefully, after a pause. "Sleep over it. Talk it over with your mother."

"I know now," she told him steadily, "what my answer will be. I am deeply honored, Timothy, but I cannot marry you. Pray say no more. Goodnight." She rushed out of the room and up the stairs, holding her tears in check until she was in her own room, with the door closed.

Her mother found her there, lying across the bed, sobbing bitterly. She sat down quietly beside the trembling girl and ran her hand tenderly through her daughter's tumbled hair.

"Of course you accepted Timothy," she said finally.

Felice sat up, wiped her tears away, and faced her mother. "Of course I did not! Oh, Mother, can't you see that it's Jeff I love? How could I marry Timothy, loving Jeff with every breath I draw?"

"Because you must." Her voice was urgent. "Timothy can restore you to your rightful place. He loves you. I am sure he will make you happy. He is a fine young man."

"Do you realize what you are saying?" Felice flared. "You've become a cold, calculating woman!"

"Where is your pride?" Mrs. Andrews retorted sharply. "I won't have you turning into a lonely, embittered old maid, spending the rest of your life coddling me and Magnolia, and nursing an unrequited love. Jeff is interested in a girl who nursed him in Washington. He told me so himself."

Another shattering thrust. Another mortal wound. Felice could stand no more. Quietly, with fumbling fingers, she undressed and crept into bed. The sheets were icy against her burning flesh. But she pulled the covers over her head to shut out her mother's reproaches, to shut out Christmas and all it represented. Her joy had been brief and futile.

When she awoke on the morning after Christmas, Felice fought desperately against the temptation to slide back under the covers to her dreams, troubled though infinitely preferable to cold reality. But there was work to be done that could not be ignored.

Down in the kitchen she stood perfectly still, staring resentfully at the greasy pots, the empty woodbox, the heaps of dirty

dishes from the Christmas dinner and supper. Fighting self-pity with every ounce of courage she could muster, she plunged boldly into the task of bringing order and hot breakfast out of chaos.

As she worked, with swift competent fingers, the pain in her heart grew lighter. Her mother would be down soon to straighten up the front rooms. Magnolia would make her appearance a little later to serve hot coffee to the guests—a service a gentleman from New Orleans took as a matter of course.

By the time the men came down, she hoped to be ready for them with a smile and a bright goodby. Her mother was right in one respect. She must always be proud. Timothy must know that her answer was final. And Jeff must never suspect the reason why.

She was rushing from the stove to the dishpan with a kettle of hot water, when the outer door opened slowly. She did not bother to look up.

"You're early, Magnolia," she said. "How's your rheumatism this morning? Sit over there by the fire and warm yourself. I've just ground the coffee." She plunged her hands into the soapy dishwater and scrubbed away at a lovely piece of china from her mother's best set.

With the plate in mid-air she paused. A rush of color flooded her cheeks. Without looking up she knew, by some strange magic, that her early morning visitor was not Magnolia.

Her busy hands slid quietly out of the pan. She wiped them on the huge white apron tied about her slender waist. With eyes still downcast she waited in taut silence. She prayed that her mother would not appear to share this pride-shattering moment.

Finally she lifted her head and faced Jeff, there in the door, her eyes blazing defiantly. She was not the little lady this morning, but the scullery maid. And if Jefferson Blair didn't like it, he could go jump on his horse and ride away without any breakfast!

He looked haggard, and she saw that he was wearing the same clothes as the night before. His shoes were scuffed, and his eyes tormented.

"Felice!" he cried out incredulously, "Darling!"

That one endearing cry banished all the hurt, the disappointment, the loneliness. A shining peace flooded her heart as he crossed the room in swift, eager strides and gathered her up in his arms.

"What a stupid, blundering ass I have been," he burst out. "I've tramped the hills all night fighting my love for you, wanting only the best for you, working up courage to come in and applaud your engagement to Timothy."

"I couldn't marry Timothy," she told him, "because of you. Didn't you know that?"

"But he can give you so much! My wife will have to face a lifetime of hard work. I have to start over—become a sort of pioneer, like my grandfather."

"And you thought I was too fragile, too dainty, too soft to work beside you? Oh, Jeff!" Her eyes reproached him, but for only a fleeting second. No matter what he thought, he knew better now. He knew, by the pressure of her body, by the pounding of her heart, that she preferred a life of struggle with him to a life of luxury with anyone else. He knew that she would, and could, gladly carry her share of the load.

Out of the ashes of a tragic war, working together, they could build a home in this new South that would endure. War must never come to their land again. Their children must grow up in peace and plenty, with good will toward all men—not only at Christmas time, but all through the years. And every Christmas would be a solemn reminder of sacrifices, of suffering, and of a deep and lasting love.

Such shining order was worth working for, Felice thought proudly, as she clung to Jeff. The morning sun crept over the window sill to add its warmth to the already glowing room.

"Wait right here, my darling, and don't move," Jeff said with sudden boyish eagerness. "There's a ring upstairs in my bag I have been saving for you, ever since I kissed you under the mistletoe, four years ago."

"Four years ago, and a day," Felice corrected him softly.



WASHINGTON AS A SURVEYOR

Washington Keeps Christmas

MABEL ANSLEY MURPHY

I. In the Forest—1753

AS the door opened a blustering wind roared down the chimney and filled the one-room cabin with smoke. Major Washington blinked and slammed the door to with emphasis. Christopher Gist looked up from the gun he was cleaning and grinned. The young Major—he was but twenty-one—strode to the fire and

stretched his hands to the blaze. The heat scorched his face so he turned his back to the blaze.

The steam rising from his damp blue-and-buff uniform mingling with the pungent odor of wood smoke set him coughing. At the end of a paroxysm he threw himself into a rude bearskin-covered chair and

snapped, "Gist, I'm sick and tired of this tomfoolery!"

Gist, more than twice the Major's age, nodded without raising his eyes. He made no reply but every line of his brown, weatherbeaten face spoke his agreement. Washington went on:

"Never before have I known such anxiety. Despite the Half-King's efforts, White Thunder and Jeskakake are soaked in rum. And just now Davidson told me that both traders and my two black boys are as drunk as lords."

"Captain Joincare's doings," commented Gist dryly.

"Of course. He's as full of guile as an egg is of meat. It sickens me to have him smile and palaver to me while with his hand behind his back he is handing out rum to our party."

He got to his feet and paced up and down the little room—a half-dozen paces each way. "We should have been on our way two days ago. When we stopped here at Venango on our way to Fort Le Boeuf we found it almost impossible to pry the Indians away—only your knowledge of Indian nature induced them to go on with us. Had we not left our horses here I would never have returned to the place. With St. Pierre's reply to Governor Dinwiddie's letter in my pocket, I would have struck out at once for Virginia. Every day's delay fixes the French more firmly in these western lands."

He sat down and buried his face in his hands. Gist stood his cleaned rifle carefully in the chimney corner and then asked, "Have you any more presents to give out?"

"Presents? Not one. Governor Dinwiddie is Scotch, you know. The puny pack of gifts which he finally consented to let me bring from Virginia barely won the Indians to join us when we held that council with them at Logtown. Now I have nothing but words to offer. And if the Indians join the French, it's the end of the English settlements. Gist, we *must* get out of here. Dinwiddie should know at once that St. Pierre says that the French are here to stay."

The door opened and Van Braam stepped hastily within, shutting out the heavy,

wind-borne flakes of snow. He shook himself like a big dog, ejaculating, "Such a country! I am chilled to the very bone!"

"Come, warm yourself! This fire's our one comfort. What news have you?" Washington's welcome was hearty. Van Braam had taught him fencing and he had undertaken this wilderness trip with his pupil to act as French interpreter for George knew no French. That Van Braam's knowledge of the language was but little more than his own he did not learn until a year later and then only after it was too late to remedy the harm done by Van Braam's ignorance.

Van Braam hesitated now for a moment then abruptly he announced, "The Half-King's drunk!"

Major Washington flung his arms wide in despair. Suddenly his mood changed. He drew himself up to his full height, his blue-grey eyes grew hard, his full red lips compressed into a thin line. He towered over tall Gist and roly-poly Van Braam as he decided, "Gist, you and I will push on together. We'll wait no longer on these lazy, drinking Indians!"

Gist stared. He offered doubtfully, "The horses—"

The Major interrupted. "The horses are half-dead from exposure and want of proper forage. We'll go on foot and leave them for Van Braam to bring back—you'll do that for me, Van Braam?"

Van Braam nodded, looking at Gist who was eyeing Washington with amazement. "Virginians do not walk," he objected, "and we are five hundred miles from Wills' Creek!"

Washington shrugged impatiently. "You forget that I am surveyor and surveying has to be done on foot. And when I was but a little boy the Indians back of our plantation taught me to walk like them through the woods. Let's cut this tangle and get out of here tomorrow morning!"

"You can't walk in your uniform," objected Gist.

"I'll change to a skin garment like yours—what do you call it? A match coat? Van Braam will bring my uniform. Come, Gist, will you go?"

Gist nodded grimly and the three fell to working out the details. Van Braam was supplied with money and given charge of Washington's party — three Indians, two traders and two colored servants. At dinner that night Washington said goodby to Captain Joincare and his officers after listening for the tenth time to their boast, "We'll take absolute possession of the Ohio. You English have two men to our one but you're too slow to prevent us. We'll build our forts while you are still talking about building yours."

That night after the Major, Gist, Van Braam and Davidson had lain down in the bunks which they shared, Washington suddenly ejaculated, "Christmas Eve! Gist, we'll have a merry Christmas trudging through the forest!"

Before dawn they were off, packs on their backs, rifles over their shoulders. No snow was falling but the slush was ankle-deep. Yet they kept on steadily in the loping Indian gait until the middle of the afternoon. Under a ledge of overhanging rock where the ground was free of snow they stopped to eat. As they got to their feet again after this brief rest, Washington mused, "At this hour every one at home is at church. Yesterday the Fairfaxes would hang greens in old Pohick and Betty would see that St. George was decorated with running cedar and holly."

Gist made no reply but his eyes softened as he looked at the Major, young enough to be his son, and he sighed at the thought of the weary miles between them and home.

Before the early winter dusk closed in upon them they made camp and at two o'clock the next morning they were again on their way. Christmas Day had passed, marked by no incident, to be remembered by both as a dull, drab stretch of hours of cold, wet discomfort and enforced endurance. Perhaps even that recollection would have faded had not the next day brought them within jeopardy of their lives. In the afternoon, numbed by hours of plodding through heavy wet snow, they grew careless and so blundered into a party of Indians.—French!

To their amazement the Indians pretended to be their friends, even sending with them a guide to point out a short cut. This

guide talked freely. As his tongue had not been loosed by liquor both the Major and Gist were suspicious. Especially when he relieved Washington of his pack. More so when he suggested carrying Washington's gun for him. When Washington smilingly refused, the Indian tried other tactics. He suggested that as the forest was full of Ottawa Indians it would not be safe for the white men to lie out that night, adding, "Come to my cabin—only two whoops away!"

Gist agreed, planning meantime how to get rid of the man. With relief he saw the Indian lengthen his strides until he was some distance in advance. Suddenly he wheeled and fired.

Washington gasped, "Gist, did he hit you?"

Gist shook his head and started to run. By the time he reached the Indian the man had reloaded his gun. Gist pretended that he thought that the Indian was lost and had fired his gun to attract some one in his own cabin, ending, "Perhaps we'd better camp here until we make sure that your signal was heard. Suppose you build a fire."

The fire built, Gist suggested, "We're too tired to go on to your cabin. Go yourself for the night but come again in the morning with some meat. Here is some bread for your papoose."

Sullenly, the Indian obeyed. The moment he was out of sight Washington and Gist took to their heels in the opposite direction. Nearly dead with fatigue, in the mid-afternoon they came to the Allegheny River, not frozen over as they hoped but open in mid-channel where ice-cakes tossed in the swift current.

"We'll have to build a raft," groaned Gist.

"With one hatchet," despaired Washington.

It was sunset when they launched their crazy craft. It jammed in the ice. Washington thrust deep his pole in order to hold the raft steady until a fleet of floes passed. A huge ice-cake struck the pole and Washington was catapulted into the icy flood. He lunged out blindly. Fortunately his hand struck one of the logs of the raft. Gist seized and pulled him aboard.



George Harding

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE. MURAL PAINTING, CAPITOL THEATRE BUILDING, TRENTON, N. J. THIS PAINTING IS BASED ON DATA SECURED FROM DIARIES AND PERSONAL DESCRIPTIONS ON FILE IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA. THE COSTUMES AND EQUIPMENT ARE DRAWN FROM ORIGINALS BORROWED FROM COLLECTORS

But they could not get the raft clear of ice. Suddenly the swift current seized it. Washington and Gist exchanged a look which said, "It's all over now!" when miraculously the raft swung against the ice jammed at the upper end of an island in the center of the stream. Another instant and they were leaping gingerly from floe to floe.

That was a bitter night. The wind had fallen but the cold was intense. Soaked to the skin, without food, without shelter, they waited the dawn. Poor Gist's fingers and toes froze. Washington, younger, warmer-blooded, shouted as dawn glimmered, "The channel is frozen!"

They stumbled across, Gist hanging on Washington's arm. In some way, they covered the seven long miles between them and Frazier's cabin. There Washington left Gist to be nursed back to health and went on alone. Life was to try him in many ways but no after danger ever blotted from his memory that Christmas in the forest and the three grueling days that followed.

II. In the Field—1776

"Every detail is perfected?" General Greene's voice was sharp with anxiety.

"Every detail," Washington reassured him. "Adjutant-General Reed with Colonel Griffen and his Philadelphia boys will try to draw Von Donop and his Hessians away from Bordentown so that he cannot come to Colonel Rall's aid in Trenton. General Ewing will cross at Trenton Ferry and cut off Rall's retreat. Cadwalader will close in on Trenton from below."

"What a year it has been!" sighed General Greene. "Long Island taken in August; Fort Washington and Fort Lee captured; Canada lost; New England held in check by the English at Newport. Paine is right—These are the times that try men's souls!"

Washington's face was haggard. "Who knows it better than I? Do you think I have enjoyed being harried out of Hackensack, driven out of Newark, pushed through New Brunswick and Princeton? No man, I be-

lieve, ever had a greater choice of difficulties and less means to extricate himself from them. I tell you, Greene, we *must* win tomorrow. If I am forced to retreat farther I'll have no army to retreat with. The men whose enlistments are about to expire will go home and it will be hopeless to expect others to enlist to certain defeat. *We must win.*"

Greene reached across the table and grasped Washington's hand. "We will. Nothing shall keep us from driving the Hessians out of Trenton."

But Christmas morning it looked as though something would. The Delaware River had been free of ice but that morning a rise in temperature had filled it with floes from farther north. Neither Cadwalader nor Ewing was able to cross in order to carry out the part assigned to him. But Washington did not know this.

Even if he had he would have gone on. To his own surprise when he arose on Christmas morning he had a strong inner conviction that the day was his. One of the minor officers commented to another, "The General is almost gay this morning. He seems as sure of victory as though we were already in possession of Trenton."

The other agreed. "True. Yet only yesterday Dr. Shippen came into camp with his assistants saying that he came in response to an express to be here this morning with as many helpers as he could bring."

"Nothing contradictory in that! General Washington always takes precautions. Look how he has kept Colonel Glover's fishermen—you remember? They saved the army after the battle of Long Island—waiting for three days with the boats behind that little island above McKonkey's Ferry!"

At two o'clock on Christmas afternoon the troops began to move. The day was cold. Many were in rags. Some marched in shoes so broken that blood marked the snow. But something of the inexplicable elation felt by Washington had spread to his officers and even to the men. Twilight was closing in as they reached the river. Washington had hoped to have the troops across by midnight. But horses kicked and bucked. Cannoneers found it almost impossible to hoist the heavy guns into the lurching boats. Boats all but capsized in the broken ice from the upper river. To

add to the confusion a strong wind sprang up sweeping before it snow and hail. Instead of the crossing taking six hours it took nine. When the troops finally started on their seven-mile march it was four o'clock in the morning. General Greene rode up to ask if the original orders stood. "They do," was Washington's grim reply. "There is nothing to do but go on."

They went on—fortunately with the wind at their backs. At eight o'clock Washington's division came upon the first Hessian outpost. Like a whirlwind his troops drove the sentries before them and swept into the village. In the forefront Alexander Hamilton raced batteries to the corner of King and Queen Streets so that they could be fired down those lanes.

Colonel Rall, after a night spent in drinking, was so sound asleep that the roar of the cannons did not waken him. Lieutenant Piel had to thunder at his door after Washington's troops were actually in the town. Once awakened, Rall dressed hurriedly and mounted his horse. Two bullets pierced his side. As he was carried into the Methodist church where he drew his last breath his troops began to surrender.

The battle of Trenton restored its morale to the American forces. Out of ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-armed men Washington had forged an army. R. L. Duffus says, "Heaven did not fight on the side of the heaviest battalions. It fought for a handful of men in rags . . . with something intangible and spiritual between themselves and black doom. It may be called the will to victory. But it was faster than bullets, sharper than bayonets, more devastating than artillery."

* * *

III. In Camp—1777

During the six days preceding Christmas the American army straggled into Valley Forge. Through rain and snow and sleet the soldiers, clad in ragged nondescript garments, marched from Whitemarsh. The place was not of Washington's choosing. He would have had his men housed for the winter at Wilmington, Delaware, where supplies could be delivered by way of the Delaware River.

But New Jersey and Pennsylvania had protested, saying that they would be aban-



THE AMERICAN TROOPS AT VALLEY FORGE

doned to the ravages of the enemy. Pennsylvania went so far as to hint that she might withdraw financial support did she not have the protection of the army. In this dilemma Anthony Wayne suggested Valley Forge since quartered there the army would be a constant menace to the British in Philadelphia. His suggestion had been accepted.

At dawn on Christmas morning General Washington came out of his tent and mounted his horse to make a round of the valley. He rode up Valley Creek, turned east along the Gulf Mills road and swung around toward the Schuylkill again. There lay his little army camped in a semi-circle. On a slope facing east were Conway's men. Here Washington did not halt.

But he reined in by Anthony Wayne—Mad Anthony—who with his Pennsylvania farmers were pleading to be allowed to storm the British fortifications in front of Philadelphia. With this aspiration Washington sympathized even while he refused to countenance such a hopeless assault. But Wayne must not be allowed to grieve. For him a warm handshake and cheering words.

Wayne questioned, "General, may I be allowed to ask whether you are still in a tent?"

Washington smiled, "I move today into the Isaac Potts' house near where the Valley Stream joins the Schuylkill. Most of our men are sheltered now."

Wayne understood. Washington would not accept shelter while many of his men were lying out under thin tents on the wet ground. Some without blankets, others without even straw.

With a wave of his hand to Wayne, Washington rode on. Colonel Glover and his Marblehead fishermen were already out with axes and hammers. In Washington's heart there was a warm place for this division. Never had they failed him when there was a water crossing to be made. Washington asked Glover, "Have your men breakfasted?"

Glover answered reluctantly, "This morning there was enough to go around. As for dinner—"

Washington's brows drew down, his deep-set eyes darkened, his head drooped sorrowfully. This scarcity was an outrage.

For three days after coming to Valley Forge the troops had had no meat, for two days no bread. Yet in York the members of the Continental Congress were snug and warm and well fed. And in Philadelphia where the red-coats thronged the taverns there was plenty. Every day wagons loaded with produce rumbled into the city since the farmers round about either were in sympathy with the British or needed the hard money and the higher prices paid by the enemy.

Washington's thoughts grew bitter, the more so because he had no control over the service of supplies. Congress had given control of it to his opponents.

He rode by a sentry standing with his bare feet in his hat to keep his feet from freezing. Washington groaned, "Poor fellow!" and prayed that Congress would be roused to action by the sharp letter he had written two days before:

"The legislators talk as if the soldiers were made of stocks or stones and equally insensible of frost and snow. . . . I can assure these gentlemen that it is much easier and a less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fireside than to occupy a cold bleak hill and sleep under frost and snow without clothing and blankets. However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel abundantly for them and from my soul I pity the miseries which it is neither in my power to relieve or prevent."

It did not lighten his depression to inspect the huts being built. They were not the snug shelters dotted about today's Valley Forge Park. To save labor and timber the men hollowed out the ground so that the floor of the hut was below the surrounding surface. To keep the water from draining each hut, the hut was circled with a ditch. Each had a fireplace. But the fireplaces smoked, the roofs leaked, the floors were damp and cold. Moreover, Washington knew that as the winter wore on fuel would grow scarce.

In the hospital lay 3,000 men out of the 11,000 who had left Whitemarsh. Many had frost-bitten hands or feet which had grown gangrenous and would have to be amputated. Dysentery had worn others to

the weakness of a baby. All lay on sapling beds with insufficient covering.

Overwhelmingly dejected, Washington came back from his ride of inspection to find his papers and baggage in the Potts' house. He had little relish for his simple Christmas dinner. After dinner he made up an account of his expenditures from "Germantown, September 15, until we huddled at Valley Forge." He charged the Continental Congress only the amount he was actually out of pocket. He refused to draw any salary though he strove persistently for pay for his officers, pleading that even half-pay be given regularly.

That night from his window he could see a thousand little fires around which men vainly strove to find comfort. When he lay down on his bed the scenes of his morning round stood out clearly before his mind's eye and his imagination kept busying itself with the suffering which surrounded him. It had been a dreary Christmas—the dreariest of Washington's life.

IV. At Home—1783

The short, unseasonably warm December day was drawing to its close when the Washington coach left Alexandria. Three escorts, Colonel Walker, Colonel Humphrey and Colonel Smith, each in uniform rode behind. Billy Lee, the General's valet, had gone on to prepare Mount Vernon for Washington's arrival. On the box the coachman and footman exchanged comments on the events of the week.

It was the second day out of Annapolis where Washington had returned to Congress his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army. Cheering throngs had interrupted his homeward journey and at Alexandria he had found dinner and friends awaiting him at Gadsby Tavern.

Soon the rough, muddy road began to wind upward. Twilight deepened into night. Within the coach the General and "Lady" Washington sat hand in hand. "Tired?" questioned Martha. Washington pressed her hand—"A little. But glad to be coming home to tread the paths of private life. From this day forward I will be a Virginia planter—with no greater concern

than the welfare of my family, my farms and my people."

Martha leaned forward, listening. She nodded and turned to her husband, "Our people are preparing to welcome you. Listen! Can't you hear the hubbub?"

"Yes, and"—as the coach rounded a turn in the road—"look, Martha! They've lighted bonfires—the rascals!"

The coachman urged the tired horses into a trot, determined to make his master's entry an impressive one. Before his cottage, at the entrance to the house drive, stood old Bishop, the mulatto servant given into Washington's charge by Braddock as he lay dying. Mrs. Washington gasped, "George, Bishop has on his British uniform!"

Washington chuckled, "Bless his heart! 'Tis his finest turnout and he wears it to do me honor, little realizing that for more than eight years I've been trying to get the better of that uniform!"

Up the drive, lighted on either side by torches held high by Washington's people—for so he always spoke of his colored servants—the coach moved at a snail's pace amid cheers and cries of, "Welcum home, Marse Washington!" "Welcum, Genrl!"

On the steps of the newly-remodeled house stood a welcoming group of relatives: Lund Washington, overseer of Washington's five farms; his wife who, during the war, had looked after the house, its inmates and servants; Washington's only sister, Betty, in deep mourning for her husband, Colonel Fielding Lewis, who had given his fortune and his life for the cause of the colonies; Widow Custis, with her fiance, Dr. David Stuart. Cousins and nieces completed the family group. Behind stood the house servants.

In the forefront was Mrs. Anderson with three-year-old Nelly Custis, adopted daughter of the Washingtons. The General lifted her for her grandmother's kiss, asking, "Where's the baby? Where's Master George?"

Mrs. Anderson curtsied, "He's asleep, sir"—apologetically. "He's used to going to bed early and—"

Washington interrupted smiling. "The best place for him at this hour of the day. You did right not to keep him up."

By this time to the continued cheering without was added the firing of guns. Not until Washington and Martha were alone did he protest, "How can they think that a joyful sound to me? I hope that never again may I have to listen to the sounds of battle!"

But the servants did not forget that nine o'clock was the Washington bedtime. At that hour they all moved quietly away to their cabins. The big house, too, sank into silence.

Christmas morning Washington was up at four o'clock. He shaved and dressed—the night before Billy had laid out for him a clean ruffled shirt, new stock, new grey coat and knee breeches, white waistcoat and white silk stockings. Until day dawned he looked over his correspondence. But as soon as it was light enough to see he resumed his routine as a planter by going to the stables to look over the horses: Magnolia, a blooded stallion; Nelson, which he rode at Yorktown when the British surrendered; old Blueskin, his charger during the early years of the Revolution.

However, Washington omitted one custom. He did not send to any servant not yet at work his condolences on his indisposition. Laziness—if there were any—was overlooked on Christmas morning.

At seven o'clock breakfast was served. Mrs. Washington, too, had been up before daybreak, "making everything as comfortable as possible for everybody".

The usual Virginia breakfast was served—hot breads, ham, a half-dozen kinds of jams and jellies. But Washington ate only cornbread and honey with a cup of tea.

Before the meal was over the colored servants began to gather to wish Washington and Martha a merry Christmas. Each brought some trifling gift—a bundle of dried herbs, three or four fresh eggs, a clove apple, knitted wristlets for the "Master", a foot warmer for the "Mistress". They came in an orderly procession, headed by Bishop and his pretty daughter. The house servants followed; then the garden help; finally the farm hands—about one hundred and fifty in all. Each received a money gift varying from a few shillings to a larger sum for those holding responsible positions.



THE FIRST MANSION AT MOUNT VERNON, BUILT BY HIS FATHER FOR THE USE OF LAWRENCE WASHINGTON AND HIS BRIDE ANNE FAIRFAX. THE HOUSE REMAINED IN THIS FORM UNTIL AFTER THE CLOSE OF THE REVOLUTION, WHEN IT WAS ENLARGED, ROOMS ADDED, AMONG THEM THE BALLROOM AND ALSO THE ARCADES

By the time this ceremony was over, neighbors and friends were beginning to come—this despite the high wind and threatened snow storm. Many stayed to dine with the General and his lady. Among them eccentric Bryan Fairfax who told Washington he meant to go to England to take orders so the neighborhood churches might not be left without a clergy—their former incumbents, being Loyalists, had returned to England. Inwardly Washington groaned, remembering Fairfax's trite stories when he further confided, "I've just finished a new romance. I'll come over and read it to you as soon as you're settled."

Other guests were Dr. Craik and his wife, close friends; Colonel John Carlyle and his wife—a sister of Lawrence Washington's widow; George Mason, nearby neighbor—by road only thirteen miles distant—perhaps the most distinguished of the many guests, all of whom were noted for wealth or position or public service.

George Mason and Washington had many interests in common.

At two forty-five dinner was served. And such a dinner! A little roast pig with a red apple in its mouth; leg of lamb; roasted fowls; turkey, canvas-back ducks; venison; rock-fish, the General's favorite, caught by "Father Jack", the family fisherman; all manner of sweets—conserves, puddings, tarts, plum pudding, Christmas pie.

Washington sat at the foot of the table, Martha by his side. At the head was Colonel Humphrey. The other two aides sat at either side of the table. The General and his wife made a pretty picture as they stood side by side waiting for their guests to be seated. The General looked every inch of his six feet, two inches, with his shoulders thrown back, his powdered hair combed straight back from his high forehead, his blue-grey eyes bright with happiness—a fine, upstanding, handsome man. Not less attractive was "Lady" Washington, her short, plump figure beautifully gowned,

her powdered hair piled high, her double chin in no way detracting from the friendly, motherly dignity with which she surveyed her kin and friends.

She assisted in the carving, Colonel Humphrey and the other aides taking the major share. Washington was in a most genial mood. Usually he was content to listen to the jokes of others. This day he talked freely and even told one or two jokes.

At the close of the dinner the cloth was removed and Washington, rising, drank the health of every one at the table separately. Afterward each guest drank to each other guest's health. Back and forth flew courtesies: "Your health, sir"; "Your good health, Madam"; "You are very good, sir"; "With great pleasure, sir".

In time, Washington gave the toast with which he always ended this ceremony—"To all our friends everywhere!" He was about to resume his seat when to his surprise his guests joined hands and declaimed the toast written by Washington's close friend and legal adviser, the musician, Francis Hopkinson:

"Tis Washington's health, our hero to bless
May Heaven look graciously down.
Oh, long may he live our hearts to possess
And Freedom still call him her own!"

Washington, overcome, could only murmur, "I thank you—I thank you," as, at a gesture from Martha the ladies followed her from the dining room.

The men, left to their own devices, sipped their wine, smoked, told stories, led by witty Colonel Humphrey and lively, high-spirited Colonel Smith. Washington drank little but he cracked and ate many hickory nuts of which he was very fond.

The ladies gossiped about babies, belles and beaux. Finally, they gathered about the harpsichord where Mrs. Washington played for their singing old beloved songs known "by heart" to all. After three had been sung, a gay young miss suggested that they sing, "Robin Adair", since the gentlemen still lingered in the dining room. But that song brought no response. So Mrs. Washington swung quickly into, "Oh, dear, what can the matter be?"

Laughing, the men answered this summons and set the company to playing games. Many forced the young ladies under the mistletoe—with the resulting penalty. But as Washington's bedtime became long overdue, the guests began to say goodnight. Some were persuaded to spend the night. Others protested that, despite the snow storm, they must go. Mrs. Washington urged, "Friends, if part we must, let us first sing together 'Auld Lang Syne'."

At its close mischievous Colonel Smith, seeing that the song had depressed some of the guests, struck lustily into "Yankee Doodle", the favorite song of the troops during the war, the entire company joined vigorously.

And so ended Washington's happiest Christmas.



The Guide

MARGARET E. BRUNER

*Man, in himself is not complete—
He needs some higher power
To help him onward in defeat
And each dark, trying hour,
And so God gave, by Holy birth,
The Christ, to guide this struggling earth.*

When Washington Crossed the Delaware

M. C. McCONKEY

GENERAL WASHINGTON swung easily out of his saddle and strode toward the McConkey Tavern, its heavy stone walls shielding out the freezing wind that blew down the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware River. Not a sign of weariness in his tall figure! Yet since dawn of this Christmas 1776 he had been busy making ready his force of some twenty-four hundred men for an attack upon the Hessians at Trenton. As he came into the big dining hall, its cheery firelight made him forget for a moment the ice grinding roar of the Delaware a few rods away.

His officers sprang from the table to meet him. But the conference was short for the crossing must soon start. Hot roast deer amply attended to, they turned to the McConkeys and Colonel Glover who were to see to their crossing of the river.

Samuel McConkey, wealthy land owner, tavern keeper, and owner of the ferry, marshalled forward his three soldiers sons—Captain John, official collector of arms and overseer of Tories, Jacob and William, in the ranks. William, later to become captain, had moved from land near his father into the ferry house on the New Jersey side and taken charge of the ferry there by agreement with the former dweller in the house.

Yes, he might well say, it was a black night, and a hard one to cross the river; but he had struggled with it so often that now he knew every twist of the currents. He could guarantee the crossing though not against storm or lateness of hour. The reputation of the man, his quiet confidence, were enough. The officers nodded their heads and began leaving the tavern for the river bank.

General Washington called orders quietly to elephantine Colonel Knox, who bellowed them out that all might hear, in spite of stamping men and horses in the bitter cold, the shrilling of the fierce northeast wind, and the crashing roar of the river. Here

and there a spurt of yellow flame from torches; otherwise a wall of night.

Colonel Glover's Marble head men piled into the boats which were to carry over the pickets. In the leading boat sat William McConkey to guide all, his friends and relatives and fellow river men, the Slacks and Burroughs, guiding the other boats.

As they pushed out, for a space they were protected from the full power of the stream. The main current was shunted to the New Jersey side by Malta Island some two miles up-stream. Behind the island they had been gathering and hiding their boats. But the river was not a thousand feet wide here. Soon they were battling masses of ice. Back and forth they struggled slowly, ever so slowly.

Eleven o'clock showed on his watch before William McConkey was able to pull up to the Pennsylvania bank and announce to his general that the picket was all set on the other side. General Washington leaped from his horse and climbed down into the boat, Colonel Knox and other officers following.

But now a storm of snow and stinging sleet, almost directly in their faces, added to the bitterness of their struggle with the swirling current and the prodding, crashing, blocking ice. At times they looked for their boat to crash like an eggshell. Yet their unruffled helmsman steered them safely to the New Jersey shore.

The officers climbed up the river bank to find their general sitting on an abandoned bee hive, waiting for his horse. The timorous council of many was that they should retreat across the river because it was now too late to reach Trenton before daybreak. But as they brought up his horse they had never seen him so determined. Rest and refreshment, and then—on to Trenton!

They rode between black walnut trees up to the McConkey Ferry House, its walls protected by the long, hand-hewn, scalloped



MC CONKEY FERRY HOUSE AND GARDEN. WASHINGTON CROSSING STATE PARK, N. J.

shingles. Within, the general sank into the ladder-backed chair by the fireplace. William McConkey, host again, begged his excellency to rest on a bed. His excellency signified he would a short time, and disappeared.

Officers and soldiers came flocking in, mainly to the tap room. Many however, who had left bloody footprints in the snow, fell down on the sanded floor of the big family kitchen to the right, bathing themselves in the warmth of the huge fireplace. Here, Mrs. McConkey hurried from one to another with hot drink and salves and bandages, her little daughter hopping over them to help her mother, and her little son stooping to look curiously at the white frost and snow that clung to their hair, beards, and even to their faces.

Midnight passed. General Washington was out again, ordering the placing of the regiments. Two o'clock, and then three o'clock went by, before the last troops had arrived. And then the army rested and ate, General Washington in the McConkey house at early breakfast, finished by four o'clock when the march began.

Far down the river, below Yardley, near midnight of this same night, a tall, swarthy, powerfully built man spurred his black stallion into the floating ice of the Delaware and turned its head straight for New Jersey. Skillfully he steered the fierce beast this way and that through lanes in the floating ice. It clambered out at last on the eastern shore, shook itself, and went galloping up the road to Trenton.

This man knew the by-paths, for he dodged far afield of the Hessians pickets and went clattering down King Street to the headquarters of Colonel Rall, commander of his majesty's forces. The tall man threw himself from his horse and banged at the door. An orderly opened, listened to the man's urgent demand to see Colonel Rall with startling news, and motioned him down street to Abram Hunt's house.

Had General Washington known the news the tall horseman carried anxiety would have indeed oppressed him. But at four o'clock that night his troops were ready. The password, "Victory or Death!" sang down the line, and then, "Shoulder firelocks!" and the army was off for Bear Tavern, a mile away. A remnant of this road through oak and hickory, you can still see.

When they reached the tavern, the force separated, about one half following General Sullivan down the old river road, the other part following General Washington. Some three miles south they stopped for brief rest. Many of the soldiers were so weary they threw themselves on the snowy, slippery ground and fell asleep. An officer came from General Sullivan to say that the muskets of many of his men were being made useless by moisture getting to the powder. "Tell General Sullivan to use the bayonet. I am resolved to take Trenton!"

As they went stumbling along the slippery trail that led from Bennington to



KITCHEN CORNER, MC CONKEY FERRY HOUSE. WASHINGTON CROSSING STATE PARK, N. J.

Trenton, their officers kept urging them to make good for the retreat across New Jersey. But Washington only said, "Press on, press on, boys!"

Perhaps it was well General Washington did not know what was happening at the lower ferries across the Delaware. One little patriot force had managed to cross but then had retreated. The other force could not even cross. And the tall man on the black stallion had leaped down and drummed fiercely on the stout door of Abram Hunt. A negro servant had bobbed out his head, nodded, hurried back, taken a scribbled note from the tall man. Yes, Colonel Rall had the note. Then the tall man on his black stallion clanged away into the night.

But the patriot army kept marching on; slipping, staining the snow with blood from their feet, but marching on. And General Washington kept repeating, "Press on, press on, boys!"

Not far away now lay Trenton. The Germans there were brave men, too, make no mistake. Their commander was known as The Lion for his daring and success. What news had he from the man on the black stallion? Would he be ready to ambush and slaughter the patriot army when it reached Trenton?

But no. The Hessians fell back in disorder at the first gun fire. Then, as patriot cannon were placed at the head of King Street and Queen Street, and Stephen



BED ROOM, MC CONKEY FERRY HOUSE. WASHINGTON CROSSING STATE PARK, N. J.

blocked the way to Princeton, and Sullivan to Bordentown, they tumbled pell-mell back to an orchard like bees from a whiff of sulphur fume, reformed to attack the town, withered before the deadly accuracy of the patriot guns, and surrendered. Washington rejoiced, "This is a glorious day for our country!"

Then he went to where Colonel Rall lay near death, offering what aid he could. A note had tumbled from Rall's pocket, the Tory note telling of the patriots' crossing, and Rall had groaned as he lay dying, "If I had read this at Mr. Hunt's, I would not be here now!"

That afternoon Washington and most of his men returned over the Delaware River to Pennsylvania. But not before he had eaten a meal with William McConkey at the ferry house, praising Mrs. McConkey for her care of the men the night before and some of the wounded brought back from the battle.

Today, that same ferry house has an honored part in the New Jersey state park above Trenton—a white jewel in a setting of garden and trees, looking down on the quiet river, to the joy of the summer traveller up the lovely Delaware Valley.



MC CONKEY FERRY HOUSE TAP ROOM. WASHINGTON CROSSING STATE PARK, N. J.

NOTE: Material for this article was taken from family history and standard sources. It is believed some new light is shed on this crucial point in the career of Washington and the Colonies.

The Joys and Sorrows of An Old Stove

RUTH ELLSWORTH RICHARDSON

Author of OREGON HISTORY STORIES

(Historian Oregon Lewis and Clark Chapter D. A. R.)

AM an old, old stove, probably the oldest stove in the Northwest. Some people may think a stove has no feelings, but then they've never been a stove. When I'm happy I radiate warmth, but when I'm sad, I'm cold and not much good to anyone.

About a hundred years ago a French Catholic priest, Father Blanchette, brought me to Oregon from Canada. I was taken all apart, and my sides and legs fitted snugly into my lower part. My top was used for a cover. I wondered if I could ever be of any use again. I was carried down the beautiful broad Columbia River on a box-like barge. Three of my brothers were with me. We were all taken to a convent. I don't know what became of my brothers, but I feel sure I am the only one of the family left.

I lived at the convent many years, doing my best to cheer the nuns and priests as they went about teaching the Indians and giving aid to the sick. I saw many Indians every day. Sometimes I saw them all kneeling in rows, while the priest talked to them. I heard many languages—Latin, French, English, and Jargon. Jargon is a queer mixture of French, English, Indian, and much that is pure make-up. Did you ever hear an Indian talk Jargon? I suppose not, because nowadays most Indians in our country speak English. In 1836, there were less than fifty white people in Oregon; so the missionaries had to learn to speak Jargon.

When a priest wanted to tell an Indian to make a fire, he said in Chinook Jargon, "Mamook piah." Boil the water in Jargon was "Mamook liplip chuck." Goodby was "Klahowya." I came from the East so this was all new to me. I learned a great deal about Indians and the West at the convent.

I was greatly surprised one day to hear the nuns talking about some new stoves that would arrive the next week. This was the first that I had heard about new stoves.

The nuns walked out of the room before I heard them say what they were going to do with me. I was so worried that I just couldn't sparkle and crackle for a few days. They thought it was the poor wood, but I knew it was my fault. After a few days I was again sending out my cheery warmth for I decided it was foolish to worry about something over which I had no control. I knew all I could do was to put forth my best effort every day.

Just as I thought I would be thrown outdoors to rust slowly away a friend arrived. He had heard that I was to be discarded and hurried to me, but he had to come by ox-team and it took a long time. All the time I was worrying he was on his way to the convent to take me home with him. He wanted my warmth and cheer for his family because I could warm the whole house much better than a fireplace.

I spent many happy years with that family in their log cabin. The family used to gather around me on winter evenings all snug and warm while the rain dripped from the roof in soothing rhythm. Sometimes the children and I would pop corn. Other evenings they ate hazel nuts which they had gathered in the autumn, and laughed and joked. I snapped and crackled too at their jokes. The father and mother told the children about the hardships of crossing the plains in a covered wagon and the old home they had left in the East. The mother and older girls spun or knit in the dim candlelight, while the father and boys usually found something to make or mend. There were few idle moments in that early pioneer home. Sometimes the family played spelling or guessing games while they worked.

The cabin was built on the bank of the Willamette River. Almost every spring when the snow melted in the mountains, the river would rise. I knew that members of the family were often uneasy as they

watched the river rise higher and higher. It never quite reached the cabin until one spring following a week of unseasonably hot weather and heavy rains. Then one day the river rose steadily hour by hour, creeping nearer and nearer to the cabin.

The mother and children quickly gathered some of their most precious possessions and food enough to last several days. Meantime the father and boys hastily arranged a platform in a large locust tree and placed the chickens and grain on it.

By the time these hasty preparations were made the water covered the cabin floor. The family fled in a boat with the cow swimming along behind. I stood alone in the little cabin except for a few chairs and a table. The chairs were soon carried away as the water rose higher and higher. The angry, muddy water swirled about me, but I had four sturdy legs and the water did not wash me away. I did get cold and terribly hungry for wood. Oh, how I did want a big bite of fir wood.

All things must end and in time the flood abated. I learned that some of the other cabins in the little settlement had been swept away. After several days my dear family returned home. I was very glad to see them and hear again the cheerful happy song of the old iron teakettle.

Soon after this another great change came into my life. My dear family moved. This time I was left behind to rust under the trees. To be sure it was a beautiful place to stay as long as the weather was fair. It was spring and the fragrance of the big locust tree was delightful. The bees hummed and the birds twittered and sang as the weeks came and went. Summer came with its hot days and cool nights followed by winter with its rain and cold. After all the cheer and comfort I had given the family, it made me feel very sad indeed to be forgotten. I wasn't considered good enough to bother with when the family moved to a fine new home.

One bright warm winter day when the sun felt mighty good after days of rain, I looked up and imagine my joy at seeing one of the grown-up boys from my dear family coming toward me. I had had rheumatism all winter, and my old joints ached. I was so happy to see my old friend that I almost moved. He stood looking

down at me for some time, then stooped, picked up my pieces, and took me home with him. The touch of his hands was like a caress. How I did wish I could talk in human language.

My friend stored me in his attic. I felt like crying, because I knew he felt my days of usefulness were over. I had hoped to be a real stove once more and not just a pile of junk. At least I was glad to know that I was to spend my last days close to my dear friends. I wished my warmth could once more embrace them. I wanted to show them how grateful I felt.

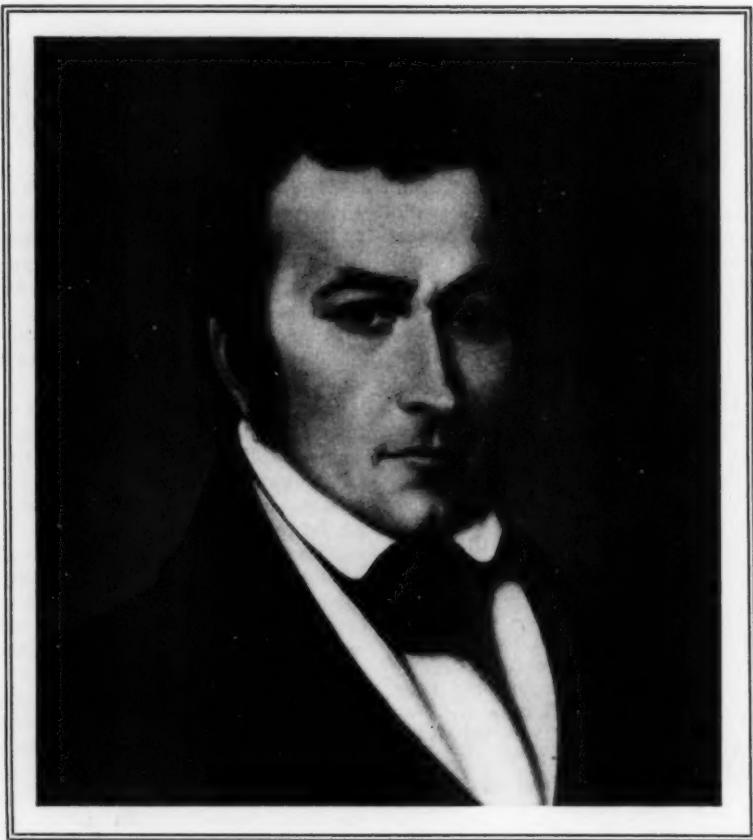
One day, I heard an important looking man from the city talking to my friend. The man offered to trade me for the finest new stove he could buy. That day I learned how much my friend really thought of me for he refused to sell me.

Alas, no one, not even a stove, knows what the future holds. Here I am in a log cabin again. This time I have a place of honor. My fire glows daily, radiating warmth and cheer. I am very thankful to again be useful.

When my dear friend learned that the Daughters of the American Revolution were building a log cabin at Champoeg, Oregon's birthplace, to honor the pioneer mothers, he gave me to them. The cabin has been furnished with pieces of early Oregon furniture. Some of it came across the plains in covered wagons, some around the Horn of South America in sailing ships. I came across Canada mostly by canoe. When there were no rivers men carried me on their backs. I finished my journey aboard a barge.

After all the years of neglect I was very feeble, but a stove doctor operated on me. He riveted me together. I had never had any rivets in me before. I feel so strong now that I think I shall live for another hundred years. I have a fine new black satin dress. Here at Champoeg I meet many famous people from all over the world. On this very spot I was twice abandoned, once to the flood, and once to the dump heap.

NOTE: J. G. Aplin of Woodburn gave the old stove, which had been in his family for a number of years, to the Pioneer Mothers Memorial Cabin at Champoeg when it was built in 1929.



JOEL ROBERTS POINSETT. A COMPOSITE PORTRAIT PAINTED BY MAJOR THOMAS WOODBURN, U. S. A., BROOKLYN, N. Y.



His Name Lives On

The inspiring story of Joel Roberts Poinsett, immortalized through a bold and beautiful Christmas flower, who was in his day, one of the foremost scholars, scientists, and statesmen of the South

CLARA CHILDS PUCKETTE

ONE of the most gifted, far-sighted, and sagacious leaders that South Carolina has ever produced has been permitted, through apathy and the habit of neglect, to

remain a dim and shadowy figure, a forgotten man. His name was Joel Roberts Poinsett, and it has gone too long unhonored; for this versatile genius was a

scholar, traveler, statesman, soldier, diplomat, historian, scientist, and philanthropist of the first rank.

A widespread consciousness of this man's preeminent achievements seems imminent and should result in general recognition and reward. Meanwhile, his only memorials are a state park in Sumter, South Carolina; an old stone bridge in Greenville County; and the flaming Christmas flower, which also bears his name.

At this season, when the bold and beautiful plant flaunts its brilliant foliage, the name of the great Carolinian is alive again; and since December is also the month that marks the anniversary of Poinsett's death, it seems a fitting time to revive some knowledge of the diversified career and noble character of the man who gave us the most ornamental of our Christmas flowers.

During the closing years of the Revolution, South Carolina, long relieved from invasion, again felt the tyrant's heel and bore the brunt of the determined struggles of the War of Independence. And on March 2, 1779, in the midst of the gloom and anxiety foreshadowing the desolation of Charleston, Joel Roberts Poinsett was born—truly a child of the Revolution!

The life of this great-hearted man of genius was destined to span those throbbing years lying between the close of the war that established us a nation and the civil strife that was to determine that this nation, founded upon the principles of liberty, equality, and justice could, indeed, endure. Though always frail of body, Poinsett lived beyond the allotted age of man, and his long and brilliant career was productive of many notable and permanent benefits to his country.

The son of Ann Roberts and Dr. Elisha Poinsett, Joel Roberts was destined to be the last and most distinguished bearer of the name Poinsett. He traced his lineage to France, whence, upon the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, had come his ancestor Pierre Poinsett, seeking in Carolina a refuge from religious persecution. Pierre Poinsett seems to have had little means or position, but, like so many of the Huguenots who came to this country, he had unbounded enterprise and the will to prosper.

Moreover, he was endowed with great courage, and a marked bent toward science and benevolence. This latter virtue seems to have been an almost universal characteristic of the Huguenots, the very essence of their religion.

All the admirable qualities found in Pierre Poinsett were transmitted to his descendants, and the family rose rapidly during succeeding generations both socially and in wealth. In Joel Roberts Poinsett all the best in his race and family seemed to have come to final flower.

Born in the lap of luxury, gifted and privileged, Poinsett's wealth was freely given, and his talents, likewise, were generously devoted to the good of others. Indeed, so unstinted was Poinsett's philanthropy, that at his death, there was but little left of the splendid fortune that had been his inheritance. The scientific bent, manifest in Pierre Poinsett, appeared in this last Poinsett as a pronounced gift which found expression in many and varied scientific treatises, experiments, and collections. A born leader and enlightener of men, his schooling and early experiences had much to do with developing and determining the trend of his genius. But always he remained the scholar as well as the statesman; the dreamer as well as the doer; and while he strove for the material betterment of the country, no less earnestly did he plan and labor for the cultural and intellectual advancement of his countrymen.

Not long after the close of the Revolutionary War, Joel Roberts Poinsett was sent to England and remained there until he was nine. He was then sent to Timothy Dwight's School in Greenfield, Conn., where he studied two years. But homesickness and the long rigorous northern winters sapped the none too vigorous vitality of the youth, and he was forced to return to South Carolina. Tuberculosis, that scourge of his family, and eventually the cause of his death, was, even at this early age, a threat to his future usefulness. Yet, in reviewing his life, one comes to see that this affliction which often frustrated his plans, was, in the end, a blessing in disguise, for through it, Poinsett was enlarged, developed, and strengthened for emergencies. In the lives of great men, very often

can be traced this directing force, amazing, relentless, that hews the lives of the chosen to fit the ends ordained.

Travel, that became a necessity, broadened and made elastic the mental faculties of Poinsett, whose genius lay in penetration and intense application. It gave him, moreover, that sympathetic understanding of foreign peoples, which, in the years ahead, was to make him an effective envoy and diplomat to neighboring countries. Furthermore, it opened his eyes to the backwardness of his own country culturally and intellectually, and provided the knowledge that could suggest improvement.

Shortly after returning from Connecticut, Poinsett was sent to an academy at Wandsworth, England, where he studied, until at eighteen, his instructors pronounced him ready for college.

Thinking to follow medicine as a profession, the young American began his work at the University of Edinburgh, but in a short time his health began to fail and the idea was abandoned. He went to Portugal to recuperate, and while enjoying the sunny warmth of this little kingdom, he experienced his first contact with Latin peoples.

Completely restored and now intrigued by a military career, Poinsett returned to England to take up the study of mathematics and military science under the renowned Marbois, a former instructor at Woolwich Academy, from which school, because of his Republicanism, the American was debarred.

In the year 1800, being then twenty-one years of age, the young man returned to Charleston, and, at the insistence of his father, began the study of law. Poinsett had no taste for the legal profession, finding it irksome and dry, and his health providing an excuse, he deserted his law books for a grand tour of Europe. His travels took him through the countries of Southern Europe, and letters of introduction to persons of importance in those countries gave him the entrée to the most brilliant and stimulating society of the day.

Poinsett spent much time in Paris, and that city in 1801, was an exhilarating and profoundly interesting place in which to tarry, for Napolean as First Consul, labor-

ing to rehabilitate his war-torn country, had concentrated there the most able and gifted men and women of the realm. Many of these notables, Poinsett came to know well, and in after years, when Poinsett was established in Charleston, the hospitable doors of his stately home were often opened to receive visitors from foreign lands, whose acquaintance he had made during his travels. His intellectual contacts were broad and invigorating.

During his sojourn in France, Poinsett became deeply interested in Napoleon's career, especially in his military achievements and innovations. This interest led him to a consistent study of military affairs abroad. With the background of his military instruction, he was able to make intelligent and penetrating observations of foreign methods and machinery of warfare, all of which knowledge, he afterwards used to good purpose, when, as Secretary of War during Van Buren's administration (1837-41), he set about overhauling the Army Ordnance and Field Artillery Departments, bringing about an efficiency in the service that was to make itself felt in 1846, when the War with Mexico came on.

Even at an earlier date, the military insight that he had acquired abroad, had occasion to stand him in good stead, for shortly after Madison became President, he sent Poinsett, then at home, on a special mission of friendship to the distracted South American countries, at that time struggling to wrest their independence from Spain. In Chile, Poinsett's sympathies for the faction standing out against the Priesthood and the Crown became so hotly engaged, that for a time the American envoy actually conducted military operations himself in behalf of the Revolutionists, and we are told that "while in the United States Poinsett's name is nearly forgotten, he fills a large space in the histories of Chile and Mexico."

The death of Poinsett's father, followed almost immediately by that of his sister, recalled Poinsett from his European travels to Charleston for a brief period. Soon, however, a restlessness possessed him, and being now bereft of all family ties, he decided once more to seek diversion in travel. This time he selected Northern Europe. In



"THE BOROUGH HOUSE," STATEBURG, S. C., WHERE JOEL ROBERTS POINSETT OFTEN VISITED HIS FRIEND, DR. W. W. ANDERSON, AND WHERE POINSETT DIED. THIS PRE-REVOLUTIONARY MANSION IS OWNED BY MRS. WALTER WHITE OF CLEVELAND, OHIO, A GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER OF DR. ANDERSON

Russia, he was presented to the Czar Alexander, who became greatly fascinated by the engaging young American and offered him an appointment in his service, which honor Poinsett graciously declined.

After a prolonged tour of the Russian Empire, including, as it did, an excursion into some of the most isolated and barbaric provinces of Southern Russia, Poinsett returned to his homeland, there to devote the rest of his long life in brilliant service to his state and nation. In an age remarkable for its distinguished leaders, Poinsett came to shine with supreme lustre. Indeed, one writer has observed that "for a brief period he (Poinsett) was virtually the intellectual power in the United States."

Certainly, Poinsett was well equipped for the arduous and varied tasks he was called upon to perform. He was an accomplished traveler and student of history; his outlook on affairs was cosmopolitan in its breadth, and his knowledge along many lines was first-hand and extensive; his powers of observation and criticism were keen and cultivated; his manners polished and his bearing distinguished. His taste in dress was conservative and elegant, but always conformed to foreign fashions, which distinctive note in his apparel somewhat set him apart from his countrymen, as his intellectual genius tended to set him above them.

The accompanying likeness of Poinsett which reveals much of the character of the man, was painted in recent times by Major Thomas Woodburn, U. S. A. It is a composite portrait made from numerous portraits, prints, cuts, and miniatures, and is a very remarkable piece of work.

Under five presidents, Madison, Monroe, J. Q. Adams, Jackson, and Van Buren, Poinsett filled with distinction appointments of honor and great responsibility. His mission to South America, which initiated diplomatic relations with Argentina and Chile, was an important achievement. In 1822, he was sent to Mexico as an envoy, and again in 1825, as minister. From 1821 to 1825, he served in Congress, using his influence during this time in behalf of the South American Republics and their struggles for independence. It was at this time that Columbia University bestowed on Poinsett the degree LL. D., in recognition of his splendid services in behalf of good feeling between the United States and our neighbors to the South. During the administration of Van Buren, Poinsett was appointed Secretary of War, and of the renovations he accomplished in certain branches of this department, we have already made mention.

In his own state he rendered conspicuous service in the Legislature from 1816 to 1820. His energy was directed chiefly

toward reforming the laws regulating slave traffic, and in furthering the cause of internal improvements.

Immediately prior to his election to the Legislature, Poinsett had made an extensive and eye-opening tour of the United States, especially the newly-opened regions to the west, and this trip painfully and forcibly impressed upon him the great need in this country for better roads and improved waterways. He saw in easy transportation the surest way of breaking down sectional prejudices and differences. He was earnest in urging the project of a railroad from Charleston to Cincinnati, but the opposition was too strong, for the South was fast drawing into her shell. It has been said that if Poinsett's program for internal improvements could have been carried out, the whole history of the South would have been changed.

As a legislator, perhaps, his most important concrete achievement was the building of the road from Charleston over the Saluda Mountain. This highway, once the main artery of trade between the mountains and the coast, is now but little used, though still in a fair state of preservation, and Poinsett Bridge, a part of this highway, is still usable and very picturesque. Along this route and not far from the Bridge is a beautiful walled-in spring erected by Poinsett himself for the refreshment of thirsty travelers.

Poinsett had very decided political convictions, and his opposition to nullification and the right of secession put him at odds with the majority group in his state. His experience in South America and Mexico had convinced him that the strength of a nation lay in union, and that a strong central government was requisite to the liberty and happiness of a people.

During the heated conflict between President Jackson and the States-Righters, Poinsett became the leader of the Union party in South Carolina. He had military stores secretly stored and men drilled to cooperate with Jackson, in the event that armed force was necessary to quell the rebellious party.

Like the noble Petigru, he "withstood his people for his country," and to the end of his days repudiated the destructive doctrine that a part of a country, regardless of the

provocation, had a right to detach itself and set up a separate government.

As to slavery, Poinsett saw it in its world setting, an outmoded institution, condemned by civilized society and doomed to perish. He urged a gradual emancipation with compensation paid the slave owners by the government, and there is little doubt, despite the dread of amalgamation that filled the hearts of white Southerners, that his peaceful settlement of the problem might in a few years have come about, if it had not been for the impatience of the Abolitionists towards part of the people they did not understand.

But political, diplomatic, and military affairs were not all that occupied Poinsett's time and endeavor. His travels in foreign lands had made apparent to him the cultural backwardness of America, and he never ceased to work toward elevating the intellectual and artistic life in this country. He founded in Charleston in 1815, the Academy of Fine Arts, an institution that flourished for a time. In 1841, in an address made at Washington, Poinsett spoke on a subject that had long engaged his consideration, namely, a National Institution for the promotion of the arts and sciences. In this detailed and momentous address, he outlined the scope and policy of just such an institution as we now have in the Smithsonian and National Museums in Washington. To the Smithsonian Institute, Poinsett presented a valuable museum of antiquities, for among his hobbies, the collection of archeological and botanical specimens was no doubt the most valuable.

During his Mexican and South American sojourns, he had accumulated a most impressive and remarkable array of ancient curios and interesting objects associated with the life of these foreign peoples. Also, he brought home a great variety of interesting and beautiful exotics. The curios he gave to the Smithsonian and the Charleston Museum (the oldest museum in the United States). In the Charleston collection are a number of very rare stone carvings having to do with the worship of the ancient Mexicans. As to the botanical specimens—these strange and beautiful plants he cultivated and experimented with in his gardens in Charleston and later in the gardens at White House.

More inclined to writing than to oratory, Poinsett composed many interesting and valuable pamphlets and articles on subjects of historical and scientific importance. He was always intensely interested in horticultural and agricultural experiments for improving methods of farming, and not infrequently he wrote helpful and progressive contributions for the agricultural journals of the time. As interested as Poinsett was in the agricultural development of the South, he was equally concerned with the industrial development of that section. Feeble as this development was in Poinsett's day, he visioned the place of importance it would hold in the future, and he gave these initial endeavors the encouragement of his full support.

In 1830, Poinsett married Mary Izard Pringle, widow of John Julius Pringle, Jr., and they went to reside at White House, the rice plantation between the Black and Pee Dee Rivers, inherited by Mrs. Poinsett from her father.

Sometime between 1830 and 1835, Poinsett laid out the beautiful and spacious gardens at White House, which became in time so justly famous. These gardens were filled not only with native plants and shrubs, but were verily a botanical museum, for here Poinsett delighted to set out all the strange and lovely flowers and herbs that he had gathered in foreign lands, or that were sent him from time to time from remote places by friends who knew of his interest.

Among the numerous exotics that flourished in the White House gardens, the one best known today is, of course, the poinsettia. The botanical name of this Mexican swamp plant is *euphorbia pulcherrima*, first assigned it by a botanist in Scotland, where the poinsettia had been taken through the agency of one Robert Buist, a Philadelphia nurseryman, who had bought cuttings of the plant from Poinsett. In the gardens at White House the poinsettias bloomed, one fancies, in the same luxuriant splendor that one sees them at this season today in the pleasant gardens of old Charleston, where, no doubt they were first planted in this country.

At White House, Poinsett and his companionable wife passed the last years of their lives in peace and happiness and somewhat in seclusion. Occasionally White

House gave warm welcome to some distinguished visitor, and, among those fortunate to enjoy the hospitality of this charming retreat, was ex-President Van Buren, who came thither in the spring of 1841.

On the walls of the old house there hung for many years a silhouette of Mr. and Mrs. Poinsett having audience with President Van Buren. Mysteriously this treasure disappeared one day and was never recovered. In an article that appeared in the "News and Currier" a number of years ago, there is this description: "This little picture had so much character it charmed the eye. The small agile figure of the many-sided thinker was followed by his spouse of more ample build and very ample skirts, carrying a turkey-tail fan."

In summing up his career, not one of all his splendid achievements is here recorded, only those qualities of the spirit upon which Poinsett's life laid heaviest accent. The record of his noble and far-reaching accomplishments has been swept from mind by the passing of time, but in the poinsettia with its golden star-flowers and flaming bracts, emblematic of truth and courage, and reminiscent of those foreign lands he served so well, his name lives on. Perhaps, after all, in this living memorial Poinsett's fame as well as his name is most fittingly enshrined.



CHURCH OF THE HOLY CROSS, STATEBURG, S. C. FAMED FOR ITS GORGEOUS STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS AND BEAUTIFUL HANDWORK IN THE INTERIOR. IN THIS CHURCH POINSETT'S FUNERAL SERVICE WAS HELD, AND IN THE CHURCHYARD HIS BODY WAS LAID TO REST

Romance in Rebus Form

As told by a Revolutionary Officer

SUSAN ELIZABETH LYMAN

A LETTER, written in rebus form, by a Revolutionary officer, brings to mind the fact so often forgotten—that in spite of the wretched camp conditions and the appalling suffering of the soldiers, there was a lighter side to camp life. This very human document, now owned by the Museum of the City of New York, gives an amusing insight into the various social activities at Camp Middlebrook in March 1779.

It was the year after the terrific winter at Valley Forge. Washington had placed his army in winter quarters so situated that he, although too weak to attack, could watch Clinton and the British in New York City. The encampments stretched in a semicircle from Elizabeth, New Jersey, to Danbury, Connecticut, with Washington and the main body of soldiers at Camp Middlebrook in Somerset County, New Jersey. A few miles away General Knox and the artillery were stationed at Pluckemin. The living conditions were infinitely better than the year before and eventually the men and many of the officers were housed in log huts. The commanding officers set up headquarters in various farm houses in the vicinity and in this way some of the officers were able to have their families with them for the winter months. A social life sprang up—there were parties and assemblies, dinners and entertainments. True, these affairs were simple in spite of their implied elegance. At best the food was plain and at times it was meagre. Uniforms were well worn and often patched or mended, while the ladies' "finery" belied rather than carried out the name. But the company was merry, and had many gay times in spite of the hardships. Undoubtedly the most elaborate entertainment of the winter was the celebration with a ball and a display of fireworks held at Pluckemin on February 18, 1779, to mark the first anniversary of the alliance with France.

It was shortly after this that William Blodget sat down to write a letter to Getty, inviting her to a ball at Pluckemin and giving her the latest news about a friend's love affair. He laboriously composed the letter in rebus form, with pictures replacing words and syllables whenever possible. Blodget used his imagination to good purpose and produced a letter which must have taken Getty and her friends a long time to solve. He pictured a wide variety of objects, some of which were familiar then but little known today. One of these is the froe, which is a tool used to split shingles, and another is the can or mug pictured with the handle to the left. The most ingenious are the ewer or pitcher with the handle to the right, used to express "your" or "you're", and the woman sweeping, which signifies maid, hence "made". "To" is depicted by a toe and "ne" by a knee. Several proper names are the only things which have so far defied being deciphered. The man's name at the beginning of the second paragraph is one and his last name is repeated again in the following paragraph. In the last paragraph the name of a mother and daughter have withstood translation also. The letter reads as follows:

Camp Middlebrook, March 25th 1779

Dear Getty,

I have just stole a moment from company to write you, though I must say your never answering my late letters made me judge I was out of your thoughts; but then I attributed it to the want of opportunity, which I hope was the only reason.

(—) (—) is here from Pluckemin and what do you think! brought us an invitation to dance there next Tuesday, being a select party. With all the anxiety your fancy can paint, this distressed being applied to me, begging I would relinquish my claim to Cornelia—that is in the danc-

ing way, as he understood she had made me a promise of that kind.

It was a devilish high scene, you would have laughed to see his countenance when I made it a matter of doubt. He tried all that in him lay to induce me to give her up: but I put the affair on this issue; get her to agree and your point is gained; but timidity is the greatest misfortune which can accompany a lover and to my sorrow I saw it too apparent in him. After some altercation on the matter, first with Cornelia and then with (—) for the former was fearful that if she danced with the latter that people would cry ah! now the point is settled it must be a match and says she, I swear I cannot nor will not dance with him. Thus she spoke in her accustomed manner—with all the frankness that could bespeak an honest nature. But at length it was agreed on that she would be his partner part of the evening so our Hero Consented and thus the matter stands. The little witch knows her power and can't help lording it now and then, it is a queer affair all together, and I was near being half offended in the matter myself. Can you suppose it, would you believe she told me that she would be happier to dance with the General than either of us, this was (a) timely stroke to my vanity but I pass it over thinking it involuntarily said by her. This is the lightest and most favorable construction I can put it in. Will it not be possible for you to be at this ball? from what I can learn it will be very clever.

Major Burnett came home last evening and I hope the General will give me leave to pay a visit soon to Beaverwick and then I expect to see neighbor Faesh before I return and believe we shall have a fine fishing frolic. I have set my heart on it and wish I may not be disappointed, and if Mrs. Livingston, Mrs. Lott, yourself and Miss Suhm will be of the party I have no doubt but we shall be very merry. It is the finest place I ever saw for frolicking one can take a full range without interruption.

Tomorrow Mrs. Greene with Cornelia and your humble servant intend to pay a visit to Mrs. (—). They go in the chaise and I on horseback. We shall bring back with us Kitty and Miss (—) and expect they will be with us some days.

Major Claiborne's flame seems to give

him little interruption, his passion has subsided for a while. It will take fire again beyond a doubt, with the next pretty face he sees.

I have given you such a lengthy catalogue that I fear you will be out of patience with me: therefore with my former claim of right to a letter, shall subscribe, after my compliments to the family,

Your humble servant,

Wm. Blodget

As for the personalities involved, although we have no proof for any of it, we can make several good guesses. A William Blodget from Rhode Island was in the Army. He was made a Second Lieutenant of the 11th Continental Infantry in 1776. In June of that year he was appointed an aide-de-camp to General Greene and held the position until January 1777. This was probably the same man, as Greene and his wife were at Middlebrook at the time and Blodget refers to Mrs. Greene in his letter. Robert Burnett, also mentioned, was Major and aide-de-camp to General Greene from March 1778 to the close of the war. Richard Claiborne of Virginia was made a First Lieutenant of the 1st Continental Artillery in January 1777, and Brigade Major of Weedon's Brigade in November of that year. He was Deputy Quartermaster General from 1780 to 1782. As General Greene was Acting Quarter Master General at this time Claiborne probably was serving under him when this letter was written. One wonders if the "General" referred to does not mean Washington himself. The title simply used, without any name, suggests this.

The girls, unfortunately, remain hidden in the past. Benson J. Lossing, during his visit to the old Ellison-Morton house in 1850, was shown a window in the drawing-room where, cut with a diamond, were the names of three of the Revolutionary belles. They were Maria Golden, Sally Jenson and Getty Winkoop. Could this have been the Getty of the letter?

Some day, it is hoped, these people will be identified. Although unknown at present, they succeed in bringing a feeling of reality and gaiety to an otherwise dark scene on the pages of Revolutionary history.

March 25th 1779



Lilly

We have just this a moment from Company to
write you, she is missing & you answer me in T
was only I thought her late until the
set of other party, which was the only reason.

As here from Blue Linn and what
you think brought us into a state there next Tuesday
was a Fleet Party. with the auxiliary P
had this & I do da me, & you would not
such my as for you to a that as the the way
as he stood. he had me a pro of that kind.

It was a fish high scene you would
we caught & see her in France when, at a
or of doubt. He tried that she lay, & she
gave her up: to put the affair on her, got her to
agree and I V do good. I - I made the greatest
mist which I am a Lover, and in me sorrow, &
at too a Dart at him. If you come of resolution on the
or - said with confidence, - then with me the other
was fearful that if she'd wish her life that people
would cry. Ah now the V is settled & t must be
says she wear & not nor we'll not with him
the, she spoke for her account a per - with the frank
- rep that could speak at - Nature. at is the t was
agreed on that he would be. I have part of the evening, so
our Hero exalted, and that the she. She little knows
her power, and can't help looking at now as then. & t
a great effect to gather, and it was an dying half

Major ~~John~~ came to me & we're going
and to the General we'll give me to pay a visit
soon to ~~the~~ week and then to Potsdam for my
houri Fresh before to return and we shall have a
gone day to look at it upon and with
may be to disappear, and of all to do with
myself and Miss Schum will be of the party to have no
doubt we go to visit me to the place
ever for looking me take a full range without
any interruption.

• See me with George worth for gold a and
your Ham Servant. I tend a pay a visit to the ~~old~~ ^{old} fort
they go ~~at~~ ^{to} the ~~old~~ ^{old} and ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~old~~ ^{old}. We ~~are~~ ^{are} for bringing
~~the~~ ^{the} ~~old~~ ^{old} and ~~old~~ ^{old} and I ~~think~~ ^{think} they will
be with us some days.

Ma for Glass ~~Pr~~ seems to give him
little ~~tr~~ trouble, his passion has subsided for a while
but we'll take ~~for~~ ⁱⁿ a doubt with the first pretty
he sees.

... have given you such a long abeyance
that I fear you will be out of patience with me. Therefore
with my **best** of right as I can, shall subscribe, after
my Compt's made at the Termes by,



The Viking Cross

KAY HUNTLEY

Illustrations by Carolyn and Eleanor Browning

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

LEIF, the son of Eric the Red of the hall of Brattahlid, in Greenland—discoverer of Greenland—emulates his father and also discovers a new land in the west, which he names Vineland.

On his return to Greenland, Leif saves a group of persons shipwrecked on a reef. Among them is Gudrid, known as the fairest maiden in Greenland, her sister, Sigrid, Sigrid's twin brother, Siegfred, and Harald, who is left orphaned by the shipwreck and who lives thenceforth with Gudrid's father.

The tale is told by Gudrid's younger sister, Sigrid. Sigrid is lured into danger by an older man, and Gudrid saves her. Leif, who is in love with Gudrid is led to believe by his half-sister, Freydis, that it is Gudrid who has been meeting the older man, and that Gudrid has betrayed Leif's love. Neither Eric the Red nor Leif's two brothers, Thorvald and Thorstein, are so deceived, for they understand Gudrid's true character better than Leif.

These two brothers offer to wed Gudrid, and when she is betrothed to Thorstein, Thorvald Ericksson sets forth to explore Vineland. Thorvald is killed there and Thorstein wishes to bring his body back to consecrated ground in Greenland.

Thorstein does not succeed in reaching the New Land, and himself dies from the plague and is brought back dead by his wife, Gudrid.

Meanwhile, Eric the Red has died, as has also the father of Gudrid, Sigrid and Siegfred, and the three, together with Harald take up their home at Brattahlid, where Leif is now master. Leif tries in vain to regain Gudrid's love, but Gudrid walks ever in a mist of sorrow, which does not lift until the Icelander, Karlsefni, comes to Greenland and is asked to spend the winter at the home of Leif.

There, after the Yule-tide, he is wed to Gudrid. And in the spring Karlsefni sets forth with his friend Snorri Thorbrandsson for Vineland. Gudrid, Sigrid, and Harald are among those in the boat, as is also the pagan, Thorhall the Hunter, who was Leif's steward, an old man, prone to drunkenness, but of whom Leif is fond. Freydis the half-sister of Leif is also in the boat with her husband. Karlsefni hopes to dwell thenceforth in the new land.

With them goes a second boat captained by the Icelanders, Bjarni Grimholfson and Thorhall Gamlisson. That boat is lost on the way, but Karlsefni's boat succeeds in reaching the Western land.

On the way there is much discussion concerning the virtue of the old gods and the new, for Christianity is the new religion in Greenland. Among those upholding the old gods, and Thor, in particular, is the pagan, Thorhall the Hunter.

After the company reaches Vineland they are greatly in need of food, and Thorhall prays to Thor for aid. When a whale is cast up on the beach he insists Thor has sent it. But all who eat of it become ill.

Gudrid gives birth to a son, who is christened Snorri, and Karlsefni's friend Snorri Thorbrandsen succeeds in bringing down a deer on that day and the famine appears to be over. Winter comes suddenly upon the newcomers to Vineland.

Through the story runs the protecting and seemingly miraculous influence of a gold cross which Gudrid wears. It belonged to her mother and to it, Sigrid, who is rather emotional and considers that by her wilfulness she nearly wrecked Gudrid's destiny, attaches great significance.

Freydis, the half-sister of Leif Ericksson is a pagan, and through the story Freydis sets the strength of an amulet with the hammer of Thor engraved thereon against the strength of the cross. Freydis has come to Vineland at the request of Sigrid, who is hoodwinked by her, and for a moment felt sorry for her.

XIV

SNOW came almost before the bright leaves had fallen, and that was a catastrophe which we had not expected and for which we were in no wise prepared. Leif had told that during the winter he and his men had stayed in Vineland the grass had withered but little; and the men with Thorvald had reported the weather as being exceeding mild so that cattle would need no fodder but could feed outside the year round.

Despite the fact that we ourselves were still in the summer booths and the log walls of our houses on the hill but half raised, the most important task seemed to be the care of our cattle, for we knew not whether we could long exist in this new land without them. Already the robe of the winter was so thick that not even the sheep could uncover the grass underneath, and both cattle and sheep stood huddled together bawling pitifully.

To get seaweed in such weather was too cold and desperate a task, and besides it froze before it could be freshened and dried. There were not fish enough brought in for our own needs, though Gudrid saved all the bones for the creatures and gave the cattle even the water in which they were cooked.¹ Despite all we could do it seemed for a time that we must indeed lose

these animals we had brought so far and on which we so greatly depended.

Karlsefni turned to Gudrid for advice, for he liked not to delay the finishing of a proper shelter for her and the small child. But Gudrid said she was able to manage with the booth yet a little longer, and she thought it wise that Karlsefni and his men cut timber and raise a byre for the creatures at once, while she would set the women to stripping bark from the trees, and it might be that this would be sufficient to sustain life in both cattle and sheep for the winter. She reminded him, also, that the creatures had feasted well in the few weeks we had been in the land and that hunger would not harm them greatly for some time to come.

Thus cheered, Karlsefni did as Gudrid suggested. Gudrid wrapped the small Snorri in many furs and left him in the warm sleeping bag in the booth and we women set about the stripping of bark from the trees. And by the mercy of Heaven, it may be, we found one with a slippery bark,² which seemed filled with nourishment for both cattle and sheep. Later we dried some of this bark by the fireplace and ground it in the hand-mill and mixed it with milk. The porridge thus made was most strengthening to us, so it was small wonder that in the years to come Karlsefni was wont to remark that Gudrid saved not only the cattle but the men and women as well during that first winter in Vineland the Good.

We suffered much from cold and wet as we worked but wasted scant time in bemoaning our trials, for we were too busied with the tasks that confronted us. Each day that passed meant one day nearer our goal, and that goal was our own existence. We had confronted and conquered too much to be cheated at the end. While the snow grew ever deeper and deeper, fortunate it was that the cold was not too intense and we were able to endure until the cattle were in the byre and we could crowd in beside them for warmth.

And perchance the suffering but made us delight in our houses the more. When the log walls were up for the first one and the roof laid over, we gathered joyfully inside. King Olaf himself was never so proud as

¹ Cattle could eat fish bones and find some nourishment in the cooking water, according to Horrebow and Nansen.

² Slippery elm.

we that day. The walls were chinked with earth dug from under the snow and thawed before the fireplace which was the first place of the house to be finished. The roof was of logs instead of turf, but when spring came Karlsefni would turf it as well. Now he pegged skins over the logs and heaped these with branches of the fir tree and he piled these branches high about the house.

Gudrid gathered fir twigs for the floor also and the fragrance was delightful. Soon a dozen such buildings stood on that hilltop overlooking the sea. We knew we should be ahungered often that winter. Yet we rejoiced that of one thing there was abundance and that was firewood. Every morning heard the axes ringing and great trees crashing to earth. The sounds were as the music of a sweet fiddle to my ears, for each tree held warmth to armour us against the cold, held light to spear the dark.

And by the time the great cold came we were ready for it, while despite the lack of stores and a storehouse at the beginning of winter, yet did the men succeed in killing and snaring enough wild things so that we did not suffer greatly. Bears and deer they brought in and, if all else failed, speckled birds and hares. There were fish from the sea and fish caught through the ice of the fjord.

Karlsefni and Snorri Thorbrandsson fashioned a cradle for the baby Snorri out of a tree trunk, and Gudrid wrapped him well in a piece of scarlet cloth from her lin-fee and in skins from the hunt, and he lay laughing and cooing near the fire, or clutching eagerly at Gudrid's cross when she lifted him.

Let the winds howl as they might and the wolves add their chorus to the groan of the sea, Snorri only laughed and cooed the louder, the meat bubbled in the kettle and the flames crackled and spit while Gudrid hummed an ancient song as she went about her work.

Siegfred and Harald carved wood by the fireplace or mended the snares, while Karlsefni and Snorri Thorbrandsson talked of other days and lands as they scraped and fitted a skin on the tanning board. It seemed to me that Vineland was filled with peace and that the land held, despite the difficulties through which we had passed, only goodness for us so long as we might remain there.

But all did not think as I did. Thorhall the Hunter grumbled and whined for lack of ale, and in the cabin where he dwelt with other of the men there were those not loath to add their protests and complaints, and these grumbler soon had to be ordered to the hunt, but they went not far and brought in little save their appetites.

Freydis, too, fretted continually and blamed Gudrid for all things that went wrong from the snow piled before her door to the leaking roof of her house and the poor aim of her husband's hunting spear. Finally in a fury she herself took the spear and went forth on skis, bringing in a bear the first day, and after that Freydis took over the hunting entirely while her husband was set to mind the cooking of the tree-bark porridge and to milk the cow.

"Winter is bad but spring will be worse," declared Freydis, "for then we can no longer track the wild creatures and there will be naught for our fare but fish from the sea."

Gudrid smiled at that and said that surely Freydis exaggerated, that she herself was looking forward to this first spring in the new land.

Yet I doubt if Gudrid ever dreamed how wonderful it would be in Vineland the Good when the sun melted the snow and the water ran from the hills with a tinkling like that of the bell of the Greenland priest, the buds swelled on every tree and bush and the grass sprouted green almost before the snow had departed. I went forth early with Gudrid seeking herbs and we found them wherever we looked. Many that were good for the eating did Gudrid choose and some that we had not known before. Never once were we aught but strengthened by what she gathered—there were cresses from the brookside, tall leeks in the grasses, sour herbs with leaves shaped like green arrows, and herbs which bore flowers like round golden marks, scattered bountifully about the hill. And when, a little later, the hillside gave us pointed berries ripened in the grass beneath our feet it seemed that the land was filled with abundance, aye, filled and overflowing.

Karlsefni took most of the cattle and sheep that spring and carried them by the boat out to the island facing the fjord and here, with the calves and young lambs, they wandered as they willed. It was a place

thick with grass so it was plain that the creatures would thrive greatly.

From the island Karlsefni and the men brought back the eggs of many sea birds, which were good for our eating.

Now Karlsefni was minded to explore farther in the land. We had not yet discovered the place of Leif's house and this Karlsefni was anxious to do. For Leif had left certain things buried near that house which Karlsefni needed, there were kettles there, and a supply of arrows and some extra swords to which Thorvald's men had added. Also Karlsefni wanted much to find the grapevines which Tyrker had discovered growing in abundance.

Karlsefni thought to seek Leif's house to the southward, but Thorhall the Hunter insisted that it lay to the north and declared neither he nor his friends would sail south, though they were willing to go northward.

"Give me the small boat you have with you," he begged Karlsefni, "and let me sail in that direction, for there the good things of the land may be found."

However I noted that his eyes were shifting as he spoke, and Karlsefni must have sensed that also, for when Thorhall left, Karlsefni said there was somewhat behind the man's words which had not been disclosed. He was not greatly minded to grant the Hunter's request, yet well did he know that it would not do to have the men continue quarrelsome and dissentious, and that it were better to be rid of them altogether unless they would work wholeheartedly with him. So at last he sent for Thorhall and said:

"I shall not grant thy wish of my own free will. I am willing, however, that we leave this matter to fate and I will play thee a game of chess. Let the outcome decide between us. And if it so be that thou shalt win the game, then shall I give thee the boat as is thy desire, and ye and thy companions may seek out the land to the north if so be that is thy choice."

"But on the other hand if it turn out that I am the winner then shall all of thy group which has opposed me hitherto go without complaining on the journey which I propose to the southward, and thou shalt work well henceforward under my guidance, and abide by my decisions."

Thorhall the Hunter consulted with his friends and agreed to the game if it were

played under the open skies so that the old gods might watch its progress. The board was brought out and the pair seated themselves on the little white and pink blossoms bespattering the ground and the game began. Well did Karlsefni make his moves and never, so far as I could see, was there any move to be made but he made it, nor did he fail to take advantage of any opening Thorhall seemed to give him.

Yet did the gods that day bestow upon Thorhall greater judgment, so that his skill was sharpened, his foresight quickened and in the end he won both the game and his will. Karlsefni was a fair-minded loser and told him that the boat was his and that he should equip it with what he deemed necessary.

Thorhall became as another person after that. He chattered gaily and sang verses of his own making as he and those who chose to go with him prepared the boat for sailing. He cut down a great tree for a mast and fashioned a sail of hides. It took a long time to make the oars, but this was finally done and both boats—Thorhall's and Karlsefni's—were ready at the same time for sailing; the one to go northward and the other south.

"... though I doubt not that I know Thorhall's real destination," said Karlsefni one evening to Siegfred and Harald. Further than that he did not say and when I asked whither he thought they proposed sailing, Karlsefni laughed in his beard, answering, "I fancy we shall hear of his destination from his own lips, but if not I will tell thee after he is gone."

I was the more curious at Karlsefni's words so that from then on whenever possible I took occasion to hover near the Hunter, hoping that he might disclose his plans to me. But he said naught until one day when I came by the spring where he was filling a cask with water for his boat.

"Water," he was muttering in disgust, "Water!"

Yet a smile came to his eyes when he saw me, for he was fond of me and had once said that had he been blessed with a daughter he would have asked for one cut to my pattern.

"It is well," he said in greeting, "that ye are here, for I have a gift for thee."

He looked about and when he was certain that no one was near us he took some-

thing from his belt and gave it into my hands. Smooth it was and cool to the touch and when I turned it over I saw that it was a little pouch made from a snake's skin. I said that it was pretty, and that I would treasure it. Yet is it probable that my words were politeness only, for I knew not what I should do with the gift.

Whereat Thorhall made answer, "Aye, it is pretty, Sigrid, but it is powerful also. So throw it not away as is thy thought, but treasure it well. For it is filled with the ashes of many snakes, and a touch of them upon thy forehead will clear the cobwebs from thy thinking so that with its aid thou canst drive evil spells away, and thy thoughts will dance ahead of thine adversary's. That do I well know, for long have I used it, and the snake powder was on my forehead when I played at chess with Karlsefni. Now I leave the pouch with thee for I have a fancy ye will need it in this accursed country from which I am forever departing."

I stared at him saying no word, and Thorhall continued, "Aye, here in Vineland is Thor not honored, and since his gift of the whale was thrown back into the waters he has deserted even me. So that in sailing forth I fear it will fare ill with me now. Nevertheless shall I take the path of my own choosing to the end, though it may be that it will not lead me to the place I would go."

He laughed a bit then and said that most paths had a little ale somewhere along them, but here in Vineland was there none. Then, as he upheaved the filled cask to his shoulder he sang in a roaring voice,

"When I came, these brave men told me,
Here the best of drink I'd get,
Now with water-pail behold me,—
Wine and I are strangers yet.
Stooping at this spring I've tested
All the wine this land affords;
Of its vaunted charms divested,
Poor indeed are its rewards."²

And he rambled down to the sea with a last grin at me over his other shoulder. We spoke not further together but I put the snakeskin in my pouch for Thorhall's words had impressed me, even though there were hours when they seemed to me to be only foolishness.

² Translation of Gawthorne-Hardy.

On the day when both boats sailed, the dragon-ship with Karlsefni and all of us who chose to stay in Vineland accompanied Thorhall the Hunter out beyond the island where our cattle and sheep were roaming. There we parted, Thorhall turning the prow of the after-boat toward the north, and Karlsefni heading his dragon south.

The path of the sea grew wider between us as the wind hurled itself at Thorhall's sail and then loud and strong across the water came Thorhall's voice roaring another of his ditties. Karlsefni, with a curious smile on his lips, made a gesture to his men to hold their oars motionless in order that we might hear the words.

"Comrades, let us now be faring,
Homeward to our own again,
Let us try the sea-steed's daring,
Give the chafing courser rein.
Those who will may bide in quiet,
Let them praise their chosen land,
Feasting on a whale-steak diet,
In their home by Wonder-strand."⁴

"It is as I thought," declared Karlsefni as he raised his hand toward Thorvald in a gesture of farewell. "He will try to make Greenland."

"Think you he will succeed?" asked Snorri Thorbrandsson.

"That depends upon the sea and, as Thorhall thinks, upon Thor," answered Karlsefni.

My eyes were filled with somewhat akin to seaspray then, for I recalled Thorhall had told me that even Thor had deserted him. I fingered the little snakeskin hidden in my pouch and wished that the Hunter had kept it.

But back across the waters came the gay and carefree rollicking of the song. For Thorhall's men took it up and repeated it over and over as they bent to their oars, until their voices were dimmed with daintance and the splashing of the waves.

Then Gudrid said sadly, "I fear that Thor will not save him and that never again will he see Brattahlid or Leif Ericksson."

Right she was in so thinking, for years afterward Karlsefni was to learn from traders that the little boat had encountered westerly gales and had been driven far out to sea until at last it was wrecked on a shore

⁴ Translation of Gawthorne-Hardy.



in Ireland. There the men were thrown into slavery and treated badly and there according to the traders' report Thorhall the Hunter lost his life.

XV

After the sound of the Hunter's song died away Karlsefni made a sign. The men bent to their oars and the dragon moved proudly southward. We sailed for a long time near a coast that was beautiful with grass and trees, from which the wind blew fragrance to our boats. We had a cow with us for the milk which young Snorri would use and a sheep which if need be we might kill for food. And at last we came to a great and beautiful river which flowed down from the land. Some of the men went on shore and returned to the boat saying there was a lake a little beyond, out of which the river flowed into the sea.⁵

Karlsefni wanted to sail up the river, but there were great shoals of gravel in front of the river's mouth and our boat grounded on these and was held fast. Yet when the tide rose, the boat lifted also and we sailed then up the river. About the lake we found

wheat⁶ growing wild in every hollow. Vines were clambering over the hills and they gave promise of a rich burden of grapes. Karlsefni called the place Hóp.

Every brook about the lake was full of fish, and the men made pits at low tide in the sandy shore. When the high tide came and receded again the pits were filled with halibut, which we ate with pleasure for the meat was very sweet. There were quantities of animals in the woods and we stayed here for a time enjoying ourselves and eating of the abundance on every hand. For besides the bounty of which I have told you there were berries and good herbs in abundance and some delicious roots which Gudrid discovered.

We were a little loath to leave the place and sail north once more. But Karlsefni thought it wise, so we sailed back along the course we had come. And when we were within sight of the hill where our houses stood, then did gladness bubble within us for we realized now that for us the hill in Vineland had become home, and pleasant and good did it seem.

Karlsefni had the cattle and sheep brought in from the island after our return and one of the women,—I think it was

⁵ Some believe that this may have been the Hudson River, as later explorers have described the widening of the river as "a lake."

⁶ Probably wild rice.

Straun's daughter, herded the sheep. The cattle did not stray far, because of the swamps that surrounded the hillside.

Later that summer when Karlsefni thought the grapes in Hóp were ripened, he returned and brought a great load of grain and grapes back to Straumfjord and some of the grapes he dried and some he made into wine, which in time was good to the tasting.

Hitherto we had not seen the inhabitants of the land of which Thorvald's men had told us. Yet Karlsefni kept someone ever on the watch, lest these strangers take us by surprise. And one morning we were wakened early by the call of the watcher. Karlsefni and Snorri Thorbrandsson went forth and far out on the sea they beheld nine skin canoes. The men in them had staves and at sight of our men watching them from the hilltop they brandished these staves from east to west as the sun moves. And the sound of their striking on the waters was like to that sound which the flail makes when it threshes the grain. The staves looked white against the sky and Karlsefni asked his friend Thorbrandsson what he thought the sign betokened.

Snorri declared, "Perhaps it is a sign of peace. Let us take the white shield and lift it over our heads in answer."

Gudrid hearing the words brought the shield forth, and Karlsefni lifted it high over his head, in the sign of peace, with its inner side turned toward the sea, so like the staves, the shield shone white in the sun.⁷

The canoes then drew near to each other and the men in them seemed to consult together. After a little they separated once more, and the boats came swiftly toward the shore. There the strangers beached their boats and stood at a distance staring at us. These strangers were ill to look at, for their skins were ruddy and the hair of their heads black and ugly. Yet there was naught in their manner that betokened ill-will and after staring at us for some time they went away.

"I think they are not unfriendly," declared Karlsefni as he watched them out of sight. "Yet will we not trust them far, and as they are ill looking so shall we give

⁷ The fronts of the shields were painted, the inner sides were not.

them an ill-name." And he called them Skraelings.

That summer we saw no more of these people and we went about our work much as in Greenland. A storehouse was built and food gathered in it against the winter. Besides the wild grain and grapes and the casks of wine, we put there the dried berries and other fruits we had found. The rafters were hung with herbs and sweet smelling plants and the dried fish and meat were not lacking, nor the salt which had been made from burning the sea-weed, or by letting the sun lick up the sea water which we had placed in depressions in the rocks. The cheese was set in the storehouse, too, both in baskets and in bags. Here also was the butter, the curds and whey.

Before the winter season came held we the Winter-night Festival⁸ and because we had wine now for the first time we called it Snorri's christening ale. For that occasion Gudrid unwrapped the bundle which Lea the mother of Leif had given her, and which she had hitherto kept in her chest. And we found it was the tapestry Lea had so greatly treasured, the same that had been hung on the wall behind the high seat of Leif at the time of Gudrid's bridal ale.

This we now hung behind the high seat fashioned for Karlsefni from the wood of the trees of Vineland. Harald and Siegfred had carved its posts, each vieing with the other in skill.

Thick and fragrant twigs of the spruce and fir were scattered on the floor, mixed well with the sweet-smelling Vineland herbs. Over these Snorri tottered and tumbled with much laughter and chuckling. And he laughed and chattered the louder when those at the feast snatched him up and thrust him into the piled furs of the cradle. For he knew that it was but a moment's work to clamber over the sides and fall sprawling on the soft branches which Gudrid had piled high about the cradle's sides.

We feasted long and drank of the wine of the land which now seemed to hold the summer fragrance of Hóp and all save Freydis said they had never fared so well

⁸ A harvest festival held just before the coming of winter.

in Greenland. Freydis sneered disdainfully at the words, yet did she eat and drink her full share, and every now and then stored somewhat away in her pouch to take home with her.

Now that we were prepared against the snow it fell not. The weather stayed warm and like to a Greenland summer all that season, so that the cattle were not once in the byre, but remained on the island all that winter finding their own fodder. When the spring came on the day that I put a bit of butter on the roof for the sun to eat⁹ Karlsefni brought them back to the mainland in the boat and never did I remember seeing cattle or sheep in such a healthy rounded state at the beginning of the spring.

"I think that we shall remain forever in this Vineland the Good," declared Karlsefni one day, not long after the cattle had been brought back, and he snatched at the scurrying Snorri as he spoke and lifted him high in the air where the child's feet flayed about him like restless oars in the sea.

Scarce were the words spoken when the sword "Fearless" rattled on the wall and Karlsefni and Gudrid looked at each other, startled at the evil omen. And Karlsefni's shield suddenly fell with a clatter to the floor as the door was flung open and Snorri Thorbrandsson shouted hoarsely,

"*Skraellings!*"

We all crowded through the doorway and looked out over the sea and we saw their boats coming from the south. There were so many that the sea looked like the fjord in autumn when the moshur leaves of red and yellow have fallen thick upon it. From every boat the staves were waving and in the same direction as they had waved the summer before.

"God grant we are right in thinking it a sign of peace," said Karlsefni as he took his shield from Gudrid and called for a long pole. The men brought a slender sapling they had cut to him and he put the shield upon the sapling and held it high above his head.

And as before the strangers beached their boats and came forward. This time they paused not to stare but continued straight up the hill toward us and we noted that

they were carrying great packs on their shoulders.

The bull had been grazing with the cattle between the cabins and the sea. As the Skraellings approached suddenly he lifted his head and sniffed the air. His tail went over his back and stiff-legged he capered toward them.

The Skraellings stooped and stood as though they had grown roots to their feet and the fear-look came over their faces at the sight of this strange animal rushing toward them. And suddenly the bull flung up his head and let out a terrific bellow which came echoing back on all sides.

At that sound the Skraellings were motionless no longer, but with great shrieks they cast their bundles from their backs to the ground and rushed straight toward the doorway of the house Karlsefni had built for Gudrid, and where she now stood with the child, Snorri, in her arms.

Karlsefni, however, reached the house first and thrust Gudrid and the child inside and managed to close and bar the door in the face of the first Skraellings. The others, likewise, rushed toward their houses and barred the doors and for a time not a sound was heard on the hill save the singing of the birds with the red breast which were everywhere that spring.

Then Karlsefni took his knife and scraped some of the moss and turf from between the logs and made himself a peephole and looked forth. The bull was standing at a little distance, with his front feet planted together, his head lowered. But even as Karlsefni peered through the hole, the creature uncurled his tail from his back and meandered back where the cattle were grazing and likewise began to munch the tender blades of the new grass.

The Skraellings were gathered in a close group looking fearfully after the bull and Karlsefni realizing now that they had been frightened and had charged the house in panic and not in battle, opened the door and went toward the visitors.

I could not hear what Karlsefni said. But I saw the Skraellings making signs toward their packs and toward Karlsefni and his men. Then one of the Skraellings crawled on his stomach back to the place where he

⁹ An old custom of pagan origin.

had thrown his pack and dragged it after him on the ground, for he did not dare as yet to stand erect. When he was back by Karlsefni's feet he opened the bundle and took out fur after fur and held each up for Karlsefni's admiration.

Evident it was that the Skraelings wished to trade the furs, and I knew Karlsefni must be eager to obtain them, for so many were in the packs, and even from a distance they looked so fine, it was plain they were of great value.

Still Karlsefni hesitated, for he knew not what we had in our possession that we could trade safely and which these people might desire.

One of the Skraelings put his hand on a knife at the belt of Stein Gormsson, holding out his other hand with two skins in payment for it. But Karlsefni placed his hand over that of the Icelander as he started to draw his knife from the sheath to trade it for the furs of the Skraeling.

"Nay, Stein," ordered Karlsefni, "let none of us trade these Skraelings knives or swords, lest they be used against our own throats in the future."

Gudrid had drawn near with Snorri in her arms and as Karlsefni still pondered as to what we possessed that the Skraelings might like and which could be given them in safety, Gudrid spoke:

"There is curd cheese and milk in plenty in the storehouse, Karlsefni. Think you the strangers might wish to trade for either?"

"Bring forth the cheese and milk and let us see," answered Karlsefni.

Gudrid gave the child to my keeping as she went with the other women to the storehouse and they brought forth the curd cheese in baskets and the milk in the iron kettles. Then Karlsefni motioned to the Skraelings that they should eat and drink of these things.

One by one the Skraelings knelt by the kettle and dipped out a handful of milk for tasting, refusing the drinking horns which the women proffered. After the first taste they smacked their lips and bending forward thrust their hands back and forth into the milk, drinking it down in great gulps and never ceasing until they had emptied all the kettles. After drawing the back of their hands once across their mouths, the

Skraelings all took a dark skin from their packs and threw it down in payment.

Likewise they tasted the cheese carefully, and then scooped it out by the handful and for this also they threw down each a dark skin.

When the milk and cheese were gone the Skraelings made signs asking for more, but there was no more in the storehouse. Yet the strangers still had many skins in their packs and while these were small yet were they amazing fine and such that Karlsefni wished greatly to obtain them. But there was naught else, it seemed, save the knives and swords which the Skraelings desired. And both Karlsefni and Snorri Thorbrandsson were agreed that these should in no wise be traded.

Suddenly one of the Skraelings pointed to the baby who was tugging at my hand, for I had set him down and he wished to be freed from my hold. But Gudrid snatched him from the ground with a low cry and held him close to her. She stood thus holding the child when the Skraeling who had pointed drew closer, and her eyes searched the stranger's face.

He made a gesture with one hand as though to indicate that Gudrid need have no fear. Then he reached out a finger and touched the bright robe in which Snorri was dressed. The robe was fashioned of the scarlet cloth Karlsefni had brought to Greenland from Norway. As the Skraeling stroked the cloth Gudrid suddenly nodded and smiled and gave Snorri into my charge again, going herself into the house.

When she came out the cloth of the lin-fee was piled high in her arms and her shears were in her fingers. As soon as she appeared the faces of the Skraelings brightened with interest and they crowded close about her, putting eager hands upon the goods.

Then did Gudrid take her bright and flashing shears, which Karlsefni had given her in Greenland, and cut a strip from the scarlet cloth and held it out. There was a strange jabbering and the Skraelings about Gudrid were so many that for a moment Gudrid was hidden from our sight, and we beheld only the backs of the strangers and their outstretched hands.

And when I could see her again, she had seated herself on a tree stump, and she called Gisla Audensdattar to her and motioned that she should kneel on the ground beside her and spread her fingers wide. And when Gisla did this, Gudrid measured the goods deftly from Gisla's thumb to her little finger. As soon as a strip of the cloth was cut to this span's width, a Skraeling seized it and placed a beautiful gray skin¹⁰ on the pile which was soon growing rapidly at Gudrid's side.

As the pile of skins rose higher and higher the scarlet cloth in Gudrid's lap grew smaller and smaller, yet all the while more and more Skraelings were thrusting out anxious hands for a strip of this bright material which it was plain to be seen pleased them mightily.

So Gudrid began cutting the strips in narrower widths—from Gisla's thumb to her third finger, and then only to her second. And still there were many Skraelings anxious to have more and more of the scarlet strips. As fast as they obtained one they would wind it about their heads or fashion a necklace from it and rush to the spring to admire themselves.

Until at last there was but little of the material left and though Gudrid cut this in pieces only two fingers wide, yet did the Skraelings fling down good skins and when she cut the last of it to the breadth of only a single finger they still paid a good gray skin for that.

Decked thus in the scarlet of Gudrid's linfee they were about to depart jubilantly and some of them had already reached the beach, when two things occurred which seemed most unfortunate.

One of the Skraelings wandered from the others and chanced to come upon a spear leaning against a doorway, which had somehow been forgotten in the excitement attending the strange visitors. And the Skraeling seeing that which he most desired left thus for his taking, dropped behind a bush and reached a stealthy hand toward it.

But Arm Grimsson to whom the spear belonged looked toward his house at that moment and saw the Skraeling attempting to steal his spear. Through the air flashed

the knife of the Greenlander and the Skraeling let forth a yell as the knife struck him and he fell backward. When Arm reached him, he was dead.

At that very moment the bull suddenly burst forth from the wood behind the house bellowing once more, so that the Skraelings departed in great haste, yelling with fear, and they rowed away rapidly in their boats.

After their departure when Gudrid stood up she was knee-deep in the skins which she had bought with her lin-fee. And though Karlsefni divided the other skins which had been purchased with the milk and cheese among the men, he declared that the skins which Gudrid had purchased were hers by right and there was no one on the hill, save Freydis, who objected.

But Freydis frowned and went off muttering, ever and again casting a jealous glance over her shoulder at Gudrid's purchase. Freydis was now great with child, and though she had been wedded many years this was the first time that life had been within her, and her evil disposition but seemed to increase with the size of her burden.

There was somewhat in Freydis' glances toward Gudrid which chilled me like the north wind and I tried in vain to cast the fear from me. Then did I resolve to keep a close watch of Freydis lest she harm Gudrid in any way. And well was it that I did so.

XVI

Gudrid had formed the habit of taking the small Snorri down by the sea-side in the middle of the day. There she would sit with her distaff spinning the wool that had been pulled from the Vineland sheep, as we now called the little flock, for most of them were Vineland born. The small Snorri played in the sand at his mother's feet, while Gudrid sang to the sound of the waves.

Whenever my sister sat thus by the sea I noted that Freydis stood long at her house-door, staring at Gudrid and muttering to herself. And one day as I was gathering berries with Harald I saw Freydis come forth and hurry toward the wood, with quick glances about her as though she were anxious neither to be seen nor followed.

¹⁰ Perhaps a squirrel skin.



So near-sighted was she that though she passed close by us, we pressed ourselves to a tree trunk, and she saw us not.

"Let us follow her and see what mischief she is brewing," I urged Harald. And he, being nothing loath, agreed. We made a game of it, dodging now and then behind trees and bushes to hide from her backward glances.

In a great half-circle above the beach we followed her, until she came to a place on the bay nearly opposite the sands where Gudrid was sitting. Gudrid's back was toward us, but we could see her blue dress plainly.

Freydis paused and gazed in that direction, then she hurried behind a rock, stumbling as she went, and dragged forth the stump of a tree. The roots were thrusting forth from the stump like the legs of a spider, and we soon knew that Freydis had hitherto prepared and hidden it there, for when she had drawn it down to the beach we saw that one side of it was burned to black charcoal. Freydis drew a knife from her pouch and carved runes on the burned portion, and after she had finished she slashed open her own wrist with the knife point until the blood spurted from it. Into the blood she trust the point and smeared the runes with it, and all the while she was

singing words of witchcraft which we could not quite understand.

After she had smeared the runes all over with her blood, she walked backwards from west to east, going all around the stump until she had woven it in a net of her words. Then she stopped and screamed somewhat in a loud voice and tugged and pushed the stump until it was in the sea.

The tide was beginning to sweep in and the water wet her feet, but she heeded it not, but bending over dragged the stump yet a little further into the water. Then her skirt all dripping, Freydis staggered back to the land, stood for a moment watching the stump being lifted by the waves, screamed evil words after it, words which ended with Gudrid's name. Then with her hair darting like bronze snakes behind her, she ran down the beach, turned sharply and disappeared in the wood.

Then was I puzzled, for I knew not the reason for this thing which Freydis had done, but Harald, who had been often with Eric the Red and had learned much from him of the pagan ways, seized my arm saying hoarsely—

"If so be it that stump floats with the tide, as I think it must, to the place where Gudrid sits daily at her spinning, it will work her mischief."

Then was I so frightened that I started to dash into the sea after the blackened stump, but Harald held me fast and said, "Be still and abide here until Freydis is out of sight, then will I thwart her evil designs."

And as soon as we could no longer see Freydis in the wood, Harald leaped into the water and swam out where the stump was bobbing on the waves, seized one of the roots and with great effort hauled it after him until it was clear of the sea.

Then between us we dug a hole in the sand and buried the stump there. In this way did we thwart the evil spell which Freydis had fashioned, but Freydis knew it not. She went about with a glitter in her eyes, laughing to herself and whispering, her fingers forever caressing the amulet in her pouch. Whereupon I said naught to Harald but went out by myself every evening and invoked the protection of the moon against the curse of Freydis.

While we thwarted thus her hatred toward Gudrid and caused her wicked spell to come to naught, yet there was another evil advancing fast upon all of us which we could not thwart. For there came a day that I like not to recall—no part of it but is horrible to remember. That was the day when the peace and comfort of the Vineland hill above Straumfjord was turned into a shambles and a terror. Yet was it a day that brought with it admiration and praise and a new name for Freydis, a day when men hailed her as a worthy daughter of Eric the Red.

It chanced that early on that morning Snorri Thorbrandsson, who was out hunting, came to a promontory that looked out far over the sea, and he saw from a long way off a great multitude of Skraelings approaching on the waters. Like the deer, aye, like the swift hart, ran he then to the hillside and summoned us forth with his cry.

"Karlsefni, Karlsefni, the Skraelings again!" And the terror that was in his voice told us more than the words.

We crowded forth on the hilltop and soon saw them rounding the bay. Their boats were gathered in flock after flock on the sea, like the birds that blacken the Vineland sky in the spring or the autumn, and soon

the waters before us seemed covered with their boats. Their numbers were too great to be counted, and this time the staves were waving not from east to west but west to east.

"It is war," said Karlsefni, when he noted the change in the staves' motion, and he ordered the men to don their armour and bring forth their shields. His own armour was soon bright upon him, his gold helmet flashing as he came forth from the house, bearing the war shield and Fearless. As he went he called to Gudrid telling her to lead the women beyond the hill to a glade which was hidden by thick trees and bushes.

"Aye," answered Gudrid, "that will I do," and she came forth with Snorri in her arms and called to the women to follow her, and as they went toward the glade they drove their cattle, which had been feeding nearby, before them.

But Freydis refused to leave her house and there was no time to urge her.

"It is war," said Karlsefni, when the Skraelings came nearer and he saw that they were brightly painted and that the feathers thrust in their hair were many. Also instead of coming silently as hitherto, they uttered great whoops and yells when they saw Karlsefni and his men on the hill, and beaching their boats, seized their bows and arrows in their hands.

"It is war," said Karlsefni, "and now must we display the red shield." So he lifted the war shield in front of him and made ready for the attack.

All of these things I saw, for I could not stay with the others in the glade not knowing what was happening meanwhile to Harald and Siegfred, so when Gudrid was busied with Snorri I parted the bushes and crept back to the wood-edge where I could see all that went on.

I saw the Skraelings rush toward the hill and heard their war cries, but I saw Karlsefni and his men meet them with silence and a storm of arrows. And I noted that the arrows of our men leaped further from the bows and were deadly to the Skraelings, so that the ground was soon wet with their blood and heavy with the bodies of their fallen.

Then saw I that multitude on the beach waver and some of the fallen stirred and

dragged themselves out of the fray. Then marked I that, too, which at the time Karlsefni and his men did not notice.

For I saw a group of the Skraelings beach their boat far from the others and this group stole on shore carrying a great bag the size of a sheep's belly and nearly black in color. From the way the Skraelings bent beneath the load I knew that it was heavy.

They disappeared in the wood, and when I saw them again, they were standing on a high rock on the hill, behind our houses, and were lifting this bag on a pole. I called to Karlsefni but my voice was lost in the great scream of triumph from the main group of the Skraelings when Snorri Thorbrandsson fell to the ground, his shield beneath him. From that fall he did not rise again.

Hard upon the fall of Snorri there came a great storm of stones over Karlsefni and his men made a great crashing as they fell against their armour and the back of their shields.

They had come from the bag which had been cast from the pole, but Karlsefni knew this not, and believed that the Skraelings had surrounded the hillside and were coming in upon them from all sides.

Then thought Karlsefni of naught save Gudrid and Snorri hidden with the women in the glade and he ordered his men to fall back toward that place and sell their lives dearly.

And as he gave that order I saw Freydis, whom I had forgotten, come forth from her house and run swiftly toward the house of Gudrid and Karlsefni, entering the opened door. And when a moment later she came out of that house something in her hand caught the sun for a moment and it flashed bright.

That much I noted and no more, and I soon forgot the sight in the events that followed after.

For when she came forth Freydis saw Karlsefni and his men running toward the glade. And she thought the men were running from cowardice, for she knew not of the shower of stones, nor that Karlsefni had ordered them thence, thinking that the Skraelings had surrounded them.

Freydis stood for a moment as though unable to believe what her eyes were look-

ing upon. Then she flung her arms wide, and above the shouting of the Skraelings high and clear rang her voice, as the scream of an eagle sounds above the shrieking of the forest birds, so came the voice of Freydis.

As to what she screamed then, never after was there agreement, and Freydis herself could not remember. But this was the gist of her challenge:

"Why flee from these wretches, worthy men as ye, when meseems ye might slaughter them as cattle?" Then she uttered one word over and over, "Kill! Kill! Kill!"

Her words were deep as the sound of a trumpet, and so fearless were they that some of our men were fain to pause and return to protect her. But Karlsefni ordered them to hold their ground and go not to her aid, for that it was her fault that she was thus left alone on the hilltop.

Then seemed Freydis to go into a frenzy. "Had I a weapon," she screamed, "then should I fight better than any of you!"

The oncoming Skraelings had paused for a moment over the body of Haldor Finnursson and one of them lifted Haldor's axe and thrust at a tree, and the axe bit deep. Whereupon others must try the axe in the tree, and they roared with delight as the edge went deep into the wood.

Then one of the Skraelings seized the axe and thrust hard at a stone but the axe-edge blunted and bit not and the handle broke in his hands. Then the Skraeling threw the axe away and the horde started on once more toward Freydis.

But while they dallied thus with the axe Freydis had looked about her for somewhat with which to defend herself and, finding nothing, had turned to flee after Karlsefni and his men. Howsomever so heavy was she now with child she could not run fast and as she went she stumbled over the body of Snorri Thorbrandsson lying in her path. His sword lay under him and Freydis caught sight of the blade as she fell, and she drew it forth.

Like lightning she brandished it about her as she rose, and as the Skraelings surrounded her, suddenly she stripped down her shift and drew out her naked breast slapping the sword upon it and breaking into song as she did so.

The Skraelings paused at the sound of the sword on the flesh and at the sight of the misshapen woman standing there before them, head thrown back, singing loudly while her streaming red hair waved wildly in time to her movements:

"If I shall to battle
Lead my old friends,
I sing under the shields.
And they go forth with might
Safe to the fray,
Safe out of the fray,
Safe wherever they come from."¹¹

The words were the old rune song of Odin, and I shuddered as I wondered what friends Freydis might bring to her aid, she who had converse with strange spirits and was wont to do evil.

The sword slapped back and forth on the flesh, the singing rose higher and higher, and Freydis herself seemed to grow taller, her face was without fear and shining.

She was as one armoured with lightning, as one who possessed strength which none could overcome, as one who delighted in a multitude of enemies and who deemed them as snow in the sun.

Even as I watched I felt myself held immovable and as the spell enveloped me I saw that the war frenzy of the Skraelings had slipped from them like a loosened mantle. Like rocks they were standing before Freydis and on their faces, aye even through the streaks of paint and clotted blood saw I the dawning fear-look and it was mingled with an awe which changed slowly into terror.

The voice of the woman before them increased its volume. The sword moved faster now against her breast until its very movement was a flashing shield. Triumph was in the song, an exultation such as only conquerors know when the battle turns and the foe is unescapably in their hands.

But I saw one among the Skraelings making a mighty effort, as though by his will would he break from the bonds which held him. His teeth clenched and his fists strained tight, his very arms seemed to increase in size with his struggling. And suddenly with a shriek he flung his bow from him, turned and ran for the seashore.

And it seemed that in freeing himself he had freed his comrades likewise from the spell, for there was a sudden commotion among that painted mass of bodies, until as with one accord they dropped their bows and fled after their leader. Straight to the beach they ran and jumped in their boats and rowed away fast on the waters with no look behind them.

Karlsefni spoke to his men, and he put his horn to his lips and called with it to Gudrid, and all came back to the hill where our houses stood unhurt. Gudrid brought forth herbs and bound healing poultices on the wounds which the men had received.

And that day none thought to thank her, for they were filled only with praises for Freydis. They declared that the sagas of Vineland should preserve the account for, they added, never before had a single woman struck terror to so great a multitude with naught between her and the enemy save a single sword.

Then called they for the Vineland wine and they all drank forthwith to her bravery and hailed her as Freydis the Terrible. Proud was the daughter of Eric the Red to hear them name her thus.

But all this was done quickly, for there was work waiting. The body of Snorri Thorbrandsson and that of Haldor Finnursson were buried at once and in haste as we knew not what might happen further. Karlsefni and his men took the bodies of the dead Skraelings which were many for the sword Fearless and the swords of the others had gorged themselves with blood and the arrows from the bows had failed not of their marks, so that the Skraelings lay heaped one on the other. These bodies were thrown into the sea where the tide would carry them away. After this was done the rain came and washed the blood from the hillside.

Then about the houses on the hill Karlsefni and the men set about building a great wall of standing timbers from trees they had already fallen, and these timbers were driven deep at one end in the ground for protection against a new attack.

But as soon as her health had been drunk, the birth pangs had seized upon Freydis, so that for days she lay in her house in the birth throes while Gudrid and the other

¹¹ Translation of DuChailu.

women tended her, murmuring the birth rune over and over. And it seemed that the child was determined not to come forth, but when at last it was born it was little, and blue in color and uttered no cry nor opened its eyes once upon Vineland. And Gudrid gave the body to Gisla to carry outside so that Karlsefni could bury it beside the warriors who had fallen in battle.

But Gudrid herself left not Freydis' side, for Freydis rallied not after the child came forth. Instead her breathing was shorter and shorter and in gasps, and Gudrid knew not what further to do, and felt that she too, was gasping. Then she remembered how her foster mother, Haldis, had saved one in Iceland from death when all else failed.

So with the aid of the women Gudrid took the foul-smelling furs from Freydis' bed and carried them outside, slipping in their place fresh furs from the storehouse. She sent the women for a new tick which was there filled with grass freshly dried, and while they lifted Freydis, she put this beneath her on the bed and had the filthy tick filled with mouldy hay likewise carried outside and burned with the foul-smelling furs.

Then she sent all the women from the house save one and she was set to clear the floor of the branches filled with table droppings and much that was disagreeable.

The woman put fresh branches on the floor and their smell was good. Then Gudrid flung wide the door and the sun came in. And Gudrid bathed Freydis with warm water and cut the rune of the cross on a leaf and put it under her tongue.

From that hour Freydis improved, though she hated Gudrid the more for that she alone had been able to save her.

So busied had Gudrid been with Freydis that I had but glimpsed her now and then since the day of the battle, and when she returned to her house after some days I saw that the cross no longer glittered on her dress. When I asked where she had put it Gudrid answered:

"It is gone, little sister, and there is no help for it. I must have lost it as I fled into the wood with Snorri on the morning when the Skraellings came. I remember feeling Snorri tug at it as I hastened to the door,

but when I reached the glade in the wood it was gone."

Then knew I that thenceforth, unless the cross was found, would we have ill luck in Vineland and I feared that we could no longer name the land *Good*.

It must be that Karlsefni felt likewise, for he called all together and said that though this country was desirable and the land filled with good things, yet from that time forth must we dwell there in dread and fear for we knew not when the Skraellings might return.

"With the coming of another spring," he said, "we must depart from this place. In that am I determined."

So he set his men at once to loading the ship with the products of the land and the furs they had obtained from the Skraellings, and during the winter they built an after-boat and this too they loaded well.

And though I looked for the cross whenever I had a moment for searching, yet I found it not and my heart grew heavy within me for I believed the Skraellings had taken it.

We saw naught of the Skraellings, however, that autumn nor during the winter. But Karlsefni changed not his resolve to depart from Vineland and with the coming of spring we made ready to leave.

We loaded the cattle and sheep on the boat and then came the time when we ourselves went up the gangplank. But as Gudrid was the first to step foot on that land so was she the last to leave it.

For at the beach she paused and giving Snorri into Karlsefni's arms, Gudrid went back up the hill and placed a handful of the first spring flowers on the grave of Snorri Thorbrandsson—aye and I have no doubt of the grave of Arm and a bud perchance above the unnamed child of Freydis.

"Meseems it is strange," Karlsefni said, "that the land which has given life to one Snorri has taken it from another." And there was great sadness in his eyes as he stood on the gangplank waiting for Gudrid.

But Siegfred said he thought it was a good ending to rest forever in Vineland.

So sailed we away from Straumfjord and the hill where we had dwelt was lost to sight as we journeyed along the Wonder-Beaches. And keeping close to the land



we came to the mouth of a river we had not noted when first we found the land, our boat being then further out from the shore. Karlsefni said he felt moved to sail up the river a way, and this we did. And there we found a great empty house of logs standing under tall trees.

Then knew we that this was the house which Leif Ericksson had built in the land, the house where Thorvald had dwelt for a time with his men. Truly Thorhall the Hunter had been right when he said that the place where Leif had built had lain to the north. Karlsefni declared the place was well hidden and that we would remain there long enough to find the hidden arrows and swords and to gather the grapes when they should ripen.

So we passed some time there and naught of great importance came to pass, save one thing only. And that was somewhat which I thought not much of at the time, but over which I was to ponder deeply thereafter.

One morning Karlsefni said that we would soon be leaving and I noted that Freydis seemed strangely excited at his

words. She muttered more than usual and went about peering over her shoulder and in this fashion she left the house and started in a roundabout way through the wood as one not wishing to be followed.

I searched for Harald and Siegfred but found neither, so alone I followed after her.

She went up a hillside where the pines grew close together and the shadow was dark on the ground beneath them. There were many white stones jutting forth on the hill, but about these the pine needles were thick so that one made no sound in walking over them.

At last Freydis paused and seemed to be counting the trees or saying some spell of her own. She put her fingers on the trunks as she passed them and sometimes she peered closely at the ground beneath them. At last she came to a tree which seemed to please her more than the others, for she walked about it patting the trunk and talking and I remained at a distance watching. Then saw I something flash for a moment in the sun as Freydis knelt and lifted one of the white stones. But as I saw no further

brightness I thought my eyes must have deceived me.

With great care Freydis settled the stone back in place and went further up the hill. I still followed her, and tried as I went to note at which tree she had knelt. Yet was I not quite certain, for I could not see any stone which had been moved—but this was not strange for there were many white stones thereabouts.

Over the hilltop Freydis took her way and began eating berries from some bushes that edged the wood. And seeing her thus occupied I thought I had been foolish to follow after her, so I returned to Leif's Vineland house.

It chanced also that I said naught to Siegfred and Harald concerning that which had taken place, for they were full of talk about a hidden cave they had found that day and I forgot my own affairs in listening to theirs.

Soon after we sailed away once more in the dragon ship and as the boat moved further from the shore the clouds in the sky behind us piled high until it seemed to me they were like tall towers reaching into the heavens, such as those about which the sibyl had told when she had prophesied for Eric the Red in the hall at Brattahlid. I saw Gudrid watching the clouds likewise and there was a wrapt look on her face as though she, too, were seeing far into the future of the New Land.

So departed we from Vineland the Good and I was grieved at the going and watched the white bird that for a long time followed after us on the sea. Then said I to Harald, "If Gudrid's cross had not been taken by the Skraelings on the day of battle then had this evil luck not come upon us nor should we flee thus from the land."

Whereat Freydis laughed an evil laugh saying, "Told I not that the power of Thor should conquer the cross? Verily he has proved himself the stronger!"

And she drew out the amulet from her pouch and smiled upon the hammer cut upon it, and so triumphant was the look on Freydis' face that I took the snakeskin the Hunter had given me from my own pouch and scattered some of the powder from it secretly in my palm and held my hand to my forehead.

Great must have been the magic of the powder for as I did so something I had forgotten came back to my mind and I bent toward Freydis crying, "Was it then the cross flashing in your hands when you went to the tree in the wood near Leif's house?"

Freydis' mouth opened with astonishment and she did not answer for a moment. Then she said, "I know not of what you are speaking." But her eyes revealed that she was not telling the truth.

Then knew I that Gudrid had left the New Land but that the cross of Gudrid was still in Vineland hid under a white stone close by a pine tree on a hill beyond the house which Leif Ericksson had built.

And great was my concern for I knew that without it Gudrid's destiny should not come to pass and that her path was now filled with dangers for she had now no armour against the hatred and the evil spells of Freydis and this Freydis well knew.

The child, Snorri, pulled at my skirts and must be seated beside me. And I feared for the child, too, for surely now that there was no longer the protection of our mother's cross, evil might fall upon him also.

I told Harald these things and wanted to speak of them to Karlsefni. But Harald urged me to silence saying they were but woman's fears and I should think no more concerning them. But well I knew that Harald, too, was frightened, though he sought to make light of the matter.

Great indeed was the magic of the powder in the snakeskin the Hunter had given me, and one morning I sprinkled the last of it upon my hands and held my hands to my forehead. And at once I remembered the day of the Skraeling battle and I remembered having seen something flash in the hands of Freydis when she came forth from Gudrid's house. In that moment was it clear to me that she had found there the cross which Snorri had dropped as he snatched it from his mother's dress.

Then stood I up, brushing the grains of the snake powder in the sea, and as I did this I vowed a vow and called upon all the gods both the old and the new to help me in its fulfillment.

(To be Concluded)



America's First Living Christmas Tree

Small Local Project of Nebraska C A R Originates a National, and
Probably International, Movement

MARY JANE BRUMLEY

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION everywhere may well feel a peculiar pride in the Living Christmas Trees that annually flash Yuletide greetings from an ever-growing number of cities and hamlets throughout the land, for one of their own members planted the first Living Christmas Tree.

Fifteen years have passed since idealistic but practical Mrs. Benjamin G. Miller of Crete, Nebraska, planted that slender sapling of Norwegian spruce in the local city park. The passing years have changed the

tiny shrub into a towering tree and have brought an abundant and satisfying harvest. True, spruces do not bear fruit, botanically speaking, but this seedling was no ordinary specimen. Mrs. Miller envisioned it as the embodiment of a living, year-round holiday spirit, and the sentiment behind the project spread like wildfire. The tiny spruce became the spear-head of a nationwide development and thus each succeeding Noel sees more and more Living Christmas Trees twinkling forth their messages of peace and good will throughout the United

States. Nor has the movement stopped short in this country—the kindly motif has caught popular fancy beyond the seas and bids fair to become an international custom.

Now, far-seeing though she is, Mrs. Miller little dreamed on that April morning in 1923 that she was initiating a national movement. She was simply sponsoring a practical tie-up of service and citizenship.

The energetic lady from Nebraska amplified this viewpoint, in a recent letter to the writer, when she said: "I had noticed for years a feeling of melancholy after the holiday season and had pondered the cause. Finally, it dawned on me that we destroyed the very spirit of the Christmastide when we discarded our trees each year. Not only the symbol of the holiday spirit, but that of everlasting peace and goodwill as well, was tossed annually onto the alley ash heap as soon as the festivities were over. Such a situation demanded a remedy."

"Perhaps I took myself a bit more seriously than usual that year," Mrs. Miller continued. "Having just organized our local chapter of the National Society, Children of the American Revolution, I did want to indoctrinate the young people with some constructive ideals of service and citizenship. And in this spirit we planted what was destined to be the first Living Christmas Tree, placing the whole project under C A R sponsorship. The roots were firmly fixed in historic soil brought from the grounds of Memorial Continental Hall, the Lincoln Memorial, and the Nation's Capitol, as well as from historic spots in Saline County, Nebraska, where Crete is located. Thus did we bring together city, state and nation, and ally the common ideals of patriotism and community betterment."

The practice of lighting trees outdoors at Christmas was not new, but the idea of a live, twelve-month Christmas tree that, like the Stars and Stripes, should be kept ever before the public certainly was new. And people everywhere applauded the underlying theme. Just ten years later, for instance, a single Omaha firm shipped 12,000 evergreen trees throughout the world for use as good will emblems. Other cities in Nebraska had followed Crete's lead and even other States had planted their

Living Christmas Trees. But the project had attained a national status when, in 1925, the late Calvin Coolidge—then President of the United States—had a living fir tree sent from his native Vermont, which he planted near the United States Treasury building. Remarking laconically that "Christmas is not a time but a state of mind," he dedicated the fir as a living Christmas tree. A few years ago, two large fir-balsams were planted in Lafayette Square, just across from the White House, where they are used on alternate Christmases for community Yuletide celebrations. We all know that the lighting of the tree by the President is one of the Capital's major holiday events.

But the Living Christmas Tree is no longer strictly an American institution. In 1931, a Scottish author noted that the practice had spread to Canada. The Rotarians and other organizations with international memberships have sponsored the movement which, they feel, will promote peace and good fellowship among the nations of the world. And, in these days of ever-narrowing national boundaries, everyone agrees that we need such fellowship, and need it badly.

But the sentiment for international observance and furtherance of the movement is not limited to scattered organizations and individuals. Already, much kindly comment has come from the foreign press. Two instances are listed here.

"The Gateway" of London, England, some three years ago carried a story of the Nebraska project, with a picture of Mrs. Miller, and exhorted their readers to back the idea for the British Isles. Then, in December of 1936, a lengthy article on "The Living Christmas Tree in the United States" appeared in "Urd," an Oslo, Norway, periodical. The article carried pictures of both the White House, flanked by lighted evergreens, and the original Nebraska spruce. The author, Mrs. Sigrid Tang, asked pertinently how soon Norway, too, would have such a tree, to be lighted by their King just as our national tree is lighted by our President. Mrs. Tang visualizes the trees as does Mrs. Miller—as harbingers of peace and good will between all nations.

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT



LUE REYNOLDS SPENCER

Genealogical Editor and Reference Consultant

MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Genealogical Extension Service

The following quotation from the Rulings of the October meeting of the National Board of Management is self-explanatory:

"Whereas, The Genealogical Extension Service, which was authorized by the National Board in February 1937, has functioned for nineteen months at a considerable financial loss to the Society,

RESOLVED, That the Genealogical Extension Service be discontinued as of November 1, 1938; that all inquiries received prior to November first be completed, if possible, by January 1, 1939, at which time any uncompleted inquiries be returned with fees to the client."

After January 1, 1939, orders for research may be sent to Mrs. Lue Reynolds Spencer, The Naples, 713 19th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Mrs. Spencer will fill these orders in an entirely private capacity. She will, however, continue to conduct the Genealogical Department in the Magazine for the Society.

Queries and Answers

QUERIES must be submitted in duplicate, typed or written double spaced on separate slips of paper and limited to sixty words. Name and address of sender will be published unless otherwise requested. Unsigned queries, indicated by * * *, desire no correspondence so letters cannot be forwarded by this department. Queries received since June 1, 1938, will be acknowledged and published as soon as possible if above rules are observed. Unpublished queries may be resubmitted. Answers to queries are solicited.

QUERIES

L-38. Prather. — Between 1636 and 1650, in Prince Georges County (Calvert), Maryland, Jonathan, George, William, Thomas, John and Jane Prather were born. Who were their parents? John

Smith Prather is found among Heads of Families of Maryland in Census of 1790. Were his parents Thomas Prather born 1704 and Elizabeth Claggett, or Thomas Claggett Prather, born 1726 and Esther Waring? * * *

L-38. (a) Dixon. — William J. Dixon, b. Feb. 21, 1798, near Lexington, Ky. Later lived in Tenn. Died March 7, 1869. Son of Sally Dixon, born 1778, died Oct. 10, 1826. Want name of father of William J. Dixon, husband of Sally Dixon, date of birth and Revolutionary services.

L-38. (b) Strickling - Walker. — Mary Strickling married to William Carpenter, Jan. 9, 1786. Dau. Mary Carpenter b. about 1801. M. first, 1819 William H. Walker; second, MacFarlane Carpenter.

bury. Two sons, William Henry, and Howard R. Want parentage of William H. Walker, and Revolutionary services.—Nora Dixon McGee, Burkesville, Ky.

L-38. Hoskins.—Wanted ances. of Henry Martin Hoskins b. 1-24-1868, mar. 1893 Coralynne Ansley, Washington, D. C., son of Orlando Hoskins and Mary Catherine Tenneson of Fauquier Co., Va. Also want Revolutionary service of James Thaddeus Hoskins believed to have mar. Jane Caywood, also of Warrenton, Va.—Miss Yvonne M. Hoskins, 3705 S. Dak. Ave., N. E., Wash., D. C.

L-38. McDaniel-Abercrombie-Odaniel.—Wanted information about descendants of William McDaniel and James Abercrombie who settled in Laurens county, S. C. about 1770. William married Elizabeth Odaniel, children Archibald & William, claimed killed in Revolution. Widow married James. Her Abercrombie children and stepchildren were James, Mary Odaniel, Susanna Matthews, Isabella Blackwell, Rebecca Jowell, Elizabeth Andrews. Archibald had son Pinson. All moved away by 1835.—Mrs. Sara S. Ervin, Ware Shoals, S. C.

L-38. (a) Martin.—Wanted ancestry of Martin Martin who was a Rev. Soldier in S. C. and died in Liberty Co., Ga. in 1812. He left will in Liberty Co., Ga. in which he names the following ch; Sarah, Jane, John, Elizabeth, Alexander, Nathaniel, William, Florana, Mary, Margaret, Angus, and gr. son MacCaswell.

L-38. (b) Fleming.—Wanted ancestry of William Fleming (1778-1820) who mar. Anna Winn Way Feb. 5, 1805. Think parents are James and Jane Fleming. Wm. Fleming left will in Liberty Co., Ga. in which he says: "Each child to receive copy Scott's Bible and to have certified copy of family records transferred to them from original."—Mrs. P. H. Perkins, Jr., Falmington, Ga.

L-38. (a) Toomer.—Wanted the Revolutionary War Record of Isaac Toomer or Joshua Isaac Toomer. Resided in Union District, S. C., moved to Lowndes Co., Miss. about 1821. Wife Rebecca Cunningham. Ch; Joshua John, Benjamin, William H., Nancy, Sarah and Katherine. Two

grandsons made the statement that Isaac Toomer drew a small pension. The voucher came from Jackson, Miss.

L-38. (b) Huddleston.—Wanted the residence in S. C. and any other data about Charity Huddleston, born about 1765 in S. C., mar. —— McCreary. Ch; Isaac, Sarah, William, John, Newton, Green and Patsey.—Laura K. Thomas, 427 Hill Avenue, Elmhurst, Ill.

ANSWER

J-38. Allison.—1. Thomas mar. Susan Howard. Issue, Robert Samuel. 2. Robert, from Chester Co., N. C., settled in Greene Co., Tenn. mar. Jane Moore Lambkin, dau. of Alexander and Roxie Cowan Moore. Issue (a) Mary Moore, b. Feb. 1, 1774. (b) Uriah, b. Feb. 1, 1782. (c) Margaret, (d) Susan, (e) Annie, (f) Robert, b. 1805, (g) Jane. 3. (a) Mary Moore, mar. Gen. John Brown (see Brown). 3 (b) Uriah served under Gen. William Henry Harrison in subduing the uprising of the Indians under Tecumseh. Also served under Capt. James Rogers, Capt. James O. Anderson, Col. Elmund P. Gaines and Brig. Gen. James Winchester in War of 1812; m. 1822 Nancy Clark Cox, b. 1800. Issue, (a) Mary, (b) Mariah, (c) Catherine Jane, (d) Uriah.

3. (c) Margaret, dau. of Robert, m. Moses Preston.

3. (d) Susan m. John Council.

3. (e) Annie m. James Craig.

3. (f) Robert M. m. April 4, 1821 Nancy Byrd. Issue, (a) Jesse Byrd, (b) Robert, (c) William, (d) Ruff, (e) Mary, (f) Sarah, (g) Lou, (h) Maria, (i) Edna, (j) Uriah.

4. (a) Mary dau. Col. Uriah m. Dec. 3, 1840 John Doss. Issue.

5. (a) Margaret m. Standifer Peak. Issue, Walter.

5. (b) Eliza, dau. of John and Mary Doss, m. William Craighead.

Issue, (a) Jack, (b) William Alexander, (c) Gillespie, (d) James R., (e) Charles C., (f) Libbie Kate. This was copied from the History of Roane County, Tennessee.—Mrs. Martha B. Goodwin, Harriman Public Library, Carnegie Building, Harriman, Tenn.



Bible Records

SALTSMAN BIBLE RECORD

Births

William Saltsman, 1766; Catharine Saltsman, 1766; Father and Mother:

Michael Saltsman, December 21, 1788.
 Frederick Saltsman, July 24, 1791.
 Peter W. Saltsman, May 19, 1793.
 Catharine Saltsman, July 8, 1796.
 Nancy Saltsman, December 25, 1798.
 John W. Saltsman, September 17, 1800.
 Henry Saltsman, December 19, 1802.
 Joseph Saltsman, March 1, 1805.
 Abram Saltsman, July 30, 1807.
 David Saltsman, October 21, 1809.

Deaths

William Saltsman, Nov. 22, 1847 (aged 78 yrs. 4 mo. 4 days).
 Catharine Saltsman, Sept. 13, 1853 (aged 86 yrs. 11 mo. 14 days).

Michael Saltsman.
 Frederick Saltsman.
 Peter W. Saltsman.
 Catharine Saltsman.
 Nancy Saltsman.
 John W. Saltsman.
 Henry Saltsman, March 7, 1888.
 Joseph Saltsman, March 5, 1885.
 Abram Saltsman, July 8, 1876.
 David Saltsman, June 11, 1892.
 John Shaver, born 1778, died Mar. 23, 1860.

Catharine Empie Shaver, born —, died March 30, 1869.

Marriages

William Saltsman and Catharine Waggoner, March 2, 1768.

David Saltsman and Catharine Shaver, Oct. 31, 1839.

Aaron Saltsman and Josie Underwood, April 26, 1882.

John S. Saltsman and Janet Fry, March 26, 1878.

Melvina Saltsman and Klock Nellis, Dec. 16, 1868.

Esther Saltsman and E. T. Denham, Jan. 18, 1874.

Harvey Saltsman and Minnie Cady, Dec. 22, 1885.

Elmer A. Saltsman and Mary F. Heacock, May 5, 1887.

Memoranda

Children of David and Catharine Saltsman:

Albert Saltsman, born Jan. 16, 1841; died Nov. 15, 1862.

Aaron Saltsman, born May 19, 1842; died Apr. 30, 1920.

Mary C. Saltsman, born Sept. 6, 1843; died Mar. 28, 1844.

John S. Saltsman, born Dec. 26, 1845; died Jul. 10, 1882.

Melvina Saltsman, born Mar. 20, 1848; died Mar. 7, 1933.

Anna C. Saltsman, born Mar. 22, 1850; died Nov. —, 1927.

Esther Saltsman, born Jan. 26, 1854; died Jan. 17, 1924.

Harvey Saltsman, born Nov. 19, 1856.

Elmer A. Saltsman, born Oct. 19, 1862; died Feb. 7, 1928.

Copied by Millie B. Hamilton, 33 North Park Drive, Gloversville, N. Y.



Family Associations

Benner—Sec.—Mrs. Olive B. Kring, Chester Springs, Pa.

Bewley—C. G. Bewley, Shillington, Pa.

Binkley—Sec.—Ira Binkley, 534 Reservoir St., Lancaster, Pa.

Bowman—Mr. Wesley Shenk, Manheim, R.D., Pa.

Boyd—Dr. Nathaniel W. Boyd, German-town, Pa.

Brenneman—Mr. Ira S. Drumm, 34 N. Broad St., Lancaster, Pa.

Brookmyer—Sec.—Grace Stauffer, Kisel Hill, Lancaster Co., Pa.

Brooks—Mr. Guy Brooks, New Danville, R.D., Pa.

Brown—Mr. & Mrs. Charles Coates, Elim, Pa.

Brubaker—Cor. Sec.—Naomi T. Brubaker, Grantham, Pa.

Brubaker—Sec.—Benjamin F. Brubaker, Mt. Joy, Pa.

Bruckhart - Bruchart - Brookhart—Sec.—Mary Bruckhart, Lititz, Pa.

Burkhart—Sec.—Mrs. Clarence Shirk, East Earl, Lancaster Co., Pa.

Buckwalter—Sec.—Mrs. Clara Buckwalter Siegrist, 215 N. Lime St., Lancaster, Pa.

Butzer—Sec.—Omar K. Bushong, Lititz, Pa.

Crowther—Mr. & Mrs. James Crowther, Akron, Lancaster Co., Pa.

Coldren—Harry Coldren, Coatesville, Pa.

Cassel—Sec.—Helen Cassel, Manheim, Pa.

Charles—Mrs. Kersey Carrigan, 133 N. Queen St., Lancaster, Pa.

Criswell—Sec.—James Criswell, Atglen, Pa.

Davidson—Sec.—Minnie Davidson, Lititz, Pa.

Deets—Mr. Harry Deets, Downingtown, Pa.

Demy—Sec.—Mr. A. B. Demy, Hummelstown, Pa.

Deppen—Sec.—Mae G. Haverstick, Neffsville, Pa.

Diem—Mr. & Mrs. Jacob R. Hoover, White Horse, Lancaster Co., Pa.

Dohner—Rev. Mr. Oscar K. Buch, Manheim, Pa.

Doulin-Miller—Sec.—Mrs. Lela Brooks, West Willow, Pa.

Eberly—Mr. G. S. Eberly, 43 S. Lime St., Lancaster, Pa.

Campbell—Mrs. Julius Y. Talmadge, 1295 Prince Avenue, Athens, Ga.



Revolutionary War Pensions

Morgan, James, Widow, Ann. (W. 182, B.L.Wt. 3514-160-55. Certificate No. 3870, issued February 15, 1856, Act of February 3, 1853, at \$155.00 per annum from February 3, 1853. Agency, New Jersey. Service, New Jersey. Rank, Sergeant, Ensign.)

Application for Pension December 26, 1853. Age 70 years. Residence at date of application, New Brunswick Township, Middlesex Co., N. J.

Anna Morgan declares that she is the widow of James Morgan, or James Morgan, Jr., who resided in Middlesex Co., N. J., served as orderly sergeant in Capt. James Morgan's (soldier's father) New Jersey company.

They were both taken prisoner by the British towards the close of 1777 at Cheesequakes in South Amboy Township, Middlesex Co., N. J.

His father made his escape through the heroic efforts of the son.

Declarant was carried prisoner to the old Sugar House in New Jersey and held one year before he was exchanged.

When he returned from captivity, he again joined his father's company and served as sergeant until the company was discharged (no date given).

Later, he enlisted and served as an Ensign for one year in company commanded by Lieut. Simon Van Wickle.

He volunteered at various times and served as a private until the end of the war, his services amounting in all to about three years.

It is stated that he was a member of Congress in 1812. It also appears that his brother, Lieut. Nicholas Morgan, was killed in the service at South Amboy, N. J.

James Morgan, Jr., died November 14, 1822, in South Amboy Township, Middlesex Co., N. J., aged 65 years, 9 months and 16 days.

She was married to James Morgan October 20, 1805, in Cranberry, Middlesex Co., N. J., by Rev. Woodhull, a Presbyterian minister. Her maiden name was Miss Ann Van Wickle, daughter of Simon and Catherine Van Wickle. Said Ann was the second wife of James Morgan. At the time of his marriage, James Morgan is referred to as General.

She was born in Middlesex Co., N. J. (no date given); her father, Simon Van Wickle, was the Lieutenant who commanded the company in which her husband served as Ensign.

December 27, 1853. Hon. Jacob Van Wickle, of Monroe Township, Middlesex Co., N. J., aged 90 years, states he always resided in said County and State, and is

a brother of Simon Van Wickle of Middlesex Co. militia during the Revolutionary War; that he is the son-in-law of Capt. James Morgan and brother-in-law of James Morgan, Jr., now deceased, who was the son of Capt. James Morgan, husband of Mrs. Ann Morgan. She is the daughter of this deponent's brother, Simon Van Wickle.

December 27, 1833. Andrew J. Disbrow declares that his grandmother, Mrs. Susanna Disbrow, is a sister of James Morgan, deceased, late husband of the declarant.

A Mr. Disbrow stated that he was a nephew of James Morgan and a cousin of James Morgan, Jr., whose wife, Ann, is applying for a pension.

There are no further family data on file.

The following list of marriage bonds was copied by Florence Morey Brown of the *Nolachuckey Chapter*, N. S. D. A. R., from the Greene County Court House, Greeneville, Tennessee.*

1791

Territory of the United States South of the Ohio River *William Blount, Governor*

Greene County *Col. Daniel Kennedy, County Clerk*

			Security
Jan. 10	Anthony Walsh..... (Name given inside Priscilla Davis)	to Priscilla Gilaland.....	Thomas Davis
Jan. 11	John Hill..... John Kennedy, C.	to Elizabeth Moore.....	Robt. Gillaland John Bryan
Jan. 25	Matthew Sample.....	to Jane Richey.....	Moses Sample
Jan. 31	Samuel Henderson.....	to Rebekah Frame.....	Robt. Henderson
Feb. 2	William Ashmore.....	to Mary Hadan.....	John Wilson
Feb. 4	James Taylor.....	to Hannah Williams.....	David Taylor William Isbell
Feb. 7	William Ferguson.....	to Judah Woods.....	Robt. Campbell Bulfield Woods
Feb. 7	George Turnley.....	to Charlotte Cunningham.....	James Cunningham
Feb. 14	James Jones.....	to Rachel Aless (?).....	Solomon Stanberry
Feb. 14	John Hinds.....	to Elizabeth Thomas.....	Sparling Bowman Thomas Millikin
Feb. 21	Michael Shalley.....	to Sarah Parrhouse (?).....	Luke Shalley
Mar. 17	William Sidwell..... John Kennedy, D. C. C.	to Mary Key..... (both license and bond)	Zachariah Key
Mar. 19	Robert Allen.....	to Martha Kerr.....	
Apr. 2	John McKeohan.....	to Rebecca Sullivan.....	Samuel Jamison
Apr. 12	James Kenney.....	to Margaret Cottel (?).....	
Apr. 13	Moses Rolston.....	to Susanna White.....	Samuel McClanahan
Apr. 26	Alexander Carmichael.....	to Esther Vance.....	Samuel Vance
May 2	James Carter.....	to Phebe Ballard.....	Isaac Ballard

* This list is similar to the one which appeared in the December, 1935, issue of the magazine, and in this first list the following bonds were omitted: May 3, 1784—George Sample to Mary Coulter; Feb. 12, 1788—Stephen Babb to Sarah Morrow.

May 20	Alex(ander) Montgomery	to	Jane Miller	Samuel Willson
June 13	Thomas Temple	to	Jane Moore	David Moore
June 13	William Wallis	to	Grace Harrison	Daniel Nelson (or Wilson)
June 17	Edward West	to	Lydda Stanfield	William Stanberry
June 22	William Moseley	to	Mary Dawson	John ?
July 11	William King	to	Ann Wagoner	John Wagoner Johnson King
July 14	Samuel Moore	to	Frances Wilkison (or Wilhite)	Samuel Wear
July 22	William Howard	to	Margaret Holmes	John Newman
July 22	James Veatch	to	Mary Hopkins	Nathan Veatch
Aug. 1	Richard Bowers	to	Rebecca Galbraith	William Galbraith
Aug. 1	Nathan Cooper	to	Christiana Hughes	John McDonald
Aug. 15	Joseph Lane	to	Susanna Dotey	Dutton Lane
Aug. 20	James Magee	to	Agnes Johnson	George McNew
Aug. 30	William Caldwell Nathan Cooper, D. C. C.	to	Eleanor Moor	David Moor
Sept. 6	Samuel Harris	to	Margaret Rankin	John Carson
Sept. 6	John Kennedy, D. C. C.	to	Agnes Allison (or Ellison)	Ewen Allison
Sept. 13	William Henry Nathan Cooper, D. C. C.	to	Elleanor Jane Kidd	James Gillaspy
Sept. 25	William Gaut Nathan Cooper, D. C. C.	to	Elizabeth Johnson	James Wilson
Oct. 9	Samuel Edmundson	to	Jemima Woolsey	Stephen Woolsey
Oct. 29	Joseph St. John	to	Elizabeth Tadlock	Lewis Tadlock
Oct. 31	William Hust	to	Ingabo Hughes	James Kenney
	John Johnson	to	Catherine Carlough	Sparling Bowman H. . . ? Carlough
Nov. 9	John Coons (or Coonee)	to	Margaret Samples	John Blackburn
Nov. 9	Andrew Blackburn	to	Sarah Johnson	James Richardson
Nov. 11	Kinsey Johnson	to	Agnes Houston	William Houston
Nov. 21	John Horton	to	Anna White	James Moore
Nov. 26	Samuel Moore	to	Mary Hannah	Josiah Kidwell
Dec. 10	William Britain (Both bond and license)	to	Agnes Jameson (or Jamieson)	Henry Farnsworth
No date but 1791	George Farnsworth	to		

1792

Territory South of the Ohio River

Jan. 4	John Nelson	to	Mary Hardwick	Daniel Nelson
Jan. 5	Absalom Hayworth	to	Phebe Right	Shadrach McNew
Jan. 5	Joseph Bowman (Both bond and license)	to	Rhoda Chandlor	Joseph Bowman Absalom Hayworth (or Haworth)
Jan. 11	George McDonnell	to	Sarah Milton (?)	James McPherson
Jan. 23	Samuel McFeron (Both bond and license)	to	Mary Campbell	James Campbell
Jan. 23	James Campbell (Both bond and license)	to	Hannah Inman	Samuel McPherson
Feb. 9 or 12	Thomas Conway	to	Susanna Conway	Alex(?) Culton (or Cuttan)
Mar. 7	Robert Dugan	to	Margaret Dunn	John Nelson
Mar. 7	Lewis Morgan	to	Mary Evans	Alex. Protheron
Mar. 14	James Campbell	to	Margaret Gillaspie	James Kenney
Mar. 16	Jonathan Alexander	to	Thursy Bridges	Rob. Campbell
Mar. 23	William McGuire (or McGuier)	to	Sarah Pollock	William Dewoody
Mar. 26	William Stanberry	to	Margaret Thompson	Westley White
Mar. 28	George Brown	to	Mary Hunter	Edmund Strange
Apr. 11	Thomas Conway, Sr.	to	Nancy Ruton (or Rector)	Thomas Harmon
Apr. 18	Samuel Gibson	to	Jane Gibson	Thomas Conway, Jr. John Gibson

June 5	Jacob Kyle.....	to Sarah Dodson (?).....	Chas. Dodson
June 8	Miles Cunningham.....	to Elizabeth Davis.....	James Davis
June 11	John Young.....	to Rebecca Davis (?).....	William Blackwood
June 19	John Rodgers.....	to Agnes Roberts.....	Daniel Creamer
July 4	William Henderson.....	to Lettice Morgan.....	Thomas Morgan
Aug. 4	William Nelson.....	to Jane Woods.....	Joseph Gist
Aug. 7	Robert Montgomery.....	to Orpha Corder.....	John Armstrong
Sept. 18	James Millikin.....	to Jane Beard (?).....	Andrew Bigham
Oct. 8	Thomas Lovelady.....	to Jane Wear.....	Alex. Pretherord
Oct. 22	James Broyles.....	to Eleanor Broyles.....	Geo. Jamison
Oct. 29	John Owens.....	to Rosanna Mason.....	John Wear
Nov. 16	Robert Montgomery.....	to Agnes Henry.....	Matthias Broyles
Nov. 19	James Hust.....	to Lydda Brown.....	Ephraim Broyles
Nov. 25	Mordecai Yarnel.....	to Jane Duncan.....	James Robertson
Dec. 1	Evan Jones, Sr.....	to Rebecca Thompson.....	Samuel Montgomery
Dec. 6	George Davis.....	to Margaret McCale.....	Lewis Tadlock
Dec. 19	Robert O'Neal.....	to Elizabeth Davis.....	Thomas Brown
			Anthony Duncan
			Solomon Stanbough
			Moses Rodgers
			George Papson

(To be continued)



HARVARD UNIVERSITY SHIELD

Unveiling of Statue of Artemas Ward

THE President General, N. S. D. A. R., Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., and the Editor of the National Historical Magazine, published by the N. S. D. A. R., attended the unveiling, on November 3rd, of an heroic bronze statue of General Artemas Ward, first Commander-in-Chief of the American Forces in the War of Independence. This statue, presented to the nation by Harvard University, stands in the circle at the intersection of Massachusetts and Nebraska Avenues, Washington, D. C. Troop F, Third Cavalry, formed a guard of honor around the circle, and music was furnished by the Army Band, which played in a pavilion beside the two reserved for guests invited to the ceremony by the President and Fellows of Harvard University. The Honorable Frederick A.

Delano, Harvard '85, Chairman of the National Park and Planning Commission, presided at the ceremony. The speech of presentation was made by Henry Lee Shattuck, Senior Fellow of Harvard, and the speech of acceptance by the Honorable Harry H. Woodring, Secretary of War. The cord lifting the veil from the statue was pulled by Mrs. Lewis Wesley Feik, a descendant of General Ward, and the oration of the occasion was delivered by the Honorable Charles Warren, former Assistant Attorney General of the United States. In this address Mr. Warren outlined the notable career and striking characteristics of Artemas Ward, "too long overlooked." A feature article bringing these to the attention of the N. S. D. A. R. will appear in an early issue of the National Historical Magazine.

Heraldry

JEAN STEPHENSON

Drawings by Azalea Green Badgley

Welsh Heraldry

IN Wales, heraldry is governed by the same rules as in England. The same "Norman-French" language is used in describing a coat of arms. The College of Arms exercises the same jurisdiction in Wales as in England. Yet when one considers the use of coats of arms as an aid to genealogy, it is seen that the Welsh practice was far different from that in England.

It has often been said, "Welsh families are known more by their arms than by their names." And that is very true. To understand this, one must remember that in England coats of arms came into use during the twelfth century, and surnames began to be used about the same time; while in Wales, coats of arms were used by the beginning of the thirteenth century, yet surnames were not adopted until after the close of the sixteenth century. So for three hundred years, descendants of a man might bear his arms, and still not one of those descendants bear his name.

Another factor to be considered was the "family" or modified clan system of Wales. As one writer on Welsh customs states: "The Welshman's Pedigree was his title-deed, by which he claimed his birthright in the country. Every one was obliged to shew his descent through nine generations in order to be acknowledged a free native, and by which right he claimed his portion of land in the community. . . . A person passed the ninth descent formed a new pen cenedyl or head of a family."

So in Wales, it is not uncommon to find the same basic coat of arms borne by families of entirely different surnames. It is interesting to note that among the native Welsh there are but few basic coats of arms; these are "differenced" in many ways. The lion (used by several heroes of the 13th century who had many descendants) is a favorite charge. The Welsh, too, frequently

quartered or impaled arms of other than the direct male ancestor, sometimes because of marriage with an heiress of the arms, but sometimes to show allegiance to the head of the family. In this, there is a resemblance to the Highland Scotch custom.

In tracing Welsh families, with reference to the use of coats of arms, distinction must be made between those of native Welsh stock and others. The old Welsh lines bearing names like Lloyd, Thomas, Rice (Rhys), Price, Howell, Powell, Jones, Williams, are those in which arms mean more than name. There were many families living in Wales by the sixteenth century who were of Cornish stock, of Norman extraction, or recent settlers from England or Flanders; with these, the arms followed the name, according to the English practice.

In writing about arms in England, little distinction is made, as a rule, between arms borne by families of Welsh stock and by others. It must also be remembered that by the beginning of the nineteenth century many Welsh families were no longer settled in Wales, but were definitely identified with some county in England. Therefore, one should consult the books listed in former articles on English arms, especially Sims' *Manual* and Gatfield's *Guide*, and also the following:

Nicholas, Thomas: *Annals and antiquities of the counties and county families of Wales.* (1872)

Howard, Joseph Jackson, and Crisp, Frederick Arthur: *Visitation of England and Wales.* (1895)

Owen, E.: *List of those who did homage to 1st Edward.*

Dwnn, Lewys: *Heraldic Visitations of Wales between the years 1586 and 1613 (with notes by Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick).* (1846)

Powys Land Club Publications.

Lloyd



Arms: Azure, a lion rampant or.
Crest: A demi-lion rampant guardant or, supporting in the paws an arrow in pale argent.

Thomas—Jenkins—Williams



Arms: Gules, three chevrons argent.

Symbols for Heraldic Tinctures

Or Gold	Argent Silver	Sable Black	Gules Red	Azure Blue
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THIS is a popular surname in Wales and many families adopting it still reside there, while many others left Wales for England prior to the 17th century. Families of that name, often bearing old Welsh arms, are to be found in many counties of England.

There are over one hundred families named Lloyd using coats of arms, of which seventy are different in some respect. They may be roughly classified into eight groups, each probably representing descent from a common ancestor. The principal charges are (1) the lion, (2) a wolf, (3) a stag, (4) an Englishman's head, (5) a Saracen's head, (6) scaling ladders, (7) chevron and fleur de lis, and (8) eagles. Every possible combination of color and metal is used to "difference" these arms. The lion, usually rampant, is used in the largest number of arms, but the scaling ladders arms are a close second.

The arms shown represent the variation of the lion in the colors used by the Lloyd family which came to Maryland during the 17th century. A branch is also settled in Hampshire.

THE coat of arms shown may as accurately be called Thomas, Jenkins, Williams, or by several other names. It is one of the oldest of the Welsh arms, unchanged from the form in which it was delineated in the 13th century. The families bearing it, though with various surnames, apparently all descend from a common ancestor who bore it.

Still other families bear these arms in different colors or with charges on the chevrons. These arms are to be found quartered with those of many old families, indicating a number of heiresses in the past, who carried their father's arms with them on marriage.

Many Welsh families used no crest, or adopted one only in comparatively recent times. The Jenkins usually used no crest with these arms; the Thomas' used "A paschal lamb proper."

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE



"One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it."—PERSIAN PROVERB.

XII. COMMITTEES (Continued)

CONTINUING the remarks on committees in last month's magazine, I want to give you this piece of information before I forget it. It is rarely advisable to adopt or accept (which means the same thing) the report of a committee. No action is taken on a report that contains only an account of what the committee has done. If the report contains recommendations, these should be voted upon according to certain rules and regulations. They may be referred to a committee on resolutions to be incorporated into a resolution, or these recommendations may be accepted or rejected at once (according to the ruling). There is a reason for not adopting an entire report. Remember that the report of a committee generally includes statements of facts and the opinions and recommendations, which the assembly can, in no respect, change in a committee's report, for it cannot make the committee say anything it has not said. If certain parts are objectionable, the report can be amended by striking out the objectionable parts.

Let us, in as few words as possible, touch upon a few of the most important committees. Let us take the Committee on Resolutions for instance. This committee should be provided for by a by-law, or by a rule adopted by the convention which requires all resolutions and recommendations to be referred to a Committee on Resolutions. There should be a time allotted on the program for the report on resolutions.

Members of the Resolution Committee for a convention or a conference should be a part of the delegate body, as it is the duty of this committee to prepare and submit to the convention suitable resolutions to carry into effect the recommendations referred to it, and also to recommend the action which, in its opinion, the convention should take on each resolution referred to it. The committee may recommend that a resolution "be not adopted."

The presiding officer, however, proceeds to place the resolution before the body with the simple statement, "The question is on the adoption of the resolution, the recommendation of the committee to the contrary notwithstanding." The reporting member or chairman of resolutions moves the adoption of all resolutions proposed by the committee, but makes no motion in cases where the committee recommends the adoption or rejection of a resolution referred to it. The committee on resolutions does the major portion of the preliminary work of a convention or of a state conference and is largely responsible for the ultimate form of most of the resolutions adopted. Therefore, it should be a large committee and composed of the strongest and fairest-minded of all parties, so that the resolutions presented will carry weight with the assembly. Before making an adverse report on a resolution, the committee should give to the member who proposed it an opportunity to defend the resolution. If a resolution is not in proper form, the committee should recommend an appropriate substitute, if it approves of the subject matter of the resolution. If a resolution committee conscientiously does its duty a convention will be saved much time that could be spent in debate and attempts to modify resolutions reported.

The Credential Committee is appointed to receive and examine the Credentials of accredited delegates and their alternates, and to furnish badges or cards of identification to those who have presented proper credentials.

The Credential Committee must be appointed in advance of the meeting or Conference, either by the Presiding Officer or by the Board of Managers, as provided for in the by-laws. There is no reason why this Committee should not be appointed from those *not* delegates to the convention. The members of the Credential Committee may be members of

the local society with which the convention or conference meets. Where there are serious disputes, as to which credentials should be recognized, the Credential Committee reports the names of contestants, with the facts in the cases, to the convention for final decision.

The Credential Committee should make a partial report at the opening of the Convention and should make additional daily reports, provided more delegates register, as it is necessary to know the number registered in order to determine the quorum, which is a majority of the number registered.

The Committee of Tellers for a convention or conference is of the greatest importance and many serious difficulties arise because of mistakes of the Tellers, even to the placing in offices persons not elected. Robert tells us "tellers should be carefully chosen and that they should be as careful and accurate as an auditing committee."

Usually the Chair appoints the Tellers, but if anyone objects, it requires a majority vote to authorize the Chair to make the appointments, as it is not the Chair's prerogative to appoint Tellers any more than to appoint other committees.

The Tellers, like a Committee of Investigation, should never *all* be appointed from one party, but should be equally divided, as nearly as possible, between them. In no case, however—we are told—"should incompetent or contentious Tellers be appointed." The Chairman of Tellers should be one having had experience as a Teller as well as having good judgment. The Tellers are not "judges of Election," and if they are not unanimous as to how they should credit a vote they must report the facts to the assembly, for the assembly decides all doubtful questions. The Tellers are in honor bound not to divulge the vote of anyone that they may recognize by the handwriting or otherwise!

"Have the tellers a right to vote?" is a question that is often asked. Yes, the tellers have a right to vote. Another question which was asked recently was this: "May a candidate for an office serve as teller at the election?" Yes, a candidate may serve as teller, although it is not the usual procedure. If a teller is nominated for office she should either decline the nomination or ask to be excused from serving as a teller. However, the fact that votes are cast for the teller is no reason that she should be expected to withdraw as teller. The tellers must make a full report in all cases, accounting for every vote, and unless the assembly orders otherwise the full report of the tellers should be recorded in the minutes.

Organizations very often find it necessary and more or less satisfactory to give informal consideration to a question at hand rather

than bringing the matter before a regular meeting of the assembly. Therefore, the assembly may resolve itself into "Committee of the Whole." A motion such as this should be made, "I move that we go into Committee of the Whole to consider—*certain matters or a certain subject*." If this motion is adopted, the president may appoint a chairman of the committee and take his seat as a member of the committee.

The secretary does not keep the minutes of the proceedings in a Committee of the Whole, but should keep a temporary memorandum of any business transacted which may be destroyed after the assembly has acted on the committee's report. Members should obtain the floor before making motions or speaking, though the committee cannot close or limit debate nor lay a question on the table nor postpone or commit it. This Committee of the Whole cannot take a recess nor adjourn to meet at some other time nor can a question of privilege be raised or the orders of the day be called for. When the business has been attended to a motion is made as follows: "I move that the committee rise and report." The quorum of the Committee of the Whole is the same as the quorum of the assembly unless a different quorum is authorized by the assembly.

This will, for the time being, close our remarks on "Committees." Perhaps, later on, we may go into the subject in greater detail.

NOTE—If you will turn to page 81 of the June Magazine there you will see that I asked that all questions regarding your chapter problems be accompanied by a copy of your own chapter by-laws. It is impossible for me to give you my opinion on any problem, no matter how simple it is, unless I have a copy of *your own by-laws* before me. I insist now that this be done, and unless I receive a copy of *your by-laws* I will not be able to answer your questions.

On this same page in the June Magazine you will note that I asked for Chapters to remit postage for the return of their corrected by-laws. Requests for "answer by air mail" will be ignored unless accompanied by the proper airmail postage. Telegrams will always be sent collect.

This will bring to a close my series of articles for the year of 1938. I have enjoyed writing them *for you*, my fellow members, and I trust that you have found them not only interesting, but beneficial and helpful in your D. A. R. work.

A Merry Christmas to each and everyone!

Faithfully yours,

ARLINE B. N. MOSS,
(Mrs. John Trigg Moss)

BOOK REVIEWS



First the Blade. May Merrill Miller.
Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$3.

On the list of distinguished first novels dealing with the American pioneer scene "First the Blade" by May Merrill Miller takes, and doubtless will hold, a high place.

Dealing dramatically with the settlement of California's San Joaquin Valley, Mrs. Miller's book is beautifully written in strong and vivid language.

But in Washington, where the author is well known as the wife of Judge Justin Miller, the talk is not so much about the fine book itself as it is about Mrs. Miller herself—and the surprise every one felt when her novel was announced.

Mrs. Miller is one of the few writers who ever succeeded in keeping a forthcoming book a secret. Members of the Women's National Press Club, who knew her as a person who could hold a tea cup charmingly and who was nice to them when they called up about society items, were so surprised they invited her to come to the club and tell them how she had managed it.

"All the time we have been talking about the books we hope to write, you have been writing one. When did you do it?" they queried.

It developed that Mrs. Miller had been working on her novel for twenty-seven years! A native of San Joaquin Valley, she started her research in 1910 for a high school commencement paper.

"I knew at the time that there was something in the valley story much bigger than myself and that I could not write at the time. Throughout the intervening years I have been working on and preparing myself to write that one story. I knew it was a good one and I felt about it as newspaper people feel about a scoop. I wanted no one else to have it.

"At tea parties I know I have often been a failure, because I have been planning a next scene in my mind without listening to

my companion. But I knew that despite grocery orders, despite parties, despite weddings, I must get the story written—and I wanted it to be done so well that everybody in America would like it and would become familiar with the type of people who settled the San Joaquin Valley," she said.

Although she believed that if she could write that one book the "writing bug" would let her alone, Mrs. Miller thinks now that she would like to write a second volume bringing the scene up to date.

The vast amount of work she put into "First the Blade" shines through every page. During the years when she has been wrestling with writing and attending writing classes—also unknown to her Washington friends—Mrs. Miller has mastered the novel technique. She does not write as a first novelist, but as a finished technician.

She begins her story in Missouri before the Civil War and takes her heroine to California by way of the Isthmus of Panama, long before the canal. In California there is a period of luxuriant happiness before the heroine and her husband join the first settlers in the semi-arid Valley and go through years of almost unbelievable hardships before the first irrigation ditch is completed and water is brought from the gorgeous Sierras. After that, there are years of legal entanglements before the "railroad robbers" are defeated and land titles are cleared.

It is a magnificent story and although the characters are fictitious, it is all based on absolute fact. As one reads it, knowing of Mrs. Miller's twenty-seven years of labor in its behalf, one feels that here is something "truly American"—and that the courage and tenacity of the author measures up well beside that of her grandparents, who went into the Valley before the ditch was dug and to whom the book is dedicated.

CHRISTINE SADLER.

Smokefires in Schoharie. Don Cameron Shafer. Longmans, Green and Co., New York and Toronto. \$2.50.

To the valley of Schoharie in the foothills of the Catskills a long generation before the Revolution came a small and destitute band of Germans from the Palatinate. Persecuted in their homeland, where they had been in virtual slavery, they had fled to England and the hospitality of "Good Queen Anne." A visiting Mohawk chief, moved by the scant charity thrown to them in their settlements along the Thames, held up to them the promise of land in America.

The story of what happened to them when they came to claim the rich acres and of how their descendants sided in the American fight for freedom is told in "Smokefires in Schoharie," a thrilling and informative book by Don Cameron Shafer. Early church records in old German script, tales of mouth handed down by reminiscing grandfathers, and many histories have been used by Mr. Shafer as source material.

Against the authentic background thus obtained he has posed many romantic incidents. Not one plot, but several, are expertly handled as the account of the Palatines in the new land moves to the victorious end of the Revolution, where a new freedom is won.

Mr. Shafer is well qualified to tell the absorbing story. He is a descendant of the first settlers, and still lives in the village of Schoharie. "Many lifetimes stretch back through the years to touch those distant days," he says in the preface to the book, "but what little has come down to us is mostly legend. . . . Family stories were not recorded until Jeptha R. Simms put some of them on paper more than a hundred years after the first ragged Palatines came over the eastern mountains into the promised land of Schoharie."

" . . . But while the deeds of those German pioneers may have come down to us with variations of detail, in substance they are close to historical truth." And the book reads like truth, the real, pulsating truth selected from the real conflicts of those early days. That is what makes it unusually interesting.

CHRISTINE SADLER.

The General's Lady. Esther Forbes. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. \$2.50.

This story of a beautiful Tory who married a Revolutionary general to preserve the family fortune and later found love in the arms of a British deserter is expertly written and moves rapidly to a highly dramatic ending—nothing less than the hanging of the beautiful lady.

If the said lady had possessed any inner quality to match the depth of her silly pride or the appeal of her unusual beauty, then "The General's Lady" might well rank with "Paradise," the excellent novel written by Esther Forbes and published in 1937.

But Morganna Bale Milroy is only shallow, childish, and selfish. Even at the end, when she gives a false confession to save the life of her lover, she is still the exhibitionist. Dressed in her finest clothes, she rides to the gallows with the minister—urging him to quote the Scripture about "Greater love hath no man . . ." She imagines herself in the role of heroine. But, to me, she is not a heroine. I doubt her love, and everything about her except her artful vanity. What is more significant, I lose interest in her and am not stirred by the hanging.

This inability to find anything worth bothering about in the principal character, however, did not spoil the book—although it weakened it. The minor characters are excellently done. Dilly Lavander, Captain Milroy, and blustery General Milroy are real and interesting. Dilly and Captain Milroy become almost equal in importance to the beautiful Morganna, and the book is thereby saved.

Esther Forbes "was brought up on tales of New England colonial days" and can present the Revolutionary scene in flawless style. Her position as a historical novelist is well established and "The General's Lady" will not detract from it. But, despite the superb craftsmanship that has gone into its writing, I doubt that it will add anything.

CHRISTINE SADLER.

Valhalla and Other Poems. Robert Francis. Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.

When Robert Francis' first volume, "Stand with Me Here," was issued, it was recognized that among the ranks of versi-

fiers an authentic poet was taking his place. True it was noted then that Mr. Francis' was inclined to echo other poets, but it was believed this was a phase which would pass.

In the long narrative poem from which the present volume takes its name, such hopes are justified. For here in simple language Mr. Francis weaves a tale of simple folk and makes the telling peculiarly his own. The emotion is simply expressed, but amazingly poignant. The story is that of a family who live on a Vermont farm, and who made much from simple things. With appreciation of the richness of such a life, they name their home "Valhalla," and a "home of the gods" it appears to be.

The strength and wisdom with which the father meets his son's fear of the sight of blood and leads him to conquer it, is a portion of the poem which will not be forgotten. The child is given that which he has long desired, an axe. And after he has jubilantly slain the dragon on the hill, the dragon being an "old dead apple tree," his father calls him to another job—namely, that of killing a hen for the family dinner.

"Now that you've killed a dragon, killing a hen

May strike you as a little commonplace,
But a living hen at least is more alive
Than any dragon."

You will want to read of the lad's struggle, for Mr. Francis has expressed it well. The child succeeds in obeying his father and killing not only the hen, a job which his father admits is never a pleasant one, but by so doing the boy slays likewise the dragon of his own fear.

It is not the reviewer's province to quarrel with the plot of any narrative, but somehow after the strength of the beginning, one wonders just why the occupants of this Vermont Valhalla were not a little stronger in meeting other dragons—the dragons with which life is inevitably filled, the dragons of separation, death, disappointment. Perhaps the writer wishes to show that a Valhalla on this earth is bound to be a transient matter. Nevertheless, the reader is bound to be dissatisfied with the manner in which the strength of the occupants of Valhalla seems to peter-out—if one may thus use an old expression and one often heard in New England.

Nevertheless the narrative will hold you to

the reading and is in all parts well written.

The shorter verses, however, appear not quite so original. For the most part they are simply and clearly written, but one constantly finds the apparent echoes from Robinson and Frost, and once, strangely enough, from Gertrude Stein.

The emotion, however, is genuine and Mr. Frost has something to say, often a little unexpected, which makes the reader's lips curve upward with pleasure and surprise.

The last poem in the group pleased this reviewer the most, partly because it seems free from echoes, and partly because of the event which has occurred since the verse was written, and which gives it a new—and likewise unexpected—meaning.

THE FATE OF ELMS

If they are doomed and all that can be done
Should fail, if they must die and disappear
And we must see them dying one by one,
Summer and fall and winter, year by year
Until there comes a summer so bereft
That over river, meadow, pasture height
No last and solitary elm is left
Lifting its leafy wings as if for flight—

Let us not make our grief for them too great
And say we wished that we had gone before,
Making the fate of elms too much our fate,
Seeing the always less and not the more.
Though elms may die, not everything must
die:

Not their green memory against our sky.

But then the hurricane had not come—the hurricane that laid so many of New England's elms to the ground in a single night! * CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ.

Listen! The Wind. Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Harcourt Brace & Co., 1938. \$2.50.

Since airplanes first passed the preliminary stages of experiment the plaint has risen, "Where is the literature which the conquest of the air should give us." Only this summer did I come upon a reiteration of the question with the reminder that lit-

* The members of the D. A. R. will re-read with especial interest the report concerning the descendants of the Washington Elm from Cambridge, made by the President General in the November issue of this magazine. Perhaps some of this third generation of elms will return to New England.

erature concerning the ships of the sea was plentiful.

But such demands for a literature of the ships of the sky seemed to take no heed of the fact that after all man has been flying only a little more than two decades; that the world war saw the first use of airplanes as instruments of battle and that first use of little aid. Since then, too, the development of the airplane has been largely—too largely perhaps for the future welfare of the world—along military lines. Only within the last very few years has civilian transportation assumed any proportions whatever.

It is, however, not at all to be wondered at that the first books which will probably take their place, not only as source material, but as literature, should be written by a woman. For only a woman would be able to free herself sufficiently from the technical details of flying and airplanes to portray the wonder, the inner satisfaction of a particular phase of this last method of pioneering.

The very method of Anne Lindbergh's exposition seems somehow kindred to her material. For taking off from the isolation which flying provides, she makes her own flights through time, back to her childhood, to this beloved poet, to that precious memory. From her little cockpit which is for the moment her all-important world, her shelter and her home, she contacts with her fingers at her radio, now Africa, now South America, now the hidden ship on the ocean beneath them, now New England so familiar, to her so beloved. And as her fingers take or send the message her thoughts fly even more quickly than the code with which she is dealing.

Her book is valuable, as her husband's preface states, because it portrays a passing phase, a period in aviation which is now gone, but which—he adds—was probably more interesting than any the future will bring. We are grateful that Anne Lindbergh has preserved this phase for us, as grateful as we are for the journals and diaries of all other American pioneers. But we are fortunate that this account is written by one unusually gifted in clarity of expression, in understanding and in emotion far beyond the usual writer of source material. Anne Lindbergh strives not for effect but for sincerity. It is for her own

satisfaction that she writes, never to impress a reader. And because she is a poet she knows when she has captured the right words.

Pioneering now as yesterday does not consist for the most part in moments of exultation. Rather does it consist in patience, in exhaustion. It is filled with such experiences as bedbugs on the mattress, in waiting for the wind to rise, in being frustrated by calms and by epidemics, but in trying, trying, trying; against moments of defeat remembering the grandmother's wisdom—"What is it, Anne, dear? Another knot in the thread?"

For the Mayflower Pilgrims there were days after days at sea with the noise of the waves in their ears, the sight of the waves in their eyes. For their descendants, many of them, there were the miles of wide-spread prairie, the baffling heart-breaking canyons. For Anne Lindbergh there was always the sound of the wind—on its aid must she and her husband depend.

At the end of the journey—the high moment, this: "I took out my pad and, in the jolting motion of the waves, wrote unsteadily, 'Landed Natal 17:55 GMT.'"

They no longer needed the wind.

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ.

The Bright North. Abbie Huston Evans. The Macmillan Company, 1938. \$1.75.

This is a time when not many volumes of poetry are being issued. There are, to be certain, a constant outpouring of thin books of vapid verse, and other books, usually slightly thicker, which a recent anthologist described as being "concerned with the common man and the social order as against 'heaven' and 'nature.'"

But most such books appear doomed for a brief existence. Only occasionally does one discover a book which it seems certain has enough timelessness about it to appeal to the reader of the future. We can fancy such a reader coming upon Miss Evans' "The Bright North" in the year 2000 and saying, "Of course her ideas are limited by the limited knowledge of 1938, but, nevertheless she cut deep and sure with such tools as she possessed."

Abbie Huston Evans was born in Maine but is now living in Philadelphia. "The

"Bright North" is her second book, the first, "Outcrop," having been issued by Harpers exactly ten years ago. Miss Evans' example in waiting a decade for a second book might well be copied by many verse writers who feel they must publish quantity rather than quality.

"Outcrop" was concerned—we quote Edna St. Vincent Millay—"with the poems of one more constantly aware than most people are, of the many voices and faces of lively nature. These verses sing partly to the ear and partly to the mind."

"The Bright North" sings a deeper song than is found in Miss Evans' first book, and one which the mind will more often heed than will the ear. It is evident that Miss Evans has been reading the scientists, Eddington, Carrel, Einstein, and into her own philosophy of life has woven various of their conclusions, forever aware that the boundaries which the scientists explore are boundaries which are constantly changing. With clear insight she dubs as "Time's Cap-Poem" the statement of Einstein,

"—The nature of the universe is such
A thing may verily be forever unknowable."

Added to this appreciation of modern science Miss Evans has, I think, a fondness for the word-economy first used by the mystic, Gerard Hopkins. Yet she adapts the method to her own use as no follower has yet done. For, after all, economy of words is in itself peculiar to New England and she has the clear intention of obtaining the full weight of suggestion from every word. Often the lines bite like salt spray.

They glitter as harshly as specks of mica set in granite. But in back of the salt is the sea; in back of the mica-glitter the granite. Such lines are as like New England as a Maine hillside, as filled with rugged fortitude as the outcropping rock of which the poet is so fond:

"... not for nothing
The leaned-on failed me when the new stood
ready."

Miss Evans realizes that the boundaries of knowledge are forever being moved. Yet she warns the scientist against drawing his conclusions too quickly:

"Timbers of poets have lasted longer than those
of logicians.
Softly there, master-logician; softly there; hum-
ble is best."

This is a book to read slowly and to return to often. While many of the poems are extremely simple and beautiful to the ear, others are as has been said, poems for the mind, where sometimes one must consider a bit to find the meaning. The important thing is that the meaning is there. "The Bright North" may typify for the reader the "Slow Gain" of its last poem:

"The silky sweetness of a full-blown thistle
Is arrowy, goes in deep,
Turns to felt truth, a latter-day Epistle,
Becomes a Law to keep."

Aprils lived through, Julys and fierce Decembers,
Let down a silt, a dust
Of gold, like brooks.—Truth lodged thus in our
members
Is the truth to trust."

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ.

In Memoriam

We announce, with sorrow, the passing, on October 27, 1938, of Mr. George Whitney White, for many years the Chairman of our Advisory Committee and long a valuable friend of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution.

NEWS ITEMS

Dedication of Markers

A bronze marker on native stone was recently dedicated by the **Bedford Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Bedford, Pennsylvania, honoring the fourteen Revolutionary soldiers buried in Memorial Park Cemetery. The marker was also dedicated in appreciation of the efforts of Dr. Harry Brightbill in the restoration of the cemetery.

Members of the **John Rolfe Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Hattiesburg, Mississippi, recently unveiled a marker at the grave of Norvell Robertson, soldier of the Revolution. The dedication address was made by Mr. W. S. Welch, great-great-grandson of Mr. Robertson, and the marker was unveiled by Frank Polk and Lawrence Zehnder, great-great-grandsons of the soldier.

The **Adam Brinson Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Summit-Graymont, Georgia, recently unveiled a marker honoring the pioneer settlers of Emanuel County.

The stone on which the marker rests came from Denmark in 1800. It was rolled by hand from Savannah, Georgia, to the old mill site, and served for a number of years as a rock on which to grind corn for people in the neighborhood. This mill was on a plantation owned by Mrs. I. A. Branen, who donated the rock to the chapter.

The marker was placed directly in front of the log cabin Chapter House in Summit-Graymont. A fitting and inspirational program was given, and Mrs. William Harrison Hightower, State Regent, was present to accept the marker for the State Organization.

A marker was recently placed by the **Princess Hirrihigua Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of St. Petersburg, Florida, honoring Mrs. Kittie Hoxie Springstead, a charter member of the chapter and the first chaplain.

At an impressive service in Marchand Cemetery, Indiana, Pennsylvania, the **Key-**

stone Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Washington, D. C., unveiled a marker at the grave of Mrs. James C. Kinsell, organizing regent of the Keystone Chapter. A number of members of the **Indiana County Chapter** and of the **Punxsutawney Chapter** participated in the unveiling.

The **Elyria Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Elyria, Ohio, recently placed a marker on the grave of George Fauver, soldier of the Revolution. Mrs. George Bush, regent of the local chapter, spoke briefly and explained that there were ten thousand soldiers who participated in the American Revolution buried in the state of Ohio, and that it is the aim of the Society to mark every grave. The marker was unveiled by Cynthia Ann Bush, youngest representative of the seventh generation of granddaughters of George Fauver.

The **Mariemont Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., Mariemont, Ohio, placed a Revolutionary Soldier marker on the grave of Captain John Jones, 7th Maryland Regiment, on the farm of a great-great-granddaughter, Mrs. J. B. DeMar, Kenwood, Ohio. Officers officiating were Mrs. Clifford Pohl, regent, who introduced Mrs. A. H. Dunham, Ohio State Vice-Regent, and Mrs. William Pettit, State Chairman for Revolutionary Graves; Miss Ramona Kaiser, Historian; Miss Margaret Thomas, Flag Chairman; and Mrs. R. C. Jones, Chaplain. Mrs. O. B. Kaiser sang an appropriate vocal selection.

It was unveiled by a great-granddaughter, Miss Anna Bell Jones, in the presence of friends and descendants, Mrs. DeMar, Miss Margaretta Jones, Mr. Stephen Jones and Miss Olive Parrott. This was followed by gun salute by a squad from Ft. Thomas (Ky.) Post, U. S. Army, and taps by Boy Scout Edwin Goepper.

Drummers and Girl Scouts assisted in this inspiring ceremony, making it a memorable event.

Under the auspices of the **Walhalla Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Walhalla,



ARMISTICE DAY FLOAT. JOHN DAVIS CHAPTER,
N. S. D. A. R., ABILENE, TEXAS

South Carolina, a bronze tablet was recently unveiled in honor of Captain David Humphreys, a Revolutionary Soldier, and his wife, Martha Word Humphreys, at their graves on the farm of Wilburn H. Smith, near Madison. The inscription reads:

"CAPTAIN DAVID HUMPHREYS

1753-1839

PATRIOT, SOLDIER, PIONEER

MARTHA WORD HUMPHREYS

1770-1843

DAUGHTER OF CHARLES WORD, JR.,
WHO WAS KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF
KING'S MOUNTAIN.

THIS TABLET PLACED HERE BY GREAT
GRANDCHILDREN, SPONSORED BY
WALHALLA CHAPTER, D. A. R."

The presiding officer was Miss Juliet McCrorey, Regent of the Walhalla Chapter. The invocation was by Rev. John F. Yarbrough, of Gainesville, Georgia.

The first stanza of America was sung and greetings extended to Mrs. Logan Marshall, State Regent, and Mrs. E. C. Doyle, State Historian, who made appropriate responses.

The historical sketch was delivered by Col. R. T. Jaynes, of Walhalla, and the response by Rev. Yarbrough.

An heirloom of rare interest was the silk Masonic apron of Captain Humphreys, which was worn by the speaker during exercises.

The tablet was unveiled by Miss Eleanor Dozier and Master William Albert Dozier, great-grandchildren. The trumpeter was Butler Webb.

Ceremonies of commemoration for missionaries who had nobly served the community one hundred years ago, were recently held at Brainerd Mission Cemetery near Chattanooga, Tennessee, under the auspices of the four Chattanooga chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution: Chickamauga, John Ross, Nancy Ward, and Judge David Campbell. These same chapters had placed memorial wreaths at the foot of each monument in the little cemetery the Sunday before, when in conjunction with a general plan, a memorial hour had been observed as part of the national Chickamauga celebration, thousands of graves being decorated at this time.

The service at Brainerd cemetery was unique, for among those attending was a band of men, women and children from the Cherokee Indian reservation in North Carolina, many wearing colorful native costumes.

Miss Jessie E. Turner, Vice-Chairman of the Press Relations Committee, N. S. D. A. R., writing vividly in the *Chattanooga Times*, says of this spectacle:

"Their (the Indians') high feather head-dresses accented the pageantry of color afforded by the blankets brought by the audience for wraps and for seats on the grass as they listened to the program according to the fashion in which Brainerd mission attendants listened to the voices of their teachers in the wilderness a century ago.

"Equally striking was the presence of a group of men and women who had come from various points in Oklahoma. These included descendants of the Rev. Stephen Foreman, who preached at Brainerd mission, and of Lewis Ross, brother of Chief John Ross, founder of Ross' Landing, now Chattanooga, and the chief's partner in the enterprises at the 'Landing.'

"Each of the group is 'part Indian' and proud of the heritage and appreciative of honor paid their kindred.

"A granddaughter of Sequoyah, inventor of the Cherokee alphabet and the scholar who casts everlasting credit on Brainerd mission school, was among the most aged of the visitors. During the program she sat close to the tombstone erected by Dr. Samuel Worcester, who labored for the

Cherokees. The day seemed to mean much to her, and those who happened to look toward her while the band played the old songs, saw her graying head bend low as she wept tears that would not keep."

Two tablets were unveiled on this memorable occasion. On the one erected by the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of the Rev. Stephen Foreman, one of the ministers who "raised his voice" in the wilderness and led many red men to adopt Christianity and ways of civilization, is inscribed a brief account of his valuable service. On the tablet given by the four Chattanooga Chapters, N. S. D. A. R., are inscribed the names of the men and women who taught at the Brainerd mission with him or who were students there, together with a brief account of their services.

Anniversary Celebrations

In honor of the birthday of Mrs. Harper D. Sheppard, of Hanover, Pennsylvania, members of the **Pickett Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Birmingham, Alabama, planted ivy at the base of Sheppard Water Tower. Mrs. Sheppard was the donor of this tower and water system to the Kate Duncan Smith School on Gunter Mountain.

Chapter members, fortified with picnic lunches, drove the hundred miles that separate Birmingham and Gunter Mountain for their recent meeting. Mrs. Samuel Earle, Alabama's Chairman of Approved Schools, was a guest of the chapter on this occasion.

The **John Marshall Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Louisville, Kentucky, recently presented a "Founders Day Pageant" followed by a program on the D. A. R. Insignia and Seal. Members of the cast wore authentic costumes of the 1890 period, and the pageant was directed by Mrs. Virginia Archer and Mrs. Edwin Wood.

The century old Harper home in which Elizabeth Harper, the first white woman of the Western Reserve resided, was recently opened for the formal institution of Geneva, Ohio's new chapter, **Elizabeth Harper**. Mrs. George Fassett of Ashtabula was the organizing regent of this chapter. Officers of the new chapter were installed by the former state regent, Mrs. John S. Heaume, of Springfield, who is now serving the National Society as Recording Secretary General.



CHEROKEE INDIANS AND DESCENDANTS OF MISSIONARIES WHO SERVED THE CHEROKEES AT BRAINERD MISSION A CENTURY AGO ARE PICTURED ABOVE, MADE AT BRAINERD MISSION CEMETERY SERVICES, SEPTEMBER 21

Shandy Hall, the old home of the Harper family, is a storehouse of valuable relics and heirlooms and is now open to the public as a fitting museum.

The **Maria Sanford Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Minneapolis, Minnesota, recently honored its chaplain, Miss Emma Hood, with a luncheon. Miss Hood is a Real Granddaughter of the American Revolution; her grandfather was John Hood of Topsfield, Massachusetts, who enlisted at the age of fifteen, was a guard at the battle of Bunker Hill, and was in active service for seven years.

"A Day in Maryland"

"A Day in Maryland" was the recent experience of the National Board of Management and honored guests when they came to Baltimore at the invitation of Mrs. Wilbur B. Blakeslee, State Regent of Maryland, to honor Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., President General, N. S. D. A. R.

The company of Daughters assembled at the Hotel Belvedere for a historic tour of Baltimore, visiting such places as the Carroll Mansion, Johns Hopkins University, The Flag House, Fort McHenry, and St. Paul's Church.

After the tour, they were welcomed by the State Officers of Maryland, and a brilliant reception was held in the banquet room of the hotel.

Mrs. E. Ernest Woolen, chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, left nothing undone to make the affair an event of outstanding importance.

STATE CONFERENCES

MASSACHUSETTS

DESPITE the ravages of a hurricane, tidal wave and floods, with resulting uncertain road conditions, nearly 500 faithful Daughters gathered in Greenfield to attend the annual October State Meeting, held at the First Methodist Church on October 3 and 4, 1938, with the State Regent, Miss Ethel Lane Hersey, presiding at all sessions. The meeting was called to order promptly at 2 P. M., following the usual dignified entrance of the National and State officers and guests, escorted by the color-bearers and pages. The invocation was given by Rev. George Albert Higgins, minister of the church; the Pledge to the Flag, the American's Creed and the singing of America preceded the address of welcome by Mrs. Hiram D. Phillips, Regent of Dorothy Quincy Hancock Chapter, which served, with Mary Mattoon Chapter, as hostess chapters. Mrs. William M. Morgan, State Counsellor and past Regent of Old Belfry Chapter, expressed appreciation for the cordial hospitality extended. Following greetings from Mr. Charles Fairhurst, Chairman, Greenfield Board of Selectmen, and Mrs. Enos R. Bishop, State President, Massachusetts Children of the American Revolution, the State Regent presented the distinguished guests: the President-General, Mrs. Robert, Jr.; Registrar-General, Mrs. Nason; our own Honorary President-General, Mrs. Magna; and the State Regents of New Hampshire and Rhode Island, Mrs. Crockett and Mrs. Gardner.

The President-General gave the address of the afternoon; and in an inspiring message, "Firm Foundations," she stressed the three purposes for which our society was founded, stating that each member must acquaint herself with the principles of our organization. She said that to be a good Daughter of the American Revolution we must know why American government is better than other forms of government, and

must have confident faith in American democracy, adding that it is a solemn privilege to be a Daughter of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Robert's address was broadcast over the Colonial Network, reaching the six New England states, the first in a series of six broadcasts arranged by the State Chairman of Radio, Miss Decrow.

Following organ selections by Mr. William S. Jeffs a question period was held by the President-General, who was then presented with a gift of loving appreciation by Mrs. Magna. The latter also presented the Massachusetts members with a beautiful framed portrait of herself, to be placed at our State Headquarters. The President-General, in turn, gave Mrs. Magna a miniature of her insignia, saying that it was indeed a badge of honor and love.

Five-minute talks were given by the State officers, outlining their work for the year. Mrs. Nason, National Chairman of Membership, added her plea to that of the State Registrar, Mrs. Brown, for many new members.

At 6:45 P. M., in the Weldon Hotel, a colorful reception in honor of the President-General, National and State officers and guests preceded the banquet, when 311 Daughters enjoyed the evening's program. Miss Hersey, State Regent, proved a capable toastmistress, and the guests responded in the appropriate "light vein" requested. The speaker of the evening, Professor Stewart Lee Garrison of Amherst College, spoke of "Patrioteers, 1938 Style," drawing a vivid picture of the evils of propaganda practiced in Germany. He urged the Daughters to erect an impregnable wall against the force of such propaganda.

The second session was opened at 9:30 A. M. Tuesday in the usual manner. After the scripture and prayer by the State Chaplain, Miss Tiffany, the Pledge to the Flag and the reading of the minutes, three-minute outlines of work for the coming year were given by the State Chairmen, who showed plainly that there is much work

for chapters to consider and accomplish. Mrs. Tripp, State Chairman of the Girl Homemakers Committee, presented Miss Frances Clark, winner 1938 Girl Homemakers Scholarship, and a Freshman at Massachusetts State College. Miss Clark showed in concrete form "A Way to College Via 4H, Route 13," was accomplished. The products of her handiwork included canning products, and a wide variety of articles made by her nimble fingers. Luncheon sets, pajamas and an attractive dress, made from grain-sacks at a cost of 13 cents, were admired.

Miss Eleanor Greenwood emphasized the great need for Junior American Citizens Clubs, speaking as National Chairman of this Committee; and Mrs. Victor Abbot Binford, National Chairman of the Magazine, urged all to subscribe and use our valuable publication.

Following the adoption of a recommendation of the State Board that individuals become "Friends" of Hillside School and American International College, by making small gifts to these Approved Schools, Mrs. Sanford expressed her appreciation of this friendly action, adding that Hillside School had suffered \$3800 damage in the recent hurricane. It was voted to send \$100 to the American Red Cross, for relief in the present emergency, and a letter of commendation to Miss Marguerite Bryant, State Page, for her bravery in saving the lives of a family near her home at Swift Beach, Wareham. A resolution was adopted to endorse the movement that a stamp be issued bearing the likeness of Julia Ward Howe, in the series honoring famous American women. Following the customary courtesy resolutions, and the reading of the minutes by the secretary, Mrs. Daniels, the retiring of the colors brought adjournment to the first successful October State Meeting of our State Regent.

RUTH D. MERRIAM,
State Historian.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

THE Thirty-seventh Annual Conference of the New Hampshire Daughters of the American Revolution was held October

fifth and sixth at Concord, our capital city, with the Rumford Chapter acting as hostess, and the State Regent, Mrs. Ralph L. Crockett, presiding.

There was the usual good attendance in spite of the fact that, just one week before, hurricane and flood had left untold destruction in New Hampshire, both in property damage and loss of life. Thus the Daughters proved themselves true descendants of the early pioneers who carried on in the face of gigantic odds.

The Conference convened at two o'clock in the South Congregational Church, where all business sessions were held. Following the processional of state and national officers and distinguished guests escorted by the pages carrying the colors, the call to order was given by the State Regent. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Andrew Vance McCracken. Mrs. Alonzo Morris, State Chairman of Correct Use of the Flag, led in the salute to the flag, and this was followed by the singing of the Star Spangled Banner and the reciting of the American's Creed. Mrs. Will F. Nelson, Regent of the hostess chapter, and John W. Storrs, Mayor of Concord, extended a cordial welcome, to which Mrs. Robert F. Crosby, State Vice-Regent, responded for the conference.

Greetings were extended by three honored guests from our neighboring state of Maine: Mrs. Victor A. Binford, Vice-President General; Mrs. Fred C. Morgan, State Regent; and Miss Applebee, State Director of the Children of the American Revolution; also by Mr. Albert H. Lamson, President of New Hampshire Sons of the American Revolution.

The reports of the state officers followed and the session closed with a beautiful memorial service, conducted by the State Chaplain, Mrs. Edward D. Storrs, for the forty-six departed members. The soloist for this service was Mrs. Alvin R. Hussey. Other soloists who added pleasure to the sessions were Miss Ruby Plummer and Mrs. Roy Buzzell, accompanied by Mrs. Bertram D. Whitaker.

Later in the afternoon, the hostess chapter held a very delightful tea and get-together at Chamberlain House, the headquarters of the Concord Woman's Club.

In the evening, at six-thirty, the State Regent, State Vice-Regent, hostess Regent and distinguished guests held a reception in the parlor of the Eagle Hotel, which was followed at seven o'clock by a largely attended banquet. Music was furnished by the C. A. R. Trio, after which Countess Genia Miloradovitch entertained with Russian stories, folklore and ballads.

At nine-thirty the following morning the conference reconvened for a business session. Before listening to the three-minute reports of the state chairmen and chapter regents, three national chairmen were introduced: Mrs. Victor Binford, National Chairman of National Historical Magazine; Miss Eleanor Greenwood, National Chairman of Junior American Citizens; and our own Mrs. Hoskins, National Chairman of D. A. R. Manual for Citizenship. Each gave an enthusiastic and inspirational talk on the work of her committee. The state and chapter reports which followed revealed a wealth of achievement as well as splendid cooperation with the program as outlined by the national society.

New Hampshire Daughters, ever mindful of her early history, are constantly searching for historic sites, old buildings and old trails and the like to record or commemorate with a marker and from the many noteworthy achievements in this work reported at the conference, the following are a few: one chapter erected a marker designating the landing place of the first settlers of New Hampshire at Pomeroy Cove. This also marked the beginning of New Hampshire roadways. Another chapter traced the New Hampshire end of the old Coos Trail which ran from Hallowell, Me., to Colebrook, New Hampshire. This trail was little better than a bridle path but served as the only means of travel to Portland, Me., the nearest point of trade in the early days. The beginning of the old Londonderry Turnpike between our capital city and Boston was marked. Several chapters cooperated with their town or church in celebrating anniversaries, the oldest one noted being the Tercentenary Celebration of the Town of Exeter. The old home of General John Stark of Revolutionary fame was restored as a museum and chapter house by the Molly Stark Chapter. Every

chapter has made some observance of the Sesquicentennial year and at the time of the Sesquicentennial celebration by the State of New Hampshire on June 21st at Concord a float was entered in the parade by our state organization portraying the John Paul Jones' Flag Party.

The New Hampshire Room in Memorial Continental Hall, presided over so efficiently by Mrs. Leslie P. Snow, has been the recipient of several hundred articles appropriate to the room this year. One of these was a highly suitable and much needed fireboard, the gift of our retiring State Regent, Mrs. Carl S. Hoskins.

Mrs. Caroline H. Randall, one of the three living Real Daughters, belongs to New Hampshire, although at the present time she is boarding just over the state line in Vermont. The conference voted to send greetings to Mrs. Randall, who is now in her ninetieth year. Although her strength is failing, she is contented and happy in her present surroundings, and never fails to express to visitors her deep appreciation of what the Daughters are doing for her.

Our State Regent had hoped that our Good Citizenship Pilgrim of 1938, Miss Winifred C. Kennedy, could come to us at this time and relate her experiences while in Washington, but owing to the fact that she had just entered New Hampshire University, she was unable to speak in person. However, she sent a letter which was read from the platform, expressing her appreciation of what the Daughters of the American Revolution had done for her in a manner worthy of a much older person. One paragraph read: "The very fact that she is chosen tends to uplift the girl. She feels that a great honor has been bestowed upon her, as indeed it has, and she strives to live up to the things she was chosen for. I felt exactly this way and was at the same time humble and elated." She left us in no doubt as to her qualifications for Good Citizenship. Our Good Citizenship Pilgrim of 1936, Miss Eleanor Estabrook, was reported to have become a member of her home chapter.

At the October, 1937, Conference, Mrs. Pouch, the National President of C. A. R., left with us a silver spoon to be presented to the first baby reported to have been born

after that date, whether it be child, grandchild, niece or nephew of a D. A. R. member. The winner of this spoon was the granddaughter of a member of the hostess chapter, by the name of Nancy Davis Green, born November 22, 1937. Little Miss Green came in person to claim her prize, and was in no way disturbed by the stir of applause which she so unconsciously caused.

The Conference voted that beginning with the year 1940 the annual conference will be held in the spring, previous to Continental Congress, instead of in October as at present.

Mrs. Charles L. Jackman, who has been serving as acting treasurer since June, was duly elected State Treasurer.

Courtesy resolutions were passed, the colors retired, and the Thirty-seventh Annual Conference of New Hampshire Daughters of the Revolution was declared adjourned.

(Mrs. Frank C.) GRACE D. FOSS,
State Historian.

MISSOURI

MISSOURI State Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, held the 39th Annual State Conference October 5-8th in St. Louis, Missouri, with the Chase Hotel as official headquarters. The Jefferson, Cornelia Greene, Douglas Oliver, Webster Groves, St. Charles, Fort San Carlos, Ralph Clayton and O'Fallon Chapters were the hostesses.

Preceding the opening of Conference the State Officers Club held its annual business meeting, on Wednesday afternoon, October 5th, Mrs. Marshall Rust, the retiring President and Honorary State Historian of Missouri for Life, presiding. During her three years as president Mrs. Rust has worked unceasingly to promote the growth and enlarge the activities of the State Officers Club, and at this, her last meeting as President, she had the satisfaction and gratification of seeing her plans for the marking of the grave of Lt. Gov. William H. Ashley, first Lieutenant-Governor of Missouri, maturing, and the making of the family cemetery where he

is buried into a state park approaching realization. That evening a very beautiful Candle Light Supper was held and a historical pageant staged by those in attendance. Mrs. Fred O. Cunningham, of Kansas City, Missouri, was elected to succeed Mrs. Rust as President.

An informal reception marked the opening of the Conference on Wednesday night, followed by a very colorful ball given in honor of the pages of the 39th Missouri State Conference.

Assembly Call was sounded at nine o'clock Thursday morning and the business session of the Conference commenced, presided over by Mrs. Henry Clay Chiles, State Regent. Following greetings and felicitations from many different sources and during the day came reports of State Officers, State Chairmen of Committees, with reports of Chapter Regents that evening, when Mrs. Francis Charles Becker, State Vice-Regent, presided.

On Friday interesting reports of State Committees were given, of especial interest being the reports on Arrow Rock Tavern, our most historic building in the State, which is maintained and run by the Missouri Daughters as a Tavern, and of our mountain school, the School of the Ozarks, that does such valuable work for the youth in that section of our country.

A very beautiful luncheon honoring Distinguished Guests, National Officers, National Chairmen and Visiting State Regents occupied the noon hour on Friday. Missouri was indeed proud to welcome three national officers, Mrs. Loren Edgar Rex, Chaplain General; Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson, Librarian General, and our own Mrs. John Trigg Moss, National Parliamentarian, and with Mrs. William H. Schlosser, State Regent of Indiana, and Mrs. Alice Lane Newberry, National Chairman of "Girl Home Makers." A program tea given by members of the Cornelia Greene Chapter at the Wednesday Club concluded the afternoon.

The annual banquet was held at the Chase Hotel Friday evening and nominating speeches for the new officers to be elected were delivered. Mrs. Chiles, State Regent, was nominated as a candidate for the office of Vice-President General.

Election of State Officers was held Saturday morning, resulting in the election of Mrs. Bernard O. Wells, of St. Louis, as State Regent, and Mrs. Frank Harris, as State Vice-Regent, to be confirmed at the National Congress next April.

ALICE KINYOUN HOUTS,
State Historian.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE Forty-second Annual State Conference Pennsylvania Daughters of the American Revolution was held at the Casey Hotel, Scranton, October 18, 19, 20 and 21st, 1938, with our State Regent Mrs. Joseph G. Forney presiding.

A miniature continental congress with the procession of the pages carrying the flag and chapter banners. Many distinguished guests, gifts of orchids, roses, gardenias, with the discussion of important business and correct procedure carried through to its conclusion.

We were greatly honored in having our President General Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., as our guest, who spoke to us on the opening night of our Conference on "Firm Foundations." "It is the practical duty of every Daughter of the American Revolution to know and to show in what ways life in America is more satisfying than that under the systems which would supplant it. It is the duty of every member to know and to show that the so-called new freedom is but an exchange to another over-lordship, that is destructive to those checks which create a well balanced government, and that its ends are determined by its directors and not by its people."

Another distinguished speaker at our Conference, the Dr. Stewart W. McClelland, President of Lincoln Memorial University, who spoke before more than five hundred women at the State Banquet on "Educating our Ancestors." He appealed to the Daughters of the American Revolution to help their kinfolk, because the people of the hills are descended from the same forbears to which the Daughters of the American Revolution are related.

The Conference placed great emphasis upon American Youth. Patriotism and the Youth of our country were keynotes of the session.

A Junior Breakfast stressing the importance of the organization of children of the American Revolution, taking care of boys and girls from fourteen to eighteen who later follow up their membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Sons of the American Revolution.

A C. A. R. Breakfast with Mrs. Pouch, National President of the Children of the American Revolution, presiding, who stated, there is great need at the present time to show our patriotism and to stress our allegiance to our country, and there is no better way than to enroll the Youth of the D. A. R. members.

One of the highlights of the Conference the appearance of children from Tamassee, displaying in a very unique way the things which they are taught to do.

Pennsylvania Daughters have undertaken to build a Health House or Hospital at Tamassee at a cost of \$10,000.00, over \$7,000.00 of which was pledged at this Conference.

A beautiful Memorial Service in memory of those who have passed on within the past year. Greetings and helpful talks during the Conference by the following distinguished guests—Mrs. Frank Nason, Registrar General; Mrs. Loren Edgar Rex, Chaplain General; Mrs. Harper D. Sheppard, Vice President General; Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., President General; Mrs. Charles Carroll Haig, Vice President General; Miss Page Schwarzwaelder, Treasurer General; Mrs. John Logan Marshall, State Regent South Carolina; Mrs. Wm. Schlosser, State Regent of Indiana; Mrs. Livingston Hunter, Past Treasurer General; Mrs. Samuel Campbell, National Chairman of Approved Schools.

The Conference closed with a high note of enthusiasm for the cordiality and hospitality of the Scranton city Chapter, and with great enthusiasm for the work for the coming year. A fuller realization of the fine heritage which has come to us from our Revolutionary Fathers.

(Mrs. C. P.) SARA LANDIS FEIDT,
State Chairman of Press Relations.

COMMITTEE REPORTS

MOTION PICTURES

The following quotation from the Rulings of the October meeting of the Executive Committee is self-explanatory:

"That because of many requests, the motion pictures guide be put back in the MAGAZINE, if approved by the Motion Picture Committee Chairman."

This department was temporarily deleted as an experiment following an expression of opinion by the Executive Committee at its June meeting.



LORETTA YOUNG AND TYRONE POWER IN A SCENE FROM "SUEZ"

WHAT do you really see when you look at a motion picture? Emotionally you accept, or reject, the graphic story. Why? Are your emotions only affected, or do you appreciate the art with which the effect has been achieved, subtleties of direction or acting, skillful lighting, deft symbolism? Does the story develop interestingly and logically? Is the dialogue appropriate? Are the actors well-cast?

From the moment that the credits flash upon the screen in **The Young In Heart**, those delightful silhouettes on an ivory-toned sepia film, you rightfully anticipate

an artistic, cleverly produced picture. Here the scenarist must and does balance the gentle philosophy of kindly Miss Fortune with the hardboiled cynicism of the designing Carltons, injecting wit and humor in just the right proportions to keep the story gay on the surface yet drive home the constructive underlying theme. Similarly, in **Submarine Patrol** we have a fine, highly entertaining picture which builds up, indirectly yet forcefully, a patriotic pride in our country's Navy.

With a semi-historical film like **Suez**, we should be stimulated to hunt for interesting

facts behind the picture. Few people realize that Ferdinand de Lesseps, who became world-renowned after his successful construction of the great Suez Canal, 1859-1869, failed miserably and lost millions of dollars for investors when he tried to construct a Panama Canal for France, 1883-1889.

The Suez Canal, which runs from Port Said on the Mediterranean to Suez on the Red Sea, is one hundred miles long. Its average depth is 26 feet; its average width from 237 to 196 feet at the top. Originally it cost eighty million dollars, improvements costing twenty million more have been made in recent years.

More than five thousand ships pass through the Suez Canal yearly. As toll charges are high, this means a huge profit for privately owned "La Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez." Oddly, oil tankers have first right of passage through this canal, a reversal of the usual order which gives preference to passenger and mail ships, warships, and then tankers or freighters.

As many political economists and diplomats consider the Suez Canal the most vital link in the far-flung British Empire, it is interesting to conjecture what arrangements will be made by England to keep the Canal when the concession granted Ferdinand de Lesseps expires in 1968.

Presenting a history of aviation since the day when the Wright Brothers made their epochal flight in a power-driven plane under control, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina in 1903, **Men With Wings** achieves two notable objectives. First, the picture pays tribute to two types of aviators: the daring, instinctive flyer, lucky and courageous, whose brilliant successes proved highly inspirational during the period when scientific flying was developing; and the scientific instrument-flyer whose contribution now forms the basis of all worth-while aviation achievement. Second, the film shows fully twenty types of planes and records the outstanding feats of world-famous flyers. Superb Technicolor photography and fascinatingly skillful flying highlight the story.

Today we honor as the first flyers the Wright Brothers. But did you know that a little paper bag really led to the discovery

of how to travel through this amazing world of the air, this new kingdom of **Men With Wings**? Or that Benjamin Franklin was the first American, on record, to witness the first successful flight of man into the air?

Two brothers, the Montgolfiers of Annonay, France, gave us the predecessor of the plane, the balloon, just one hundred and twenty years before the flight of the Wrights.

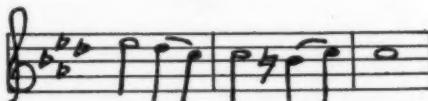
For years the Montgolfiers had experimented, trying to fill paper bags with smoke, steam, or hydrogen gas; invariably the substance escaped before the bag could rise. Then one day, as they tried to fill a small bag with smoke, it filled with hot air and quickly rose! A few months later, the Montgolfiers held three demonstrations with hot-air filled balloons; the third, November 21, 1783, carried aloft the very first air men, intrepid Pilatre de Rozier, head of the Royal Museum, and the Marquis d'Arlandes.

Benjamin Franklin, whose little key on a kite marked the beginning of that other great conquest of the air, radio, was a member of the royal party of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI who cheered enthusiastically as the Montgolfier success marked the beginning of the era of aeronautics.

So much to see, so much to conjecture about: do you see more than the surface flicker when you look at a motion picture?

MILDRED RUSSEL,
(Mrs. Richard Ralph Russel)
General Vice Chairman,
Hollywood, California.

Advancement of American Music



Through the Year with American Music

THE month of January opens a new year filled with a renewed interest in music. It falls between a season filled with occasions for special music and the birth month of two great Americans to whom much music has been dedicated.

We find many compositions appropriate

for use during this month because of their reference to the season in both spirit and description. It is mid-winter and compositions with this allusion are much in evidence. The medium of expression seems to be a broad one, covering many instrumental and vocal combinations.

There is also quite a selection of music written by composers born in the month of January. Among these are several early

composers who exerted an influence on our later musical development. Lowell Mason, known of course for his inspirational hymns, is often called "the father of public school music" because of his pioneer work in that field. John Knowles Paine, the first incumbent of a chair of music in an American university, was another of these early Americans born with the dawning of a new year.

I. SEASONAL MUSIC

Solo—voice

Winter	<i>Mary Turner Salter</i>
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)		

A Winter Afternoon

(G. Schirmer, Inc.)

Piano

Mid-winter, Op. 62

(Arthur P. Schmidt Co.)

Women's Trio

A Snow Legend

(C. C. Birchard & Co.)

Men's Chorus

Festal Song

(White Smith Music Pub. Co.)

Violin and Piano

Snow Bound (Tone Poem), Op. 15

(Carl Fischer, Inc.)

Wind in the Pines

(Carl Fischer, Inc.)

Mixed Chorus

Build Thee More Stately Mansions

(Harold Flammer, Inc.)

Mary Turner Salter

Kathleen Lockhart Manning

Edward MacDowell

Joseph Clokey

Edward G. Mead

Cecil Burleigh

Albert Spalding

Carl F. Mueller

Cecil Burleigh

J. Alfred Schehl

Margaret McC. Stitt

Powell Weaver

Gordon Balch Nevin

Pearl Curran

Henry K. Hadley

II. OCCASIONAL MUSIC—A Program for Children

Violin

Winter Fun, Op. 7, No. 1

(Carl Fischer, Inc.)

Women's Trio

The Cuckoo

(The Willis Music Co.)

Lullaby

(The Willis Music Co.)

Organ

The Squirrel

(J. Fischer & Bro.)

Will o' the Wisp

(Clayton F. Summy Co.)

Solo—voice

Ho! Mr. Piper

(G. Schirmer, Inc.)

My Shadow

(A. P. Schmidt Co.)

Piano

Br'er Rabbit

Variations on "Mary Had a Little Lamb"

(A. P. Schmidt Co.)

Cecil Burleigh

Margaret McC. Stitt

Powell Weaver

Gordon Balch Nevin

Pearl Curran

Henry K. Hadley

Edward MacDowell

Edward Ballantine

III. MUSIC BY COMPOSERS BORN IN JANUARY

The Wind—for Solo-voice.....	Charles Gilbert Spross (Jan. 6, 1874)
(Theo. Presser Co.)	
Hymn—Nearer, my God, to Thee.....	Lowell Mason (Jan. 8, 1792)
Fuga Giocosa, Op. 41, No. 3—for Piano.....	John Knowles Paine (Jan. 9, 1839)
(A. P. Schmidt Co.)	
A Birthday—for Solo-voice.....	R. Huntington Woodman (Jan. 18, 1861)
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)	

JANET CUTLER MEAD,
*Chairman, Advancement of
American Music.*



Report of Junior American Citizens Committee

THREE cheers for the high-minded state chairmen of Junior American Citizens! The National Chairman wishes that everyone of you might be the national chairman, to catch the spirit and enthusiasm which is passed on to her every day in the week through letters from every state!

Quoting from a recent letter: "I have just completed the organization of 38 clubs in the schools of my town with an enrolled membership of 1,700 members! I hope to make my county 100 per cent in organizing the schools. . . . I am getting a great thrill in organizing these clubs and find that the schools welcome the clubs, and the children are delighted with them. I do not give them the buttons, but make them earn them by doing some part of the work required. The teachers in the schools take the button from the child that fails to be a good citizen, and gives it back when the child earns it again."

And from another state chairman, I quote the following: "Many letters have come to me since my group meetings started last week, and in every one is the word 'enthusiasm.' It is apparent that if one is interested *at all* in this work, then one is enthusiastic!"

And so, from one state and another, comes the good news that Junior American Citizens have found a place in the hearts

of the Daughters, and their need is being recognized.

It is apparent, however, that similar work of guiding youth towards better citizenship and stronger patriotism is being accomplished by other groups than ours in this country. We welcome that tendency among educators, and should be glad of all organizations who want to foster such spirit in our youth.

However, is it not a challenge to us as Daughters of the American Revolution, who have been fostering these clubs all these years? Is it not a challenge to every state to make a definite effort to see that these clubs are established before some other organization comes into the territory and "gets there first!"

One of the essential elements in putting across the work of any of the committees is good publicity, and I urge all members to give all possible publicity to the Junior American Citizens in local and city papers. Keep it before the Chapters and get it before the general public.

At this season of the year when our hearts and thoughts are turned toward that Little Child, born in Bethlehem of Judea, let us think, too, of those among us who are born in His Image, and pledge ourselves to use our lives for the benefit of Junior American Citizens.

More power to you, State Chairmen! You have caught the vision, and are pressing onward, and may every Daughter search her heart honestly and earnestly and see if there isn't something she can do to help with this wonderful work.

ELEANOR GREENWOOD,
*National Chairman,
Junior American Citizens Committee.*

Junior

Message to the Juniors from Dorothy Evans, Chairman, 1939 Junior D. A. R. Assembly

AS you remember last year, the Junior Assembly asked that Juniors, who were willing, send 10 cents to cover the expenses that the Junior Assembly acquires for postage, editing and mailing the "Echoes of the Junior D. A. R.'s," and other expenses that naturally come up with every project such as ours.

The 1938 Junior Assembly voted to ask again this year for this contribution from willing Juniors, although this does not include the members of those chapters who are composed entirely of Juniors, where the Juniors have the full responsibilities of a Chapter. These 10-cent contributions are to be sent to Mrs. Latham B. Lambert, Treasurer of the 1939 Junior D. A. R. Assembly Committee, 111 Swarthmore Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

We also help make expenses through the receipts from the Bazaar and Coca Cola sale. The Junior Assembly is for the Juniors and although it is for one day, the year is spent in preparing for it. Again those who are willing to work, send their names to the Chairmen of the Committees as they were announced in the letter sent to the Junior Group chairmen by the Chairman of the Junior Assembly for 1939.

DOROTHY EVANS.

Mary Chase White Junior Group, Racine, Wisconsin

The Mary Chase White Junior Group of Racine, Wisconsin, have certainly completed a very busy year and plan an inter-



Membership

esting season for 1939. The project which we undertook when we formed is at last completed, the painting and hanging of new draperies in one of the largest rooms at the Racine Orphanage. We also have new shades and a new light fixture and are preparing to fill the empty shelves with books.

Our 1938-39 season will start with offering our services to the Chapter, which should be the first thought in the minds of the Junior Groups within the Chapters. One of

the Juniors is Chapter Chairman of the National Historical Magazine, and we as a Group intend to help her make our Chapter 100 per cent subscribers.

We are planning to make this a social service year also and devote most of our time in volunteer Red Cross work, to organize a Motor Corps in which we expect to train Junior and Senior High School students, giving them a course in First Aid.

On October 16th we sponsored a "Rush Tea" introducing our new members to the Seniors and inviting all eligibles TO MEET US.

We voted at our last summer meeting to stand behind the Junior Assembly and send in our 10 cents per Junior member, also to pledge our support to the Junior Bazaar sponsored during the National Congress and the Helen Pouch Junior Groups Scholarship Fund for Approved Schools.

FLORENCE C. HARRIS,
Recording Secretary.

Cabrillo Juniors, Los Angeles, California

The Juniors of Cabrillo Chapter, Los Angeles, began their second year with many interesting plans and high hopes. They have every reason to believe it will be as



SATISFIED LOOKS FOR SATISFIED RECIPIENTS. LEFT TO RIGHT, MEMBERS OF CABRILLO CHAPTER. JUNIORS: MISS LOUISE JANACE MCNARY, JR., CHAIRMAN; MISS LEOTTA STEVENS; MISS RUTH AHLERT

pleasant and as successful a year as the first has been.

Prospective members were guests during the summer months.

Mrs. George M. Adams, former State Regent of Daughters of American Colonists, was hostess, in July, to a delightful party given in the garden of her Beverly Hills home.

A Bridge Tea was given in the home of Miss Ruth Ahlert in Alhambra.

In August an all-day picnic was enjoyed at the Uplifter's Ranch in Santa Monica Canyon. One of the most interesting features of the day was a visit to the Musgrove

home, which was filled with hunting trophies.

The final party of the summer, given by Miss Lenore Westerman, differed from the others in so far as it featured games for entertainment.

On September 12th Mrs. William H. Pouch was guest of honor at a reception for Juniors of Los Angeles, given by Mrs. John Whittier Howe Hodge, State Regent. The Juniors of Cabrillo Chapter enjoyed the opportunity of meeting Mrs. Pouch, and hearing her discuss Junior problems.

RUTH AHLERT,
Historian.



MRS. WILLIAM H. POUCH WITH SHIRLEY TEMPLE IN HER BUNGALOW AT THE TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX STUDIOS

TEN thousand boys and girls of the Society Children of the American Revolution will be proud and happy to know that Shirley Temple has accepted the invitation of the National Society C.A.R. to become the first NATIONAL ASSOCIATE MEMBER of the C.A.R.

You can see by her smile and attention that she is pleased with the idea, and it would have delighted you all could you have seen how she dimpled and laughed, saying "Oh, I like that" when told that there are ten thousand girls and boys who are her fellow members and who, like Shirley, are deeply interested in American history with its thrilling accounts of the bravery of our early patriots.

It was because of her desire to know more of the historic spots in and around Boston that the trip to the East was made last spring.

She was at her studies in her charming little bungalow on the Twentieth Century-Fox Studio lot when her guests arrived. They entered the little swinging gate, and when this sweet faced child with radiant smile met them in the little doorway and made her little curtsey to them, they felt like giants entering the domain of a fairy princess.

There she stood, the unspoiled and altogether fascinating little girl, in the dainty suite of rooms, with her gracious and lovely

mother beside her. It was a tender pleasure to hold Shirley's little hand while some pictures were taken, and to sit beside her on the diminutive sofa in the blue and white drawing room. The other rooms which we saw were most attractive. At the far end of one was a toy village with houses and trees and figures in the streets. We hope that the little C.A.R. flag which we gave her will float over the schoolhouse in that little village.

Do we ever fully realize what the little people of the stage and screen give up in order to give us the joy and pleasure of their talents? There are many boys and girls devoting themselves to the art of making the world smile, and cry at times, but our Shirley—as we of the C.A.R. may rightly call her—has endeared herself to everyone by her sweet unselfish character and thought of others, as well as by her beauty and charming personality.

You can surely understand why we of the Society Children of the American Revolution are delighted that Shirley Temple is our first National Associate Member.

HELEN POUCH,

(Mrs. William H. Pouch)
National President N.S.C.A.R.



Jules Pierlow, St. Louis, Mo.

MRS. JOHN TRIGG MOSS, PARLIAMENTARIAN,
N. S. D. A. R.

Contributors, Collaborators and Critics

THE "lead" for this department in December must take this form of greetings: Best wishes for a happy birthday, which are at one and the same time, best wishes for a Merry Christmas! **Arline B. N. Moss**, whose department on Parliamentary Procedure has brought in the most universal acclaim of any feature added to the magazine during the past year, writes to your editor:

"I am a Christmas Child, my birthday being Christmas Eve night, and somehow or other my Christmases are always full to overflowing with activities of every kind imaginable. I love it, but the reaction is always great, and hard to recover from. I seem to do more than any ten people I know, and live through it!"

Mrs. Moss does do more than any ten persons of average ability and energy known to your editor, and it is devoutly to be hoped that she will always recover from her exertions with characteristic buoyancy. For we don't see how we ourselves could live through our own manifold editorial tasks if we couldn't depend on her

to shoulder her share in the magazine makeup. So, Happy Birthday, Mrs. Moss—and Merry Christmas—and more power to you!

Another correspondent, **Mrs. H. B. Diefenbach**, who writes primarily as a satisfied subscriber, rather than as a zealous contributor, almost automatically enters the latter class also because of the charm with which she describes a touching incident which has become a family custom:

"I have just received my magazine, and cannot resist the impulse to express my deep appreciation of its make-up, its contents, its entire appeal to its readers. I am more than delighted with it, I am deeply interested in it. And I speak as a D. A. R., having been a member these many years, a chapter regent, and a former state officer.

"Some years ago my husband, a minister, was preaching for a short supply term in the Presbyterian church at Princeton, Illinois. While there he spent

some time enjoying the companionship of one of its elderly members, a Miss Keyes. From her he got a pair of brass candlesticks, not very tall, but quite lovely in design.

"The candlesticks, she said, had been a wedding gift to her ancestor, Abijah Keyes, who was perhaps also an ancestor of your husband, and Sarah Abbot, when they were married in 1798. She also said that they had been used to light the Christ Child every year since 1798, and the promise was given that this would be continued. So, every Christmas Eve, we, too, light the Christ Child with these candlesticks holding the white candles."

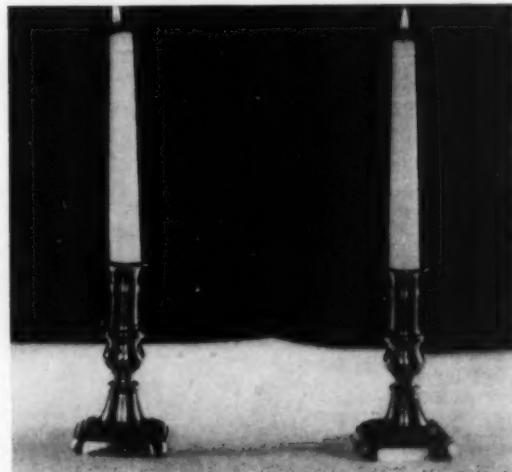
I am grateful to Mrs. Diefenbach for telling me of this custom. I shall think of it, with a happy heart, as I light my own Christmas candles this year.

Mrs. Hundley's "Story of the Rich Port" has brought in many favorable and well-deserved comments. She has been good enough to send us another item about Puerto Rico which is especially timely just now:

"Before America took possession of the island, Christmas was not celebrated; instead, the Puerto Ricans celebrated 'Three Kings Day' on the 6th of January,

as they still do. The three Kings are the wise men spoken of in the Bible, Melchior, Balthasar, and Gaspar. On this day every child that can walk or be carried, assembles around Columbus Plaza, and the Wise Men, rigged in proper regalia—in the absence of camels—arrive on horseback with a toy for each child. On the night of January 5, little children gather small boxes of grass for the camels of the Wise Men, and place the boxes in likely places, expecting to find a gift the next morning in return for the grass, even if it is only an all-day sucker. The Catholic Churches keep open for several days—with beautiful replicas of the City of Jerusalem, the Stable and Jesus in the Manger, as well as other Biblical characters. The people over the entire island believe in 'Santa' now, and I am equally sure that they believe 'Uncle Sam' is the real 'Santa Claus.' This, however, has not stopped the celebration of 'Three Kings Day,' that goes on in the same big way. There is nothing the Spanish welcome more than a holiday or a 'Fiesta'."

We like fiestas, too,—Christmas festivals and all other sorts of festivals! We're on our way home to celebrate one now and we hope that every reader of this department is preparing to do the same.



THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

(Organized—October 11, 1890)

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S U P P L E M E N T
December 1938 Issue
National Historical Magazine

MINUTES

NATIONAL BOARD OF MANAGEMENT

REGULAR MEETING

October 26, 1938

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MINUTES

NATIONAL BOARD OF MANAGEMENT

REGULAR MEETING

October 26, 1938.

THE regular meeting of the National Board of Management was called to order by the President General, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., in the Board Room, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C., on Wednesday, October 26, 1938, at 9:30 A. M.

The Chaplain General, Mrs. Loren Edgar Rex, repeated a verse, read from the 11th Chapter of Hebrews, and offered prayer.

The Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America was given.

The President General welcomed the members, stating that she was gratified to see so many present. She called attention to the presence of the entire cabinet.

The Recording Secretary General, Mrs. John S. Heaume, called the roll. The following members were present: *National Officers*: Mrs. Robert, Miss Street, Mrs. Dixson, Mrs. Binford, Mrs. Baughman, Mrs. Belk, Mrs. Rowbotham, Mrs. McMartin, Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. Sheppard, Mrs. Haig, Mrs. Rex, Mrs. Heaume, Mrs. Herrin, Mrs. Schermerhorn, Miss Schwarzwelder, Mrs. Nason, Mrs. Duxbury, Mrs. Sisson, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Young; *State Regents*: Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Gillaspie, Mrs. Latimer, Mrs. Scott, Miss Chenoweth, Mrs. Brevard, Mrs. Hightower, Mrs. Zimmerman, Mrs. Schlosser, Mrs. Narey, Miss Seelye, Mrs. Wallis, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Blakeslee, Miss Hersey, Mrs. Geagley, Mrs. Chiles, Mrs. Rahn, Mrs. Crockett, Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Duffy, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Donahue, Mrs. Kayser, Mrs. Forney, Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Berry, Miss Mullens, Mrs. Arkinson, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. French, Mrs. Stuart.

The President General stated that messages of regret at their absence had been received from three Vice Presidents General, two because of personal illness and one having illness in the family, Mrs. Adams of Colorado, Mrs. Dick of Maryland, and Mrs. Platt of Missouri, and stated that without objection the Corresponding Secretary General would send a personal note to these absent Vice Presidents General.

The President General, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., read her report.

Report of President General

Members of the National Board of Management:

In her first official message, published in the June number of the *NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE*, the President General called attention to the approaching fiftieth anniversary of the National Society. She stated that during the coming three years the Society should put its house in order and establish all departments upon a firm foundation with a view to the greatest permanency and future

progress. There are many problems of internal administration confronting the National Society. Their solution belongs not to a group of officers but to the entire National Board of Management. It seems wise, therefore, to outline the nature of these problems in order that future action may be carefully determined. To permit the necessary explanations, descriptions of the social functions of the last few months must be curtailed. Should the names of those who have extended delightful courtesies to the President General be omitted from this report, the appreciation is none the less deep and abiding. The many acts of thoughtful kindness of members and officers give the inspiration for further service. Occasional hours of play make more effective the many hours of work. For the many beautiful courtesies the President General is deeply grateful.

The first official act of the new administration was a visit, in company with all officers of the cabinet, to the annual convention of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution. On Sunday, April 24th, the President General extended greetings at the annual banquet of the National Society, Daughters of the American Colonists. On Monday, April 25th, she designated the Honorary President General, Mrs. William A. Becker, and the former Historian General, Mrs. Julian G. Goodhue, as official representatives of the National Society for the dedication of the Surrender Room in Moore House, Yorktown, on Tuesday, April 26th. Accounts of these ceremonies and a description of the project have been published in the *NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE*. On Tuesday, April 26th, the President General and several newly elected officers, with a number of State Regents from the west, accompanied the Texas Daughters of the American Revolution to Valley Forge for the dedication of the Texas bell in the peace chime of the Memorial Chapel. The newly elected Vice President General from Pennsylvania, Mrs. Sheppard, and the State Regent, Mrs. Forney, welcomed the members and acted as hostesses to the visitors.

On Thursday, April 28th, the President General addressed a gathering of the citizens and school children of Annapolis, Maryland, in celebration of the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Maryland's signing of the Constitution of the United States.

On May 3rd, by invitation of the National Music Week Committee, the President General broadcast from Station WRC in Washington, D. C., over a national hookup, speaking briefly of the new program of the Society for the advancement of American music.

In early May, Mrs. Perry W. MacDonald, State Vice Regent of California, represented the President General at the Annual National Convention of the American Red Cross in San Francisco. An

appreciative letter of our cooperation and of her faithful attendance was received from the Secretary.

On May 11th, the President General's own Chapter, the Peggy Stewart Tea Party Chapter of Annapolis, Maryland, entertained the State Board and other guests at a reception in her honor on the Station Ship *Reina Mercedes*, United States Naval Academy. Many had their first opportunity to visit this historic ship, through the courtesy of Mrs. John F. Shafrroth, Jr., member of the Army and Navy Chapter of Washington, D. C., and associate member of the Peggy Stewart Tea Party Chapter, who offered her unusual home for this reception. On May 25th, the President General spoke at the annual luncheon of the Baltimore Chapter at the Baltimore Country Club.

Because of the time required to make the journey to Dallas, Texas, so soon after her election, when numerous problems here awaited solution, the President General regretfully declined the invitation to attend the Annual Congress of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. A greeting was sent in the name of the National Society.

On June 2nd, the President General presented the marine binoculars given by the Society as an award to the midshipman of the United States Naval Academy excelling in practical seamanship, to Midshipman John Elmer Dacey of Biloxi, Mississippi. It was a privilege upon this occasion to have all but one member of the Executive Committee and several other National Officers and State Regents as her guests following the Dress Parade. The members of the Executive Committee attended the graduation exercises at the United States Naval Academy, at which time the President of the United States addressed the graduating class. Since the winning midshipman was a resident of Mississippi, the home state of the Corresponding Secretary General, the President General was happy to have Mrs. Herrin as her special guest at the graduation exercises, when the winner of our award received his diploma first as the honor man of his class.

On June 11th, the President General addressed the summer Conference of Delaware Daughters held at Rehoboth Beach, when approximately one-half of the membership in Delaware attended the meeting. On this same day, the Treasurer General, Miss Schwarzwelder, represented the National Society in presenting a gold watch, the award for excellence in natural philosophy, to Cadet John Robert Jannarone of the United States Military Academy at West Point, and a resident of Delaware. The Society has reason for gratification in that the winner at each Service Academy was the honor man of his class and the recipient of several other awards.

On June 8th, by invitation of the United States Forest Service, the President General broadcast from Station WMAL in Washington, D. C., over a national hookup on the Farm and Home Hour, discussing briefly the cooperation of the National Society in the conservation program of the United States Government.

On June 13th, the President General addressed the graduating class of St. Mary's Seminary and Junior College at St. Mary's City, Maryland, one of the oldest institutions of learning for girls in

America. On June 16th, she spoke before the Rotary Club of Annapolis, Maryland, and on June 20th, she was one of four women speakers at the Constitution Sesquicentennial Celebration of the State of Pennsylvania on the first women's program ever to be held in Independence Hall. It is interesting to note that the women chosen as speakers represented the government of the United States of America, the Colonial Dames of America, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. It was a pleasure to find, among representatives of the thirteen original states, members of our Society who had been chosen to place the star of their state in the largest floral flag ever made.

It will be noted that during a period of about ten days in June it became necessary for the President General to prepare and deliver five addresses of an entirely different character, yet every one of these invitations was of the type that should be accepted by the President General.

During early June the President General attended the tea of Mt. Vernon Chapter for the benefit of the restoration of Gadsby's Tavern in Alexandria, Virginia, and a meeting of the Maryland Society held in Memorial Continental Hall in order that the members might make a pilgrimage of the State Rooms. Upon this occasion, the President General discovered that many Marylanders, though living near Washington, had never seen the attractive private office in the Administration Building furnished by Connecticut at the time the building was erected in Mrs. Minor's administration. If there be any member of the Board who has not seen this office the President General invites you to visit it today at the close of the meeting.

On June 6th, exercises at the breaking of ground for the Matthies D. A. R. Creamery at Lincoln Memorial University, an approved school project of last year, took place. Mrs. Samuel James Campbell, newly appointed National Chairman of Approved Schools Committee, and Miss Katharine Matthies, former National Chairman, cooperated in these ceremonies.

On July 4th, the President General spoke at the unveiling of a marker erected by Anne Arundel Chapter of Maryland in memory of Henry Baldwin, a Revolutionary Officer of that section. This gathering was an unusual example of family solidarity in America because, of the more than one hundred guests present, over one-half were descendants whose ages ranged from a few months to ninety-eight years. The only surviving grandson, a clergyman nearing the century mark, offered the prayers. Within a few days he himself had gone to join his fathers.

In appointment of committees, definite effort was made not only to distribute national chairmanships geographically but to have at least one national vice-chairmanship in every state. Three states report a national chairman for the first time, and a number of others their first national vice-chairman. The difficulty in accomplishing this distribution indicates that a re-allocation of the states in the seven divisions is desirable.

An experiment of presenting outlines of plans of National Committees, in duplicate, direct to the chapters, was made through publication of a brochure. Letters from all parts of the country

indicate approval of this plan. One chapter regent writes: "It should eliminate about ninety per cent of the excuses."

An inquiry by chapters for material for a program upon all of the Presidents General indicated a real need. Dr. Lida B. Earhart has consented to prepare a paper upon all Presidents General, and, as time permits, a loose-leaf scrap book of their activities as taken from old magazines is being assembled.

It is the intention of the President General to familiarize herself with every department of the Society's work. It has been her aim, therefore, to combine with brief summer holidays an effort to learn more of the Society's activities. During the latter part of July she visited North Carolina. Through the courtesy of the United States Forest Service the Supervisor of Pisgah National Forest arranged a trip during which the details of reforestation and conservation were explained. An unusual feature of this trip was the visit to the only fawn plant in the United States. Because of over-population in this particular forest young deer are nurtured until old enough to be shipped to other forests. The price paid by state and private parks covers the cost of this project. As a result of this trip the President General became more convinced than ever of the value of conservation and reforestation.

On June 27th, the President General was the guest of the Edward Buncombe Chapter of Asheville at a delightful luncheon at the Grove Park Inn. The attendance of chapter regents in that vicinity afforded an opportunity for an informal talk upon the work of the Society. A visit to Crossnore School gave ample opportunity not only for satisfactory talks with Dr. Sloop but also for a leisurely inspection of the entire plant. The State Regent of North Carolina, Mrs. Eugene N. Davis, was the competent pilot of the President General throughout these visits in North Carolina. On one evening Mrs. H. O. Steele of Statesville, National Vice Chairman of the Committee on National Defense through Patriotic Education, gathered together a group of members for a delightful evening, when heavy storms led the President General to stop unexpectedly in that city. Mrs. William Henry Belk, Vice President General, invited a number of members from her home city of Charlotte, and members visiting temporarily near her summer home at Montreal, to join the President General on two different evenings. These informal contacts offered not only pleasure but opportunity for mutual understanding of the problems of the Society.

On a trip to the State of New York in early August the broadcast for mid-September was arranged by Mrs. Myrtle M. Lewis, State Chairman of Radio for New York. Through the courtesy of Miss Minnie Wade of New York City an impromptu gathering of state officers and ex-state officers in the southern tier took place at Ithaca, New York.

On August 9th, a group of friends gathered in New York as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Pouch at a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George D. Schermerhorn on the eve of their departure for Europe. Two Honorary Presidents General, Mrs. Brosseau and Mrs. Becker, were among the guests. Mrs. Schermerhorn, Organizing

Secretary General, will report upon her visits to chapters in London and Paris.

A few days at Ocean City, Maryland, with Mrs. Frank M. Dick, Vice President General, in the latter part of August gave opportunity for work with Mrs. G. W. S. Musgrave, Chairman, in preparation of the D. A. R. Handbook.

On Tuesday, September 13th, in company with the Treasurer General, Miss Schwarzwaelder, and the National Chairman of Ellis Island Committee, Mrs. Smith H. Stebbins, the President General spent a day on Ellis Island. This visit was thoroughly convincing as to the value of the work of the Society on the Island. Dr. Reichard, who addressed the Continental Congress last spring, stated that there is but one criticism possibly to be offered of the Society's activity upon the Island, which is that it is humanly impossible for the Society's three fine workers to accomplish all of the work of rehabilitation that opportunity offers. During the summer, under Mrs. Stebbins' direction, the store rooms have been completely reorganized and inventoried. Systematic indexing makes all supplies immediately available. The rooms are shortly to be redecorated by authorities of the Island.

On Wednesday, September 14th, the President General broadcast from Station WJZ in New York on the hour "Let's Talk It Over with Alma Kitchell." The various activities of the Society were discussed. A friendly atmosphere was created for the broadcast through the luncheon given previously by Mrs. Lewis, State Chairman of Radio, for Miss Kitchell and the President General. The National Chairman of Radio, Mrs. Frank B. Whitlock, and the National Vice Chairman of Radio for the Northern Division, Mrs. Louis S. Bailey, were guests. A message of importance for the Society was gained from this broadcast to the effect that those persons who should be creating public opinion are largely inarticulate in expressing opinions of radio broadcasts.

On September 13, the Honorary President General, Mrs. George Thacher Guernsey, visited Washington and was able to hear for the first time the electric organ presented in her honor at the last Continental Congress.

On Constitution Day, September 17, the President General gave an address, "Mothers of the Constitution," at the celebration arranged by the Daughters of the American Revolution of the District of Columbia. About one hundred and sixty members of more than forty patriotic societies were in line for the massing of the colors. The remarks of the Honorable Sol Bloom, Director of the United States Constitution Sesquicentennial Celebration, and the address of the President General were broadcast over Station WOL. Music by the United States Department of Agriculture Chorus added much to the inspiration of this gathering.

During September there took place the annual award of the plaques presented by the National Society a number of years ago to the ship of the United States Navy, in each of five classes, which excels in antiaircraft gunnery. Mrs. Joseph Taylor Young, Reporter General to the Smithsonian Institution, represented the Society in the presentations to the USS *San Francisco* of the Heavy

Cruiser Class and to the USS *Ranger* of the Aircraft Carrier Class. Mrs. John Whittier Howe Hodge, State Regent of California, made the presentations to the USS *Cincinnati* of the Light Cruiser Class, the USS *Idaho* of the Battleship Class, and to the USS *Flusser* of the Destroyer Class.

It is interesting to note that the USS *Ranger* has won the award for the Aircraft Carrier Class three years in succession. By all rules of golf or tennis tournaments the plaque would now become the permanent property of the USS *Ranger*.

The first State Conference visited was that of Indiana at Lake Wawasee, September 20-22. Several National Officers, State Regents and National Chairmen were guests. The unusually regular attendance and the promptness with which every meeting met and adjourned is a decided recommendation of a resort hotel, free from competing attractions, as a place of meeting for state conferences. A round table discussion, with more questions than could be answered in an hour, and a Junior group breakfast meeting, were features. Because no radio facilities were available at the Lake, the State Chairman arranged a broadcast from Station WOWO at Fort Wayne, Indiana's largest station, after the Conference. Accompanied by the State Regent, Mrs. Schlosser, and the ex-Vice President General, Mrs. Crankshaw, and others, the President General journeyed to Fort Wayne, combining two speeches into a half hour broadcast as best she could while enroute. The Mary Penrose Wayne Chapter of Fort Wayne, who were gathered to listen to the broadcast, entertained the President General at dinner after the program.

A Divisional Junior Group meeting at Haddon Hall in Atlantic City on September 24, was attended by sixty-six members from several states, four more than last year, an unusual showing in view of the hurricane which swept that section three days before. A permanent organization of the Division was accomplished at this second annual meeting, through the election of Miss Dorothy Jenkins as President, and the decision to hold a similar meeting in Atlantic City next fall.

From Atlantic City, movements became uncertain, pending word as to possibilities for meetings in New England. Of all the states so sorely stricken, Rhode Island alone was compelled to cancel its meeting because of lack of light, heat, water and other necessities. No one who has not seen can possibly picture the destruction and losses over hundreds of miles of the northeastern states. It was a comfort to be joined in Hartford by Mrs. Frederick P. Latimer, State Regent of Connecticut, for the uncertain journey by bus and slow rail to Bellows Falls, Vermont. Mrs. Binford, Vice President General of Maine, Mrs. Nason, Registrar General, and Northeastern State Regents came each with stories of the devastated areas through which they had passed. Mrs. C. R. Arkinson, State Regent of Vermont, had happily recovered from her illness of the spring, and is to be commended for carrying on her Conference under the last minute changes necessitated by damage to the church in which some of the meetings were to have been held. The courage, the loyalty of the membership in attendance at these New

England meetings, was worthy that of the pioneers. Forced to go long distances in roundabout routes, even in the cities they could not venture out at night without lanterns or flashlights because of great holes in walks and in the streets from uprooted trees. Plans for new work proceeded, even in the face of damage to personal property and the loss of members and friends.

The Registrar General, Mrs. Nason, provided the transportation in her car for visits to Massachusetts and Connecticut, the more sure and convenient way, since many trains were not running. At the Hotel Weldon in Greenfield, 400 Massachusetts Daughters gathered for a two day meeting. The difficulties of travel were indicated in the statement of one Chairman normally but twenty miles away, who at that time had to go fifty-five miles to reach Greenfield. It was a pleasure to present the new miniature insignia authorized by the last Continental Congress, to the Honorary President General, Mrs. Magna. The President General's address was broadcast from two stations, WHAI Greenfield and WSPR Springfield. A question period gave opportunity for discussion of vital problems.

In Connecticut, as elsewhere, a warm welcome awaited in New Haven from present and past National Officers. The meeting at Meriden was unusually well attended, even though a sadness was evident owing to the loss of eight members in the storm. While greatly appreciating the courtesy of the State Regent of Connecticut, Mrs. Latimer, in rearranging her program because of uncertain train service, the President General regrets that this rearrangement and her early departure prevented her receiving the inspiration from the greetings of the three Honorary Presidents General, Mrs. Minor, Mrs. Brosseau and Mrs. Magna, and from others in attendance.

In company with the National Chairman of the Approved Schools Committee, Mrs. Campbell, Jamestown, New York, was reached on October 6th—the Treasurer General, Miss Schwarzwelder, and Mrs. Frank Merz, Chairman of the Conference program, meeting an early morning train. Mrs. Duffy, State Regent, gathered the visitors for a luncheon before departure for a beautiful ride to Chautauqua Lake and Westfield along the coast of Lake Erie, where the Patterson Chapter of Westfield received the Conference. A feature of the banquet was music by the state prize-winning a cappella choir of sixty voices from Jamestown High School. The address of the President General was broadcast over WJTN Jamestown. Immediately before departure for Chicago, the President General and Mrs. Campbell were guests of the New York Society of the C.A.R. at dinner in honor of their National President, Mrs. William H. Pouch.

North Dakota's Conference on October 10 was the next stop. It will be noted that because of change in dates of conferences after invitations were accepted, the President General was obliged to make two trips west, with a trip back to New England between, and that one lap of the journey was from New York to North Dakota. Preceding the opening of the Conference, Dacotah Chapter of Fargo dedicated a drinking fountain and tablet in commemoration of a visit of prominent citizens from the east enroute to drive the golden

spike in completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Pioneers present on that day added much to the program through their personal reminiscences. The opening meeting was held at the Dakota Agricultural College, where the music of the prize R. O. T. C. band and the address of the President General were broadcast through Station WDAY of Fargo. During the Conference the President General addressed a meeting of the Ladies Aid Society of the church in which the Conference met. The Historian General, Mrs. Duxbury, through her helpful message added much to the Conference. With her husband, Mr. Duxbury, she drove the President General back to St. Paul for Minnesota's Fall Meeting, where the State Regent, Mrs. F. W. Bennison, and the President of the St. Paul and Ramsey County Regents' Unit, Mrs. Thomas Kennedy, were hostesses. It was a rare privilege to visit Sibley House and Faribault House, and to learn not only the extent of Minnesota's great historical restoration but also the educational value of its projects through the Museums established. Easily accessible from St. Paul or Minneapolis, members traveling should visit these homes at Mendota. The President General attended the ceremony of presentation of a portrait of General Sibley as a gift of General Henry Hastings Sibley Chapter. The address of the President General, given following the luncheon at the Hotel Lowry, at which more than two hundred members were present, was broadcast over Station KSTP. Here again a question period gave opportunity for helpful discussion. A unique feature in Minnesota was the informal dinner at Sibley Tea House, to which husbands of members were invited.

On an early morning arrival in Chicago on October 14 the President General was welcomed by Illinois' three members of the National Board, Mrs. Eli Dixson, Vice President General; Mrs. Vinton E. Sisson, Librarian General; and Mrs. J. F. Zimmerman, State Regent. At the luncheon about three hundred and fifty members of that district, with two National Presidents of other patriotic societies, our Honorary President General, Mrs. Brosseau, the recent Historian General, Mrs. Goodhue, and several past National Officers, were present. The program was given principally to round table discussion. An interesting feature of the Chicago Chapter is its evening group, composed of lawyers, doctors, teachers and other professional women who find attendance during the day impossible. Nearly sixty members were present at the night meeting, at which the President General was privileged to pay a surprise call and to speak briefly.

Pennsylvania's Conference in Scranton, October 18-20, was visited by many National Officers and State Regents. A Junior Group Breakfast and an Approved School Breakfast added greatly to the value of the meeting. The President General broadcast from Station WGBI and Station WIAN, Scranton.

Each and every Conference brings its inspiration, each its pride and satisfaction in the loyalty of the membership, and each its realization of the tremendous opportunities and responsibilities of the Society. Cooperation is at hand. In nearly every city members of the press sought interviews. In six states a full half hour was granted for a

broadcast of the President General's address. In Pennsylvania, in addition to fifteen minutes for the President General, fifteen minutes was also given for an address upon Approved Schools by the National Chairman, Mrs. Campbell.

If time permitted, many interesting items could be reported:

The damage of \$3800 to Hillside School from the storm, with the boys' dormitory moved eight inches off its foundations; twenty-five cents per member annually for three years voted by one state for its Jubilee project; a new model farm for Kate Duncan Smith School voted by another; a clergyman at one banquet who said with enthusiasm that he had never before known the good done by the D. A. R., and that now he had an entirely different idea of the Society's value; a teacher from a remote rural school telling how much a club of Junior American Citizens means to the self-respect and the morale of the children in her remote section; the truly inspiring response to the program of children from the Tamassee School in the many pledges to the new health house. These and many other events brought helpful encouragement.

The attention of the National Board of Management must be directed to the solution of pressing financial problems. In several reports given during the last administration attention was called to the fact that the income from dues and fees averages approximately \$40,000 less than prior to 1931. In addition, the payment of the pension fund of \$10,000 annually, unemployment taxes of \$4,000, the business privilege tax and the tax upon Constitution Hall requires an additional outlay of nearly \$20,000 more than previously required. This means that the National Society has, for current objects, about \$60,000 less to work with than in 1930. Previous efforts to reduce expenses have been nullified by the addition of new departments and new work which in itself is essentially good, but for which the National Society has made no financial provision without investigation as to whether the National Society can carry the financial burden of supporting it.

The National Society now faces a situation whereby no more National Committees can be added unless increased income is provided. It is deplorable also that there be a consolidation of committees already existing, in order that the cost of overhead be reduced. The Executive Committee has made several recommendations in the hope of reducing expenditures. The question to be decided is: Does the service being rendered by certain features of our work, including the Genealogical Extension Service, the publication of the lineage books, and the publication of the MAGAZINE justify their expense to the National Society?

An examination of the records of the Treasurer General indicates the receipts and disbursements in all of these departments.

A complete reorganization of the pension system becomes a necessity. It was established to care for certain emergencies without adequate provision for its continuance upon those principles through which a successful pension must function.

In the February report the President General will outline certain changes of policies and possibly revision of By-Laws which may, if put into

effect, make for a more economical management of the business of the Society.

Since we last met together in April several former members of our National Board of Management have passed to Life Eternal:

Honorary Vice President General: Mrs. Drayton W. Bushnell of Iowa.

Honorary Vice President General: Mrs. John N. Carey of Indiana.

Former State Regent of North Carolina: Mrs. Sydney Perry Cooper.

Husband of our Vice President General from Virginia: Dr. Arthur Rowbotham.

The President General is encouraged by the splendid interest and activity. She looks forward to a year of creditable accomplishment.

SARAH C. ROBERT,
President General, N. S. D. A. R.

The Chaplain General, Mrs. Loren Edgar Rex, read her report.

Report of Chaplain General

The Chaplain General wishes to report that all mail was answered on time to date, that she has attended meetings outside of her home state in Illinois and Oklahoma and the State Conferences in Indiana, Missouri and Pennsylvania.

Sixty letters were sent out by the Chaplain General to the regents in countries where there are no chaplains. The purpose of the letter was a greeting to their state officers and to ask them how with cooperation we may better our work.

LEDA FERRELL REX,
Chaplain General, N. S. D. A. R.

The Recording Secretary General, Mrs. John S. Heaume, read her report.

Report of Recording Secretary General

Under the able direction of Mrs. Berry all letters and resolutions of the last Continental Congress have been written and mailed as directed.

The Amendments to the By-Laws and the Resolutions adopted by the last Continental Congress have been printed, proof-read and delivered to the office of the Corresponding Secretary General for distribution.

Precedence was given to the editing, assembling and proofreading of the Proceedings of Congress, and though this is a work of real magnitude the book was ready for distribution in July.

We have also transcribed, indexed and had bound the verbatim of the two regular April Board meetings and the special Board meeting of June last. These minutes were prepared and proof-read for printing in the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE.

The Book containing the copy of all Executive Committee meetings of the last administration has been indexed, typed and is ready for binding. Likewise the Ruling Book which contains all motions and Resolutions of the National Board of Management and the three National Congresses of the past administration has been indexed and is ready for binding.

A new book, containing the Executive Committee minutes of this administration, and a new Rul-

ing Book of the present administration, have been started and are up to date.

The following number of certificates and Commissions have been engrossed and have gone out under the faithful direction of Mrs. Heider.

Membership Certificates—2,192.

Commissions to National Officers, Vice Presidents General, Honorary Vice Presidents General, State and State-Vice Regents—82.

Reelection cards to State and State-Vice Regents—15.

The correspondence and work of this department is up to date.

The latest edition of "What the Daughters Do" has been compiled from the reports of National Officers and Chairmen, and during my absence in the West this was proof-read by Mrs. Berry and Mrs. Schondau and is now ready for distribution. Fifty thousand copies were printed.

Many requests for information have come to my office and a great deal of this entailed research into the early records of our Society. This has taken much of the time of the clerical staff of my office, but the work on the early records and the indexing of old Board meetings is going on as rapidly as possible. Miss Raub has assisted in other offices and worked with Mrs. Musgrave in the compilation of the new Handbook.

Notices of Board and Executive Committee meetings have been written and mailed to members; all correspondence has been answered promptly and the routine work of this office is up to date.

JULIA D. HEAUME,
Recording Secretary General, N. S. D. A. R.

The Corresponding Secretary General, Mrs. William Kennedy Herrin, Jr., read her report.

Report of Corresponding Secretary General

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

As your Corresponding Secretary General, I have the honor to submit the following report. Since the close of the Congress supplies have been mailed to chapters and individuals as listed here-with:

Application blanks	18,584
How to Become a Member Leaflets	2,084
General Information Leaflets	1,353
Constitution and By-Laws	1,024
Transfer Cards	1,314
What the Daughters Do Pamphlets	6,597
Applicants' Working Sheets	9,289
Ancestral Charts	2,968
Miscellaneous	1,202

Copies of the Resolutions of the 47th Continental Congress together with the Amendments to the By-Laws and the President General's address to the Congress were sent to the members of the National Board of Management, chapter regents, and the Honorary Presidents General as soon as the material was received from the printer. Following this the wrappers for the Proceedings of Congress were addressed for mailing and shortly thereafter the 1938-39 Directory of Committees was sent out. My office also had the mailing of the Brochures, giving "Outlines of Work of Na-

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tional Committees for Chapter Chairmen and Chapter Regents," as well as the Handbook of the Press Relations Committee—numbering in all 18,521 pieces.

Orders for the D. A. R. Manual for Citizenship have been filled to the number of 73,739. The distribution according to languages follows: English, 58,653; Spanish, 2,178; Italian, 583; Hungarian, 863; Polish, 101; Yiddish, 1,255; French, 1,068; German, 3,138; Russian, 669; Greek, 776; Swedish, 734; Portuguese, 587; Lithuanian, 671; Norwegian, 627; Bohemian, 1,353; Armenian, 54; Finnish, 199; Japanese, 230.

There have been received, recorded or referred

to the proper departments 2,334 communications, in reply to which were mailed 1,652 letters and cards.

DIXIE COTTON HERRIN,
Corresponding Secretary General, N. S. D. A. R.

The Treasurer General, Miss Schwarzwaelder, moved that 288 former members be reinstated. Seconded by Mrs. Herrin. Carried.

Miss Schwarzwaelder stated the total membership of the National Society June 30, 1938, to be 143,781.

The Treasurer General, Miss Page Schwarzwaelder, read her report.

Report of Treasurer General

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:
I herewith submit the following report of receipts and disbursements from April 1, 1938 to September 30, 1938.

CURRENT FUND

Balance at last report, March 31, 1938	\$170,387.03
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RECEIPTS

Annual dues \$11,794.00; initiation fees \$12,125.00; reinstatement fees \$385.00; supplemental fees \$1,941.00; ancestors lists \$10.75; application blanks \$434.48; awards of merit \$54.50; certificates \$29.00; certificate folders \$106.00; charters \$50.00; collection on checks \$1.52; commission, Insignia \$170.00; commission, medals \$116.50; commission, post cards \$4.45; copying lineage \$3.10; D. A. R. reports \$8.06; dispenser \$4.55; duplicate papers \$316.16; exchange \$5.52; flags \$27.60; flag booklets \$41.55; flag codes \$165.09; genealogical charts \$14.38; Genealogical Extension Service \$1,264.00; glossary \$.50; guide books \$.30; handbooks \$95.92; historical papers \$55.18; interest \$.25; lantern slides \$32.51; library books \$9.75; lineage \$3,217.83; lineage index #1 \$15.00; lineage index #2 \$25.00; Magazine: subscriptions \$6,481.35; advertisements \$2,989.97; single copies \$351.24; contributions \$7.17; reprints \$2.59; pictures \$17.50; pilgrimage posters \$7.87; proceedings \$80.00; refund, insurance \$50.74; rental of flags \$7.00; ribbon \$8.67; rituals \$102.16; songs \$1.90; stationery \$4.46; statue reprints \$9.75; statuettes \$27.00; telephone and telegrams \$58.85; Forty-seventh Congress: badges \$65.20; banquet \$160.00; check room \$70.50; concessions \$601.00; lunches \$25.00; programs \$224.25; registration \$3,114.00; Constitution Hall Events \$10,923.75; Memorial Continental Hall Events \$1,989.00.

Total Receipts	59,906.37
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\$230,293.40

DISBURSEMENTS

Refunds: annual dues \$285.00; initiation fees \$165.00; supplemental fees \$146.00	\$ 596.00
President General: clerical service \$2,776.07; official expenses \$3,000.00; supplies \$375.65; telephone and telegrams \$279.37; postage \$168.01; express \$11.65; repairs to Insignia \$10.00; cleaning \$5.78; insurance \$5.00; binding \$4.95; taxi \$.50	6,636.98
Chaplain General: supplies \$28.73; express \$.16	28.89
Recording Secretary General: clerical service \$2,007.50; reporting \$120.00; supplies \$48.55; postage \$25.00; engrossing \$14.55; telegrams \$5.35; binding \$4.95; express \$3.16	2,229.06
Certificates: clerical service \$870.00; engraving certificates \$696.17; postage \$135.80; supplies \$18.70; engrossing \$1.65	1,722.32
Corresponding Secretary General: clerical service \$1,020.00; postage and stamped envelopes \$340.16; supplies \$175.38; binding \$3.85; express \$2.06	1,541.45
Organizing Secretary General: clerical service \$1,830.00; supplies \$325.05; postage and stamped envelopes \$41.08; engrossing \$8.50; telegrams \$4.48; typewriter repairs \$2.00; express \$.63	2,211.74
Treasurer General: clerical service \$7,590.00; postage and stamped envelopes \$597.39; supplies \$364.41; bonds \$55.00; telephone and telegrams \$10.68; safe deposit box \$8.80; typewriter repairs \$3.50; express \$1.76	8,631.54
Registrar General: clerical service \$13,284.00; postage and stamped envelopes \$252.64; supplies \$215.91; typewriter repairs \$4.50; express \$2.62; telegrams \$1.42; misc. \$.30	13,761.39

Lineage: clerical service \$600.00; Vols. 161 to 163 \$3,414.60; ancestors roll Vol. 161 \$29.75; postage \$300.00; express \$52.00; supplies \$6.00	\$ 4,402.35
Genealogical Extension Service: clerical service \$2,674.00; stamped envelopes \$16.08; supplies \$1.00; telephone \$.70	2,691.78
Historian General: clerical service \$810.95; supplies \$53.06; telephone and telegrams \$34.80; postage \$14.04; express \$13.46; typewriter repairs \$1.90	928.21
Librarian General: clerical service \$2,820.00; binding \$253.55; supplies \$179.40; books and subscriptions \$58.06; postage \$27.08; express \$21.35; book reviews \$9.00	3,368.44
Curator General: clerical service \$847.55; supplies \$41.20; express, freight and drayage \$34.29; postage \$10.50; dues \$10.00; typewriter repairs \$8.50; telephone and telegrams \$.6.29	958.33
Reporter General: supplies \$82.78; postage \$20.00	102.78
General Office: clerical service \$2,140.75; pay roll tax \$1,848.44; blanks, lists and leaflets \$1,866.60; supplies \$770.89; postage and stamped envelopes \$276.67; Board lunches \$213.25; awards \$155.36; compensation insurance \$99.81; flowers \$31.59; binding \$9.90; typewriter repairs \$1.65; express and cartage \$.40; telephone \$.95; taxi \$.50	7,417.76
Committees: clerical service \$362.50; Americanism—express \$1.79; approved Schools—reports \$11.50; express \$2.30; Buildings and Grounds—clerical service \$148.75; telephone and telegrams \$.75; supplies \$.75; postage \$2.50; Conservation—reports \$15.75; supplies \$3.75; express \$2.61; postage \$1.25; Correct Use of the Flag—reports \$10.25; express \$1.34; Date of Organization—clerical service \$.95.00; supplies \$3.03; telephone \$.80; postage \$.68; Filing and Lending—clerical service \$225.00; lists and reports \$67.25; supplies \$35.25; express \$12.64; postage \$10.38; telegrams \$.28.1; Genealogical Records—postage \$21.65; express \$1.78; Girl Home Makers—postage \$18.04; supplies \$14.00; reports \$10.25; express \$8.41; Good Citizenship Pilgrimage Clubs—printing \$5.20; Junior American Citizens—buttons \$70.98; reports \$11.50; express \$3.31; Junior Membership—reports \$21.00; express \$.64; Motion Picture—trips \$24.31; telephone \$10.58; postage \$7.38; express \$.70; Music—express \$1.58; Radio—supplies \$25.21; postage \$18.71; telephone and telegrams \$13.43; reports \$11.50; express \$1.43; Real Daughters—supplies \$1.18; express \$.15; Student Loan—reports \$5.25; express \$1.49	1,257.99
Buildings Expense: services \$13,591.77; fire insurance \$2,374.58; current and gas \$1,215.62; supplies \$1,047.72; apartment rent \$450.00; painting \$322.61; compensation insurance \$316.43; fuel oil \$258.02; repairs \$181.54; water rent \$144.83; ice and towel service \$105.42; hauling \$14.00; bond \$2.50; express \$1.72; telephone \$.30	20,027.06
Printing Machine: services \$900.00; supplies \$379.40; repairs \$50.01	1,329.41
Constitution Hall Events: services \$3,907.50; taxes \$5,077.24; care of organ \$100.00; pay roll tax \$.82.80; telephone \$27.05; supplies \$22.10; check room service \$20.00; license \$10.00; postage \$2.00	9,248.69
Memorial Continental Hall Events: services \$248.00; rebates \$358.00; electric current \$83.00	689.00
Magazine: Editorial Dept.—services \$2,100.00; articles \$1,577.00; telephone and telegrams \$63.24; postage \$35.00; prizes \$33.00; copyright \$24.00; photographs \$23.50; registration fee \$10.00; supplies \$.58; binding \$1.65; cartage \$.20; Genealogical Dept.—services \$230.00; Publication Dept.—issues \$11,514.16; cuts \$2,012.60; minutes \$652.00; postage \$47.47; zoning \$22.25 Subscription Dept.—services \$1,230.00; postage \$719.73; express \$51.22; supplies \$26.50; refund \$4.00	20,383.37
Forty-seventh Congress: badges \$703.44; printing \$595.45; reporting \$321.41; supplies \$117.24; contribution to Boys' Club \$25.00; telephone \$21.05; Card Index—telephone \$.75; Credential—services \$351.34; supplies \$22.29; telephone and telegrams \$.38; taxi \$.25; repairs \$.50; Guests—supplies \$168.45; postage \$.50; telephone \$.69; House—labor \$852.01; ushers \$313.75; address system \$280.00; supplies \$142.43; rental, chairs and tables \$130.00; flowers \$100.00; nurses \$67.50; furniture \$64.00; telephone \$20.25; water \$12.40; Literature—supplies \$2.00; Page—services \$100.00; postage \$20.10; supplies \$9.00; Pages' Ball—hotel room \$282.80; tickets and invitations \$36.50; postage \$15.80; Parking—supplies \$.150; Program—services \$120.00; expenses of guest artists \$1,056.65; programs \$739.09; program covers \$253.00; buses \$127.05; flowers \$46.00; sketches \$35.00; telephone and telegrams \$15.31; express and drayage \$10.19; postage \$10.00; leaflets \$7.25; taxi \$.1.50; miscellaneous \$13.75; Resolutions—printing \$94.88; supplies \$11.05; Seating—tickets \$98.75; supplies \$4.82	7,432.82

Forty-eighth Congress:

Credential—stamped envelopes	\$ 191.52
Auditing accounts	885.00
Certificate folders: express	.15
D. A. R. reports: postage \$5.00; express \$.62	5.62
Duplicate papers: refund	1.00
Flag booklets: repairing \$110.00; express \$1.01	111.01
Flag codes: printing \$103.35; express \$14.15; postage \$5.71	123.21
Genealogical charts: express	2.32
Handbooks: telephone	2.05
Parliamentarian: services \$250.00; clerical service \$100.00; postage \$10.00; express \$1.04	361.04
Proceedings: printing and mailing \$4,948.19; postage \$10.00; express \$5.20	4,963.39
Rituals: express	.31
State Flag, Naval Academy	35.18
State Regents' postage	492.60
Stationery	684.75
Telegrams	45.44
Telephone: services \$660.00; calls \$450.75	1,110.75
Administration Building: office furniture and fixtures \$247.05; gas range \$68.11	315.16
Constitution Hall: uniforms \$176.00; repairs \$99.75; painting \$67.64; numbers and letter plates \$7.94	351.33
Memorial Continental Hall: painting \$562.21; repairs \$15.20	577.41
Proceeds, Congress Banquets 1936-1938:	
Tamassee School, S. C.	300.00
Kate Duncan Smith School, Ala.	250.00
Total Disbursements	\$128,406.60
	\$101,886.80
Transfers to: Approved Schools	\$ 2,000.00
Pension Fund	10,000.00
Reserve for Maintenance and Improvement of Properties	20,941.00
	32,941.00
Balance, September 30, 1938	\$ 68,945.80

PERMANENT FUND

Magna Tablet:	
Balance at last report, March 31, 1938	\$ 1,569.75
Receipts: contributions	5.50
	\$ 1,575.25
Disbursements: tablet and erection \$930.00; flowers \$10.00	940.00
	\$ 635.25
Balance, September 30, 1938	
Memory Book:	
Balance at last report, March 31, 1938	\$ 936.28
Receipts: contributions	2,592.20
	\$ 3,528.48
Disbursements: gold work, table, and case \$1,351.60; engrossing and binding \$1,088.50; insurance \$36.00	2,476.10
	\$ 1,052.38
Balance, September 30, 1938	
Guernsey Organ:	
Receipts: contributions	\$ 213.00
Disbursements: flowers \$10.00; refund \$203.00	213.00
	\$ 3,849.57
Disbursements: furnishings \$2,945.27; engrossing \$10.00	2,955.27
	894.30
Balance, September 30, 1938	

Museum:

Balance at last report, March 31, 1938	\$ 827.16
Receipts: contributions	382.50
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Disbursements: furnishings \$118.00; photograph \$3.50	\$ 1,209.66
	121.50
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Balance, September 30, 1938	\$ 1,088.16

Buildings and Grounds:

Receipts: contributions	100.00
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Constitution Hall:

Balance at last report, March 31, 1938	\$ 3,620.27
Receipts: contributions	684.50
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Disbursements: interest	\$ 4,304.77
	1,500.00
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Balance, September 30, 1938	\$ 2,804.77

Total Permanent Fund	\$ 6,574.86
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PETTY CASH FUND

Balance at last report, March 31, 1938	\$ 1,200.00
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SPECIAL FUNDS

Life Membership:

Balance at last report, March 31, 1938	\$ 2,850.00
Receipts: fees	750.00
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Balance, September 30, 1938	\$ 3,600.00

Manual:

Balance at last report, March 31, 1938	\$13,953.43
Receipts: contributions \$1,560.97; sale of copies \$30	1,561.27
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Disbursements: messenger \$180.00; postage \$300.00; English supplement \$155.76; supplies \$102.25; freight and express \$99.39; reports \$5.25; copyright \$2.50	\$15,514.70
	845.15
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Balance, September 30, 1938	\$ 14,669.55

Approved Schools:

Receipts: contributions	\$10,502.76
Transfer from Current Fund	2,000.00
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Disbursements	\$12,502.76
	12,502.76
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Carpenter Mountain Schools:

Balance at last report, March 31, 1938	165.00
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Liberty Loan:

Balance at last report, March 31, 1938	\$ 476.13
Receipts: interest	1,500.00
Pension check returned	25.00
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Disbursements: pensions	\$ 2,001.13
	1,620.00
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Balance, September 30, 1938	381.13
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Angel and Ellis Islands:

Balance at last report, March 31, 1938	\$ 6,568.88
Receipts: contributions \$938.34; insurance refund \$4.51	942.85
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\$ 7,511.73

Disbursements: services \$2,734.00; supplies \$430.36; Angel Island \$180.00; expenses to Congress \$81.00; compensation insurance \$49.94; lunches, carfare, etc. \$27.40; postage \$20.65; telephone \$12.36; reports \$10.25; express \$7.62	\$ 3,553.58
Balance, September 30, 1938	\$ 3,958.15
Historical Research:	
Balance at last report, March 31, 1938	\$ 841.63
Receipts	9,646.22
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Disbursements	\$10,487.85
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Balance, September 30, 1938	10,458.80
Library:	
Balance at last report, March 31, 1938	\$ 1,058.51
Receipts: interest	6.25
	<hr/>
Disbursements: books	\$ 1,064.76
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Balance, September 30, 1938	367.55
Relief:	
Balance at last report, March 31, 1938	697.21
National Defense:	
Balance at last report, March 31, 1938	\$25,251.01
Receipts: contributions \$1,803.65; sale of medals \$1,356.89; sale of literature \$273.14; insurance refund \$1.13	3,434.81
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Disbursements: services \$3,737.00; messenger \$420.00; literature, reprints, subscriptions \$2,058.66; medals \$860.00; traveling expenses and meetings \$639.84; postage \$541.58; telephone and telegrams \$240.53; supplies \$201.23; pay roll tax \$104.10; refunds \$39.42; express \$26.06; repairs \$17.50; binding \$14.00; compensation insurance \$8.05	8,907.97
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Balance, September 30, 1938	\$ 28,685.82
Good Citizenship Pilgrimage:	
Balance at last report, March 31, 1938	\$ 8,032.55
Receipts: contributions	861.53
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Disbursements: traveling expenses \$3,824.12; hotel accommodations \$1,095.63; buses \$361.55; committee expenses \$100.00; lunches \$82.50; services \$50.00; supplies and expenses \$37.44; pins \$24.50; flowers \$6.25; telegrams \$3.90; express \$3.69	5,589.58
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Balance, September 30, 1938	\$ 8,894.08
Conservation:	
Receipts	\$ 45.56
Disbursements	45.56
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Employees Pension:	
Balance at last report, March 31, 1938	\$ 923.36
Transfer from Current Fund	10,000.00
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Disbursements: pensions	\$10,923.36
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Transfer to Reserve for Maintenance and Improvement of Properties	3,647.88
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Balance, September 30, 1938	\$ 7,275.48
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	14.80
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	7,260.68

Press Relations:

Balance at last report, March 31, 1938	\$ 3,557.99
Receipts: contributions \$338.20; sale of handbooks \$7.77	345.97
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	\$ 3,903.96
Disbursements: services \$548.00; handbooks \$205.50; supplies \$173.28; Congress expense \$125.00; postage \$99.76; lunches and entertainment \$85.35; telephone and telegrams \$11.65; messenger service \$2.45; express \$1.84	1,252.83
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Balance, September 30, 1938	\$ 2,651.13

Student Loan:

Receipts	\$ 1,997.33
Disbursements	1,997.33
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Reserve for Maintenance and Improvement of Properties:

Balance at last report, March 31, 1938	\$ 6,574.70
Transfers from: Current Fund	20,941.00
Pension Fund	14.80
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Balance, September 30, 1938	\$ 27,530.50
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Philippine Scholarship:

Balance at last report, March 31, 1938	\$ 2,047.62
Receipts: interest	13.97
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Disbursements: transportation, Margaret Carl	\$ 2,061.59

Balance, September 30, 1938	\$ 1,711.59
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Total Special Funds	\$ 85,749.89
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RECAPITULATION

Funds	Balance 3/31/38	Receipts	Disburse- ments	Balance 9/30/38
Current	\$170,387.03	\$ 59,906.37	\$161,347.60	\$ 68,945.80
Permanent	10,530.98	4,249.75	8,205.87	6,574.86
Petty Cash	1,200.00			1,200.00
Life Membership	2,850.00	750.00		3,600.00
Manual	13,953.43	1,561.27	845.15	14,669.55
Approved Schools		12,502.76	12,502.76	
Carpenter Mt. Schools	165.00			165.00
Liberty Loan	476.13	1,525.00	1,620.00	381.13
Angel and Ellis Islands	6,568.88	942.85	3,553.58	3,958.15
Historical Research	841.63	9,646.22	10,458.80	29.05
Library	1,058.51	6.25	367.55	697.21
Relief	13.55			13.55
National Defense	25,251.01	3,434.81	8,907.97	19,777.85
Pilgrimage	8,032.55	861.53	5,589.58	3,304.50
Conservation		45.56	45.56	
Employees Pension	923.36	10,000.00	3,662.68	7,260.68
Press Relations	3,557.99	345.97	1,252.83	2,651.13
Student Loan		1,997.33	1,997.33	
Reserve	6,574.70	20,955.80	350.00	27,530.50
Philippine Scholarship	2,047.62	13.97		1,711.59
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$254,432.37	\$128,745.44	\$220,707.26	\$162,470.55

DISPOSITION OF FUNDS

National Metropolitan Bank	\$161,270.55
Petty Cash in Office of Treasurer General	1,200.00
	<hr/>
	\$162,470.55

INDEBTEDNESS

Constitution Hall Fund:	
Liberty Loan Fund Notes	\$100,000.00
	<hr/>

INVESTMENTS

Chicago and Alton R. R. Co., 3% Bonds, due 1949 (par value \$3,000.00)	\$ 2,314.84
Liberty Loan Fund:	
Constitution Hall Notes	100,000.00
Library Fund:	
Home Owners' Loan Corp. 2½% Bonds, due 1949	\$28,000.00
U. S. Postal Savings 2½% Bond, due 1952	500.00
	28,500.00
Life Membership Fund:	
Home Owners' Loan Corp. 2½% Bonds, due 1949	\$16,200.00
U. S. Postal Savings 2½% Bond, due 1952	500.00
	16,700.00
Carpenter Mountain Schools Fund:	
Home Owners' Loan Corp. 2½% Bonds, due 1949	\$12,000.00
Federal Farm Mortgage Corp. 3% Bonds, due 1949	12,000.00
Federal Farm Mortgage Corp. 3% Bond, due 1949 (par value \$1,000.00)	1,038.75
	25,038.75
Pension Fund:	
Home Owners' Loan Corp. 2½% Bonds, due 1949	\$ 8,500.00
Federal Land Bank 3% Bonds, due 1956 (par value \$7,000.00)	7,041.42
U. S. Treasury 2½% Bonds, due 1949-53 (par value \$6,000.00)	5,897.25
	21,438.67
Reserve Fund for Maintenance and Improvement of Properties:	
Federal Land Bank 3% Bonds, due 1956 (par value \$30,000.00)	\$30,177.50
U. S. Treasury 2½% Bonds, due 1949-53 (par value \$30,000.00)	29,486.25
	59,663.75
Philippine Scholarship Fund:	
Home Owners' Loan Corp. 2½% Bonds, due 1949	22,000.00
	\$275,556.01

PAGE SCHWARZWAELDER,
Treasurer General, N. S. D. A. R.

Reminding the Board that the one dollar dues from each member must support the activities of the National Society, Miss Schwarzwaelder stated that five items of expense must be promptly curtailed or adjusted: the pay roll which is too large in proportion to income; the lineage books which cost \$10 to \$12 more per volume than is received for them; the Genealogical Extension Service which costs the Society several dollars over receipts for each question answered; the deficit in operation of the Magazine; and the reorganization of the pension system which was established to meet an emergency and not upon recognized principles for managing such benefits. Plans will be presented for adjusting these problems.

The Chairman of the Finance Committee, Mrs. John S. Heaume, read the report of that committee.

Report of Finance Committee

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

As Chairman of the Finance Committee, I have the following report to submit. From April 1st to October 1st vouchers were approved to the amount of \$187,155.46, which includes contributions received for Approved Schools and Americanism of \$12,502.76; Historical Research, \$10,458.80; Student Loan Funds, \$1,997.33.

Following are the largest disbursements:

Clerical service	\$45,930.91
Services of Superintendent, Manager and Employees	19,340.53
Magazine	20,383.37
Expense of 47th Congress	7,432.82
Expense of Good Citizenship Pilgrimage	5,589.58
Expense of National Defense Committee	8,907.97
Expense of Angel and Ellis Islands Committees	3,553.58
Taxes on Constitution Hall	5,077.24
Pensions for Real Daughters, Nurses and Employees	5,267.88
Postage	3,874.97
Printing and mailing Proceedings of 47th Congress	4,948.19
Printing Lineage Books (Vols. 161, 162, 163)	3,414.60
Memory Book	2,476.10
Insurance on Buildings	2,374.58
Remodeling and refurbishing State Rooms	2,955.27
Interest on Liberty Loan Funds	1,500.00

The following recommendations are presented by the Finance Committee:

1. Mrs. Barney moved That the Finance Committee protest against the excessive increased expenses of the Magazine and called attention to the

fact that the deficit of the past six months was approximately double that of the preceding six months. The Committee recommends that action be taken to curb the cost of the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE. Seconded by Mrs. Caldwell and unanimously carried.

2. Mrs. Pearson moved That the Finance Committee recommends to the National Board of Management that the Genealogical Extension Service be abolished. Motion seconded by Mrs. Clerk and unanimously carried.

JULIA D. HEAUME,
Chairman.

Mrs. Heaume moved that *Recommendations Nos. 1 and 2 of the Finance Committee be referred to the Executive Committee.* (1. That action be taken to curb the cost of the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE; 2. That the Genealogical Extension Service be abolished.) Seconded by Mrs. Binford. Carried.

The Chairman of the Auditing Committee, Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson, read the report of that committee.

Report of Auditing Committee

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

The Auditing Committee met on October 25th, 1938, and examined the report of the Treasurer General for the period of April 1 to September 30, 1938, inclusive. They found the accounts and balances checked with the statement of the Auditing Company.

ADELAIDE H. SISSON,
Chairman.

Mrs. Haig of D. C. moved that *the report of the Auditing Committee, which carries with it the reports of the Treasurer General and Finance Committee, be accepted.* Seconded by Mrs. Dixson. Carried.

The Registrar General, Mrs. Frank Leon Nason, read her report.

Report of Registrar General

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

I have the honor to submit the following report of the work of this office since my last report:

Number of applications verified	2,000
Number of supplementals verified	417
Total number of papers verified	2,417
Papers returned unverified:	
Originals	29
Supplementals	89
New records verified	458
Permits issued for official insignias	448
Permits issued for miniature insignias	502
Permits issued for ancestral bars	493

ISABELLE C. NASON,
Registrar General, N. S. D. A. R.

Mrs. Nason stated her report showed the largest number of applicants' papers verified since 1931; that among these were those of Hannah M. Brewster Randall, a Real Daughter, 97 years young, a

descendant of Elder Brewster, as is the President General and many members of the Cabinet.

Mrs. Nason moved that *the 2,000 applicants whose records have been verified by the Registrar General be elected to membership in the National Society.* Seconded by Mrs. Schermerhorn. Carried.

The Organizing Secretary General, Mrs. George D. Schermerhorn, read her report.

Report of Organizing Secretary General

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

The report of your Organizing Secretary General will be prefaced by a short account of her most delightful experience in visiting the Societies of the Daughters of the American Revolution both in England and France.

In mid-summer my husband and I rather suddenly decided to take a vacation abroad. Upon learning this our President General very graciously wrote to the Regents of these two societies, saying that if it were possible for me to meet the Daughters there at that vacation time of year she wished me to carry the greetings of the National Society to them; an honor and a pleasure most devoutly to be wished.

Therefore, upon reaching London I called Mrs. R. A. Rothermel, State Regent of England, and found her awaiting my call with the most delightful plans.

A letter also from Mrs. Harlan P. Rowe, State Regent of France, awaited me; and a telegram and a letter from Mrs. Robert Hare, Regent of the Benjamin Franklin Chapter of Paris, reached me in London, inviting me to visit the Society in Paris and asking me to let her know when I would reach there. Upon being given a choice of dates I promised to be with them October fourth.

Almost immediately upon being settled in our hotel in London a gorgeous bouquet of roses brought an added welcome to me from the England Daughters.

Mrs. Rothermel invited me to meet a number of the members of the Walter Hines Page Chapter at a tea in her home the next day, which was September twelfth. There I met her charming daughter, Virginia, and Mrs. Theodore Luling, Regent of the Chapter, and their able Chapter Treasurer, Mrs. William R. Comings, who were among others present.

The following evening, Tuesday, my husband and I were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rothermel, an occasion which we both very much enjoyed.

On Friday of that week Mrs. Luling arranged a tea in my honor at her charming country home in Wimbleton. It was there that I met Mrs. Donald McMaster, sister of our Vice-President General, Mrs. Binford. Over the teacups the conversation turned to the interests and work of the Daughters of the American Revolution. I was much impressed with the conservation of human happiness and health which is being accomplished by the England Society for the Woodlark Camp for crippled children.

The interest of the England Daughters takes a trend also along lines of historical research, of which there is such a wealth of material in Eng-

land as related to the beginnings of our own country. I was happy to tell them about the proposed rare document room which is the dream of our President General for the golden anniversary of our Society; and invited them to contribute to it. I had an opportunity to enlarge upon the work of the National Society and found that same responsiveness which forms such a part of the personality of the Daughters of the American Revolution. So eagerly we talked that the hour grew a little late before we walked through open French doors into Mrs. Luling's lovely English garden, where late summer flowers bloomed brightly and enchanting vistas held our gaze.

Lingeringly we said goodbye and I came away with my hands and heart laden with good tidings from the England Society for you, Madam President General, and for the Daughters in our beloved homeland.

A luncheon with Mrs. Robert Moseley, former State Regent of England, was an added pleasure. Along with other thoughtful kindnesses was a card to the American Woman's Club given me by Mrs. Rothermel, which gave me the privilege of that delightful center for American women during my stay in London.

War threats which had long been darkly filling the air grew increasingly alarming about this time; and from then on we lived through those history-making days when the awful spectre of war loomed over Europe and no one knew what a day might bring forth. Tense crowds stood day after day in Downing Street, hoping for a gleam of news. Men squared their shoulders as with hats off they walked with firmer step past the Cenotaph, on white hall, which honors Britain's dead of the World War. Preparations were going on in the houses of Parliament preparatory to the recall of Parliament. All England waited with clenched fists and solemn courage for the blow to fall. Part of an editorial in the *London Times* by J. L. Garvin tells the story. It was widely copied.

"Now, if the worst comes, whatever else happens, all the forces of freedom in the world will gather round us by degrees as of old. Though heavy adversity may smite us at the beginning as before there would be as little doubt of the issue in the far end. The Nazi Power last week threw off the mask before the British Prime Minister and demanded in effect his total capitulation on their own soil. They counted that their armed advantage had made them already the masters of the earth. Not yet. If we are now forced to take up arms with no option left us but subjection to them, we shall never yield. Here we make the stand. Here we vow and dedicate ourselves utterly, if it should be required, to bear out that stand to the last breath so that the security of freedom shall be redeemed and bounds set to open tyranny in such fashion as history shall forever record and generations to come remember with thankfulness for as long as the name of freedom lives."

Proceeding from day to day, our schedule became more and more uncertain, due to the pending crisis. We went into Holland, then through Belgium and into Luxemburg and then turned our footsteps toward Paris and the scheduled meeting

on October fourth. From the Holland borders, through Belgium as far as Luxemburg, and from Luxemburg to Paris the roads were filled with marching men, artillery carriages and ammunition trains, all headed for the German border. The night we arrived was October first and we came upon that never-to-be-forgotten sight of a glorious French flag so large that it seemed to reach the top of the Arc de Triomphé, drooping in graceful folds to the ground at the head of the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, where flames the eternal fire. Floodlights made that flag a celestial sight as in the hushed reverence of the passing throng we knew that peace still breathed upon the earth.

Mrs. Rowe had arranged a tea in my honor at the Prince of Wales Hotel with members of both the Benjamin Franklin and Rochambeau Chapters there; so it amounted to a State Meeting. Mrs. Hare and her young son had sailed for America upon the advice of the American Consul, for all Americans who could to leave Paris; and I am hoping for the pleasure of meeting her here in our own country.

Again I found that staunch American spirit in the interests and devotion of the Daughters in France. Some of the members do a marvelous service for the blind veterans, victims of the last war, making Braille available to them and teaching them useful vocational work.

Mrs. Charles C. Perrin, former Regent of the Benjamin Franklin Chapter of Paris, was present. She is a sister of my dear friend, Mrs. Carl Mapes of Grand Rapids, Michigan. Others present were the Comtesse dePange, Regent of the Rochambeau Chapter; Mrs. Bates-Batchelor, who was the Organizing Regent of that chapter; Mrs. Henry Hoover Hanger, who attended the Continental Congress in Washington last year; and many others whom it was a great pleasure to meet.

It was a beautiful and unforgettable experience to clasp hands with the Daughters in France and to receive the inspiration of their immediate presence. I noted their interest in genealogical research which is often extremely difficult to accomplish in a country whose avenues for such research are so many and often extremely obscure; but which hold for us the genealogical data of many a fine French woman whose ancestor's service in the cause of American freedom makes her truly a Daughter of the American Revolution. And the opportunity for historical research there holds opportunities which delight the imagination. I am certain that France will be deeply interested in the proposed rare document room.

The time was all too short, as hours well loved must always be. But I carried your message to them, Madam President General; I now bring the loyal and affectionate greetings of those so far away back to you and to the National Board.

Every hour I was near them breathed of friendships true and a oneness of purpose in the interest of our great society. Every hour I shall remember, from the first, when the largest and most beautiful bouquet of double English violets that I ever saw came to my room with a corsage of lilies from Daughters in the Benjamin Franklin Chapter, until the last bon voyage rose from a member of the Rochambeau Chapter faded in my stateroom.

The Organizing Secretary General now presents the following report for your approval.

Through their respective State Regents the following members-at-large are presented for confirmation as Organizing Regents:

Mrs. Ada Hitt Matthews, Wilshire La Brea, California.

Mrs. Nell Denton Mashburn, Rochelle, Georgia.

Mrs. Helen R. Baldwin Sangwin, Murphysboro, Illinois.

Mrs. Hazel Hatch Steele, Knox, Indiana.

Mrs. Viola I. Fox, Vinton, Iowa.

Mrs. Bertha S. Boiler, Iowa City, Iowa.

Miss Nellie A. Miles, Saratoga, Iowa.

Mrs. Blanche M. Hopkins, Bear Lake, Michigan.

Mrs. Grace Waldo Godwin, Hyannis, Nebraska.

Mrs. Ruby Malone Freeble, Leetsdale, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Florence Bellamy Young, Rapid City, South Dakota.

Mrs. Mary DeLoach Levy, Longview, Texas.

The following Chapters are requested authorized by State Regents:

Hot Springs, South Dakota.

Edenwold, Tennessee.

The following Organizing Regencies have expired by time limitation:

Mrs. Bessie Isard Forbes, Wynne, Arkansas.

Mrs. Claphyra Wilkerson Stafford, Springdale, Arkansas.

Mrs. Helen Almira Baker Currie, Salinas, California.

Mrs. Mary Rees Land, Lexington, Kentucky.

Mrs. Bernice N. Chase, Wellfleet, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Lela M. French Hilliard, Manahawkin, New Jersey.

Miss Miriam Ashley Anderson, Walterboro, South Carolina.

Mrs. Eloise Harris Wynne, Clinton, Tennessee.

Mrs. Ollie Burrus Myers, Livingston, Tennessee.

Mrs. Conger Neblett Hagar, Rockport, Texas.

Mrs. Esther Richardson, Quanah, Texas.

The authorization of Chapters at Lakeview and Newport, Oregon, have expired by time limitation and the State Regent of Oregon requests they be renewed.

The following re-appointments of Organizing Regents are requested by their respective State Regents:

Mrs. Bessie Isard Forbes, Wynne, Arkansas.

Mrs. Claphyra Wilkerson Stafford, Springdale, Arkansas.

Mrs. Helen Almira Baker Currie, Salinas, California.

Mrs. Mary Rees Land, Lexington, Kentucky.

Mrs. Bernice N. Chase, Wellfleet, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Lela M. French Hilliard, Manahawkin, New Jersey.

Miss Miriam Ashley Anderson, Walterboro, South Carolina.

Mrs. Eloise Harris Wynne, Clinton, Tennessee.

Mrs. Ollie Burrus Myers, Livingston, Tennessee.

Mrs. Conger Neblett Hagar, Rockport, Texas.

Mrs. Esther Richardson, Quanah, Texas.

The Gaston Chapter at Centralia, Illinois, and the Lucinda Cox Brown Chapter at Springfield, Oregon, have no members on the roll so are presented for official disbandment.

The following Chapters have met all requirements according to our National By-Laws and are now presented for confirmation:

Samuel Elder, Eldorado, Illinois.

General Josiah Harmar, Grosse Pointe Park, Michigan.

Short Hills, Short Hills, New Jersey.

HAZEL F. SCHERMERHORN,
Organizing Secretary General, N. S. D. A. R.

Mrs. Schermerhorn moved the confirmation of the twelve Organizing Regents as read; that the authorization of the two chapters at the places designated be granted; the reappointments of the eleven Organizing Regents be confirmed; the authorization of two chapters as read be renewed; the official disbandment of the two chapters as noted be granted; and the official confirmation of these chapters as read. Seconded by Mrs. Nason. Carried.

The Historian General, Mrs. Leland Stanford Duxbury, read her report.

Report of Historian General

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

Your Historian General has the honor to submit the following report:

Upon the day following the adjournment of the 47th Continental Congress with its attendant committee meetings, the Historian General was asked to participate in the dedication of the Texas Bell at Valley Forge. It was her supreme joy to have had the President General and seven of the newly elected National Officers make the journey thither. The State Regent from Texas and her Daughters showered every courtesy and hospitality possible upon them in true Texan spirit as we travelled by train and motor to the national shrine. Even the weather was propitious for a memorable day. The Historian General made a few remarks at the dedication ceremony and was truly inspired by that magnificent edifice so full of the history of the first American. The Washington Memorial Chapel is a noble shrine to a prayerful patriot, and she who gives to it of herself, her time or money, gains in patriotic inspiration and a keener desire for service to one's country.

The Texas Daughters are to be commended most heartily for their arduous endeavors during the last ten years to have raised \$6000.00 for the Texas Bell. The Historian General can think of no more auspicious manner in which to start her term of service to the National Society than to have been asked to participate in this glorious dedication.

Wishing to delve into the inner regions of the office of Historian General and to become acquainted with the splendid clerk in that office was her next aim. She secured from the records the names of all those who had served as Historian General since the very beginning of organization and carefully studied their splendid accomplishments.

Each of these fine women contributed in her special way some definite gain to our National Society, and your Historian General pays homage and respect to each and every one of them. It is her humble desire that she may strive to emulate them to the best of her ability. She will need their torches of service. She will need their friendship and wise counsel of members of long standing in the Organization. She will need the

vim and enthusiasm of the younger members and she craves and cherishes the cooperation of all.

Upon request of the President General, several letters were prepared since April to project the national work of this administration. The first letter was addressed to Chapter Historians and was incorporated in the brochure which was sent to every Chapter Regent. Within that letter the Historian General stated that she was most anxious that historical research be continued along established lines and that there be no disruption of work already begun. She outlined the paramount historical project of this administration, as stated by the President General in an editorial in the June issue of our Magazine.

The President General first asked each chapter to decide upon its own anniversary project according to its individual financial and local conditions. Secondly, she suggested that a Jubilee project of the National Society might well be the establishment of an Historical Library of the period of the American Revolution, and that a properly equipped library and document room be built in Memorial Continental Hall, in which to house rare documents and valuable Revolutionary records.

The Historian General outlined a fourteen-point program, only two of which were new projects; namely, No. 13 and No. 14. In No. 14 she suggested that chapters have printed for dissemination, cards, pictures, plates, etc., which should bear pictures of the historical spot in which each chapter and community is vitally interested. There may be various methods of distribution. Much literature can be given out in libraries, hotels, state fairs, etc., while other types of publicity can be sold for a profit by the chapters. The important thing is that historical spots shall be properly publicized so that local communities will be cognizant of the fine work which the local chapters are carrying on in their respective vicinities.

In No. 13 the Historian General asked that a story of the founding and a brief history of each chapter be written by each Chapter Historian, limited to 250 words, to be sent to the office of the Historian General. She further suggested that a duplicate copy be supplied to the State Historian.

The Historian General wishes to stress Item No. 3. Each Chapter Historian is earnestly urged to secure all the data on all D. A. R. markers which have ever been placed and to send the information at once to the office of the Historian General. There have been 683 cards added to the index of markers since last April, making a total at this time of 7,342 cards. Sincere gratitude is extended to those who have supplied this necessary information to the office recently. The Historian General appeals to every State Regent to determine if chapters in her state have sent in a complete list of markers placed by the D. A. R. The necessary information to be placed on the cards in the markers' file is as follows: Name of Chapter, Location of Marker, Description, Date Placed, By Whom, Commemorating.

The second letter which was prepared by the Historian General was sent to State Historians and supplied information concerning Valley Forge projects, which had been requested by many states. She wishes it plainly understood that while many contributions have been made to Valley Forge

Chapel in the past by Daughters of the American Revolution the information which was recently disseminated is purely optional and in no way whatsoever obligatory.

It has been particularly gratifying to note the keen interest aroused in states whose flag, bell or panel in the roof of the Republic is missing at the National Shrine.

The Historian General has requested the State Historians to acquire a copy of their State Guide when compiled by the Federal Writers' Project and published, and to present it to the Society. These State Guides are proving to be a valuable addition to any library. It is hoped that a full set may be viewed in the Historian General's office probably by 1939. The Historian General sincerely thanks each of the following states which have presented their copies to her: Connecticut, District of Columbia, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, and West Virginia.

The Historian General wishes to extend a cordial invitation to all members present to visit her office, where they may see their own State Histories beautifully encased among other books of historical nature. It is her desire to make this tiny nook (comparatively speaking) fairly alive with historical data and she invites your presents (presence) of both kinds.

The State Historians were also asked to bring their State Histories up to date and to begin the compilation of a State History if one had not so far been published. She is very grateful to California, Wisconsin, and Kansas for new Histories. The State of New York has sent in a 1938 supplement. There are thirty-seven State Histories at the present time in the office of the Historian General.

The third letter which was drafted was addressed to the Vice Chairmen of the Historical Research Committee. The President General appointed splendid women to serve in this capacity. It seemed wise to give one particular assignment to these seven Vice Chairmen. They were asked to make a personal survey of the several states within their districts to determine the type and scope of federal activity in the keeping of historical records. This work is progressing most satisfactorily and should in no way interfere with the activities of chapters or state.

During the summer months the Historian General has answered a tremendous amount of inquiries and she wishes to state that she is happy to serve all chapters to the best of her ability in this service.

A re-draft was made of the "Office of Historian General" for the revision of the blue Handbook, and a great deal of study was done along various lines of the history of our Organization.

One of the pleasant duties of this officer was to participate in the exercises at Marietta, Ohio, on July 8, 1938, when the Gutzon Borglum monument was dedicated in commemoration of the establishment of the Northwest Territory. The six former State Regents who served as Federal Commissioners were in attendance, and the pageant presented by the people of Marietta was outstanding in presenting the historical facts of that period in an impeccable manner. Later on the people of the six states of the Northwest Territory were privileged to see the pioneer history reenacted by

the members of the ox-team caravan which has travelled some 18,000 miles during the last ten months to take to the people of the Northwest Territory this remarkable presentation. It has indeed been a privilege to have served on a Federal Commission which has accomplished so much in recalling the history of the middle west to the people of America. You will recall that the National Society passed a resolution endorsing this sesquicentennial. A most remarkable feat was achieved in the fact that there was a balance of several thousand dollars left in the Federal appropriation, and it is quite probable that one or two permanent markers will be placed in each of the five states in commemoration of the passage of this important civil document, the Ordinance of 1787.

Four glorious reports have come to the Historian General within this short period. Nebraska states that they have recently received a W. P. A. appropriation of \$10,000.00 to finish the record keeping project of one chapter. The State Regent, Mrs. Reuben E. Knight, says further, "We actually got the bell project well started. The State Board agreed to start a fund to be held by the State Treasurer, with names of donors listed—a personal project really. During our district meeting about \$150 was pledged, of which nearly \$50 was paid—all this within nine days. The pledges were personal ones." All honor to the western state of Nebraska for its pride in wishing to have its bell placed in the National Peace Chime at Valley Forge. Montana will place its State Flag of heavy silk in the Chapel at Valley Forge on October 30, 1938, which is Montana Sunday. The Historian General earnestly commends the state of Montana for this worthwhile work and sincerely hopes that there will be some of the National Board who will attend the service at Valley Forge next Sunday in deference and honor to the State of Montana Daughters of the American Revolution.

On October 24, 1938, the Historical Research Committee of the District of Columbia D. A. R. replaced the American Flag at the Washington Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge, the first United States Flag having been presented by the District on July 4, 1924. Thirty-three devoted Daughters made the pilgrimage to Valley Forge to dedicate the new flag. Miss Lillian Chenoweth, State Regent, made the presentation address. The Historian General heartily thanks the State Historian of the District of Columbia and each member of the Historical Research Committee for their timely interest in and contribution to the Valley Forge Chapel.

South Carolina sends the lovely message that they will dedicate their bell at Valley Forge in April 1939. Mrs. John Logan Marshall, State Regent of South Carolina, says, "You may count on South Carolina doing everything in her power to have their bell at Valley Forge paid for and dedicated the week preceding Continental Congress in 1939."

It was a privilege for your Historian General to have been at the North Dakota State Conference with the President General, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., on October 13, 1938. The next day the Minnesota Daughters enjoyed having Mrs. Robert with them in St. Paul, at which time her inspiring address was broadcast.

Your Historian General thanks you deeply for the honor of serving the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution. She can project the work, but you, your Chapter Regents and individual members are alone responsible for results. She knows that you will not fail to further historical research in your states as you have always done, and she anticipates that Daughters everywhere will cooperate as never before for the celebration of our Golden Jubilee in 1940.

LUCILLE BROWN DUXBURY,
Historian General N. S. D. A. R.

Mrs. Duxbury spoke of having received a telegram of greeting and good will from Mrs. Julian G. Goodhue, her predecessor, and expressed appreciation therefor; and exhibited three books presented to the National Society, "Washington City and Capitol"; "State History of the Daughters of the American Revolution of Wisconsin, 1892-1937"; and "History of the Kansas Daughters of the Daughters of the American Revolution, 1894-1938."

The President General exhibited pictures of the D. A. R. room at Yorktown and of the dedication exercises; also a report thereon by the Chairman, Mrs. Goodhue.

The Librarian General, Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson, read her report.

Report of Librarian General

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

Since the April report of your Librarian General 281 books, 100 pamphlets and 35 manuscripts have been placed in our library. These include, in addition to those purchased through the current book fund, or secured by exchange, gifts from Chapters in twenty-seven states.

A collection of 911 American and foreign bookplates was bequeathed to the Library by the late Mrs. Winthrop Girling, organizing regent of Glenco Chapter, Glencoe, Illinois.

Although our Library's collection is steadily increasing there are still many valuable publications which are not on our Library shelves. Old books containing valuable historic and genealogical records are constantly coming to our attention. Hundreds of histories have been published which cover the historical development of the towns about which they are written, and contain sections devoted to the genealogy of the families who entered into the life of the town. The Library needs these valuable publications, and state committees are urged to gather in this material before it is too late to either beg or buy these volumes.

The Genealogical Records Committee continues to make welcome contributions to the Library in the form of bound volumes of vital records painstakingly copied by the Chapter groups under that Committee. Nineteen books, 14 pamphlets, and 13 manuscripts have been presented by the committee since April.

Your Librarian General had hoped to have printed during the coming year a catalogue of the books, pamphlets and manuscripts now in the Library, but unless a Fairy Godmother can be found who will undertake the financing of this expensive project it must be abandoned. How-

ever, we do expect to prepare complete lists of books that are now in the Library so that State Librarians and others may have a ready reference index of what we have as they search for needed volumes for our shelves.

The inventory of books and manuscripts in the Library is proceeding and when this is completed the preparation of these lists will be undertaken. It can readily be understood that extra work of this type must of necessity proceed slowly, for each of the four attendants in the Library has a full day's schedule with routine duties and attendance upon the increasing number of patrons.

BOOKS

ALABAMA

Philadelphia Branch of the Clarkson Family. F. W. Leach. From Mrs. Elizabeth Swords Grant, through John Park Custis Chapter.

CALIFORNIA

Following 2 books from California "Daughters":

Records of Families of California Pioneers. Vol. VI. *D. A. R. of California Year Book 1938-1939*.

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NEW YORK

Following 3 manuscripts from General Asa Danforth Chapter:
Admissions by Letter First Baptist Society, Syracuse, N. Y.
Marriages by the Rev. Nathaniel J. Gilbert, Syracuse, N. Y., 1814-1819, 1825-1832.
Index to Wills, Books J, K, L, M, and N, Surrogate's Office of Onondaga County, New York, February 13, 1852-June 6, 1867.

OHIO

Index to "Blockhouses and Military Posts of the Firelands, Cherry, 1934." 1938. Compiled and presented by Mrs. Marjorie L. Cherry, through Martha Pitkin Chapter.

PENNSYLVANIA

Fruit Family Data. From Mrs. Helen P. Bray.

OTHER SOURCES

The Parents of Colonel Greenberry Lee. M. W. Lee. From Minna W. Lee.
Descendants of Darius Sweet. E. A. Moore. 1938. From Mrs. Wesley H. Moore.
Signatures of Men in 12th Virginia Regiment, 1777-1778, Who Received Rations from Captain Michael Bowyer. From Mrs. Albert Cleaves.

Index to "The Lake Family." From Devereaux Lake.
Record of the Riggs, Baldridge, and Agnew Families with Fragmentary Data of Cognate Families. 1915. Compiled and presented by Mr. Henry Earl Riggs.

Farnsley Family Bible Records, Virginia and Kentucky. From Mr. Ambrose W. Deatrick.

Interesting Items Taken from Jefferson County Journals. Le Ray De Chaumont Chapter, Watertown, N. Y. 1937.

Pension Records of Revolutionary Soldiers of Seneca County, New York, with Genealogical Notes. 1936.

Summary of the Genealogy of the Nicholson and Stowers Families of the South, with Their Principal Branches. J. B. Nicholson.

Following manuscript purchased from Hugh Vernon Washington Fund:

Columbia County, New York, Cemetery Inscriptions. Vol. 7. M. Cowen. 1938.

LEAFLETS

OHIO

Historical Background of Van Wert County. From Isaac Van Wert Chapter.

OTHER SOURCES

The Harris Prairie, Indiana, McMichaels. From Miss Mae McMichael.

CHARTS

ALABAMA

O'Bannon Family Chart. From Mrs. Kate Pierce.

GEORGIA

Head-Cox and Allied Families, 1657-1937. M. B. H. Burton. From Mrs. B. S. Burton, through General James Jackson Chapter.

OHIO

Paternal-Maternal Ancestry of (Mrs. Edward Lee McClain)—Lulu Theodosia Johnson. From Mrs. E. L. McClain.

OTHER SOURCES

Incomplete Chart of the Ketel Family in America. From Sumner E. W. Kittelle, Rear Admiral, U. S. N.
Ancestry of Col. Charles A. Hunt. From Col. Charles A. Hunt.

PHOTOSTATS

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Muster Roll of Captain Jacob Holman's Regiment, Dunmore County Virginia Militia. From Mrs. Royal E. Burnham, through Victory Chapter.

OTHER SOURCES

Public Claim Papers of James and David Miller, Berkley County, Virginia. From Lieut.-Col. Ralph W. Wilson, C. A. C.

MAPS

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Historical Map of Elbert County (Georgia). W. E. Snowden. From Miss Carolyn Rogers, through Fort McHenry Chapter.

BOOKPLATES

ILLINOIS

Collection of 911 American and Foreign Bookplates. Bequeathed by the late Mrs. Winthrop Girling, Organizer of Glencoe Chapter.

MARYLAND

Bookplate of A. Ruperti of Baltimore. From Misses Adeline Marie and Elizabeth Ann Hall of General Smallwood Chapter.

NEW JERSEY

Following 9 bookplates from New Jersey "Daughters":

General Mercer Chapter, D. A. R.

Adelaide Newell Meek.

Anna W. H. Lippincott.

Fannie Laurence Steelman.

Julia Silvers Dunham.

General Lafayette Chapter, D. A. R.

Mrs. E. M. S. Chandler.

New Jersey State Society, D. A. C.

Catherine Lindsay Greer.

VERMONT

Bookplate of the Norman Williams Public Library—Edward H. Williams, Jr., Fund. From Mrs. Horace M. Abrams.

GENEALOGICAL RECORDS COMMITTEE

BOOKS

COLORADO

Descendants of Peter Ginther, Revolutionary Soldier. J. E. Stewart.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Report of the Genealogical Records Committee of the District of Columbia Daughters of the American Revolution, 1934-35. Vols. 29, 3 parts, 39, 45, part 1.

IOWA

Marriage Records of Floyd, Humboldt, Wayne Counties, Iowa. 1938.

NEW JERSEY

Historical Sketches of Belleville and Nutley, Essex County. Mrs. Wm. A. Sayre. (Nova Caesarea Chapter.) 1938.

History of Deckertown, Sussex County. (Chinkchewunaka Chapter.) 1938.

Historical Articles, Sussex County, Old Editions. (Chinkchewunaka Chapter.) 1938.

Historical Articles, Sussex County, Old Issues. (Chinkchewunaka Chapter.) 1938.

Bible and Cemetery Records of Morris County (Parsippanon Chapter.) 1938.

Historical Papers, Sussex County. (Chinkchewunaka Chapter.) 1938.

Genealogical Miscellany. Mrs. E. F. Randolph. 1937.

Articles on Historic Subjects Relating to Sussex County 3 vols. (Chinkchewunaka Chapter.) 1936.

A Copy of An Early Minute Book 1811-1851, Wantage Township, Sussex County. (Chinkchewunaka Chapter.) 1938.

History of the Crowell and Allied Families. K. W. Buchanan. 1938.

Historical Records, General William Maxwell Chapter, Belvidere, N. J. 1937.

Some Old Mills of New Jersey. Mrs. Samuel Johnson. 1938.

PAMPHLETS

COLORADO

Six Early German Families of Northampton County, Pennsylvania: Haas, Romig, Knaus, Keller, Gramlich, Spangler. J. E. Stewart.

Tombstone Inscriptions and Cemetery Records from Boulder, Colorado, Carabou, South Boulder and Valmont. J. E. Stewart. 1938.

NEW JERSEY

An Eighteenth Century Journey Through Orange County. H. St. John de Crevecoeur.

Shippen Manor. G. E. Force. Peggy Warne Chapter.

The Skirmish at Ringoes. M. L. Wilson.

Early History of Iowa and Its First School House. Nova Caesar Chapter.

Clippings from Beverly News. Annie Stockton Chapter.

History of Old Hope: Oxford Furnace. Peggy Warne Chapter.

Every Day Life in the Early Colonies. Hannah Arnett Chapter.

Old Trails. Ompoge Chapter.

Joseph Bonaparte, the King Who Lived in New Jersey. M. M. Gates. Elizabeth Snyder Chapter.

Interview with Lydia Perry, a Descendant of Betsy Ross.

Deed of Henry M. Winter, Esq., Sheriff of Warren County, to Isaac Shipman, Esq.

NORTH CAROLINA

Pender County, North Carolina, Tombstone Records. Historical Records Survey, W. P. A. 1937.

MANUSCRIPTS

COLORADO

Herman Wayman, Revolutionary Soldier, Virginia, Showing Four Generations. J. E. Stewart.

Michael and Anna Margaret Stocker and Their Descendants of Berks and Northampton Counties, Pennsylvania.

Boulder and Longmont, Colorado.

Names of Revolutionary Soldiers, Their Wives and Daughters Buried in Tuscarawas County, Ohio.

Klauser Family of Pennsylvania, Census Record.

MANUSCRIPTS

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Bertie County, North Carolina, Marriages.

Alamance County, North Carolina, Marriages.

Bute County, North Carolina, Marriages.

Guilford County, North Carolina, Marriages.

IDAHO

Miscellaneous Records 1938.

ILLINOIS

Freeman Genealogy. L. F. Larry.

Cook County, Illinois, Marriage Records, 1870-1880. L. H. Newbill. 1938.

Genealogical Records. Vol. 2. L. H. Newbill. 1938.

*ADELAIDE H. SISSON,
Librarian General, N. S. D. A. R.*

The Curator General, Mrs. Willard Steele, read her report.

Report of Curator General

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

It is with genuine pleasure that your Curator General, and Chairman of the Museum Committee, presents this, her first report, to the National Board of Management.

During the summer months a survey of the State Rooms was made by her office and the inventory of the building rechecked with the Buildings and Grounds Committee. Additions to the furnishings have been made in the State Rooms of Ohio, Kentucky, North Carolina, New York and New Hampshire. Also the Michigan room has been completed, and is most attractive.

All of the old manuscripts, books and newspapers have been listed. And when this list was

submitted to the Congressional Library Division of Newspapers, it was pronounced a valuable collection.

Since the April report, Mrs. William H. Rexer of Ohio, National Vice Chairman of Museum Committee, has added a complete file of Fayetteville, Ohio, papers for the years 1789-1800. A gift to us from Mr. Abraham Huber Moore.

From April 18, 1938 to October 26, 1938, thirty gifts have been accepted by the Museum, contributed by fifteen states, as follows:

Arizona: State Chairman, Mrs. Charles M. Smith. A rare very early glass paper weight. Gift of Mrs. Albert J. Gore, in memory of her aunt, Maria Spalding Lyman, Charter member of the D. A. R., National number 183 and member of the Dolly Madison Chapter, D. C., through "Charles D. Poston Chapter", Chloride, Arizona.

Arkansas: State Chairman, Mrs. Hunter L. Girault. An Apostle spoon, made in England before 1635, used as a christening gift in an old Virginia family for many years. Given in honor of Mrs. Robert J. Reed, Curator General, N. S. D. A. R. 1935-1938, by Mrs. John Francis Weinmann, former Vice Chairman of Museum.

California: State Chairman, Mrs. F. C. Pew. Red army coat of the New Hampshire Home Guard before the American Revolution. Fabric and buttons made on the farm. Gift of Mrs. Ida Eldredge Althen, through the State Chairman, Mrs. Pew.

Connecticut: State Chairman, Miss Emeline A. Street. Two beautiful Waterford glass dishes. Given through the Mary Clapp Wooster Chapter, in memory of Mrs. Richard T. Lyon, and honoring Mrs. Robert J. Reed and Miss Emeline A. Street, Vice President General from Connecticut.

A silver calling card case with stag and done in raised decoration. Gift of Miss Frances G. Smith through Stamford Chapter.

District of Columbia: State Chairman, Mrs. John A. Massey. Coin silver beaker of before 1800. Given in memory of Alden Wall of Alexandria, Virginia, by his wife, Mrs. W. Alden Wall (Rena Sizer), through Major L'Enfant Chapter.

Colonial fork and silver ladle with bone and ebony handles. This fork and ladle belonged to Major Joseph Neely, Sharpshooter to Gen. Washington. Gift of descendant, Mrs. Samuel Kimberley, through Mary Washington Chapter.

Insignia, officer's pin, and ancestral bar of Miss Catherine Barlow, first Curator General. Gift of her nephew, J. F. Barlow of Nutley, N. J.

Teaspoon made by C. A. Burnett who worked in Alexandria in 1793 (then part of the D. C.). Gift of the State Museum Committee.

Idaho: State Chairman, Mrs. Charles W. Spalding. A bowl and Indian pipe. Gift of Mrs. W. W. Brothers, State Regent of Idaho.

Illinois: State Chairman, Mrs. Chalon D. Land. Bow china sugar bowl. Gift of Marie Millage Abbott, descendant of the original owner, John Stone, and his wife, who came in Rev. Whitefield's fleet. Framed pension paper, tintype, and Real Daughter's Spoon. Belonged to Clarissa Manners, grandmother of donor, Mrs. Calvin G. Starlipen (Beulah, Y.).

Kansas: Mrs. Garland P. Ferrell, State Chairman. Large sewing box, early 19th century, interesting contents of sewing utensils and "wool

patterns." Gift of Margaret Weiss Barnett (Mrs. Robert), descendant of Thomas Brown and his son, Thomas, who were patriots of Pennsylvania and Maryland. Given through Topeka Chapter.

Maryland: State Chairman, Mrs. Joseph W. Holland. Carved tape measure, belonged to Sarah Scott Brown, wife of Dr. William Brown, Assistant Surgeon General in the Revolutionary army. Gift of Mrs. Frank Edmondson, Carter Braxton Chapter, and Mrs. Laurence M. Riddle of Eschschaltzia Chapter, California.

Handsome pair of bellows, red and gold lacquer, 1740, belonged to the Rev. G. W. Forrester of Shrewsbury Parish. Gift of Mrs. A. de Sappington through Maryland Line Chapter.

Minnesota: State Chairman, Mrs. W. S. Mason. Two pieces linen bearing date 1770. Woven by Olive Ann Sanford, age 8. Her initials cross stitched in blue. Silver teaspoon, initial "S. P.," also bone handled knife and fork. Gift of descendants of original owners, Mr. and Mrs. Leland Scott, through Mrs. Leland S. Duxbury (1936-1938) State Regent.

Iron colonial candlestick for reading; attaches to chair back. Gift of Mrs. C. J. Rockwood, Monument Chapter, Minneapolis.

Beaded ceremonial bag, Chippewa Indians, gift of Mrs. George R. Jones.

New York: State Chairman, Miss Edla S. Gibson. Bound volume, "Weekly Register," published Baltimore 1811. Gift of Mrs. Harry D. McKeige, given through the Nathaniel Woodhull Chapter, N. Y. C. A rare blue Staffordshire tea pot, with a picture of Mount Vernon. Given by Mr. Charles Cook, in memory of his wife, former regent, and youngest member of Onwentsia Chapter.

Wedding stockings and a slipper; belonged to Elizabeth Phelan Spinola, born 1790. Wedding dress, fan, and glasses, belonged to Nancy Barr Taylor. Gifts of Mrs. Harry D. McKeige through Gen. Nathaniel Woodhull Chapter, N. Y. C.

Ohio: State Chairman, Mrs. Allen Collier. File of Fayetteville, Ohio, newspapers from 1789-1800. Gift of Mr. Abraham Huber Moore, through Mrs. William H. Rexer, Vice Chairman of National Museum Committee. A shawl, India cotton print, 1760. Belonged to Mrs. Seymour, ancestor of donor, Mrs. A. H. Dunham.

Pennsylvania: State Chairman, Mrs. J. Frank Horthy. Hand loom. Gift of Miss Ada Torrey to Donegal Chapter. Given to Museum by Emma H. Gardiner, chairman of Museum for chapter.

Silver teaspoon, 1804. Maker C. L. Boehme, Baltimore. Belonged to Richard Bassett, signer of the Constitution, gift of descendant, Mrs. Joseph Baldridge, in honor of Mrs. Robert J. Reed. Spectacles, thimble, belonged to Elizabeth Kraft Moxley, daughter of Wilhelm Draft during the Rev. War. Gift of descendant, Mrs. Francis E. Sowers through Lawrence Chapter.

A Lowestoff tea caddy and a small tan china pitcher, raised flowers in colors. Purchased by Mrs. Baldridge with money given by these Chapters in Pennsylvania: Col. Wm. Wallace, George Clymer, Lawrence, John Corbly, Sally Wister, Liberty Bell, Perry Co., Clarion, Venango, Putnam King, Gen. Richard Butler, Hazel Glessner, Pymatuning, George Taylor, Independence Hall, Chester Co., Donegal, Fort Le Boeuf.

Tennessee: Mrs. Virginia Nelson, State Chairman. Tobacco pouch, Old Indian bead work. Given by a squaw to Tom Allen, private in the War between the States. Gift of a descendant of Tom Allen through Mrs. Walter M. Berry, State Regent.

A ceremonial pipe, Cherokee, from Jollys Island where Sam Houston "The Raven" was adopted by the Cherokees. The stone the pipe is made of was from Pipestone, Minn. Dated pre Columbian, signature of John Rose. Also a \$20 bill signed by Sam Houston, President of Texas, 1838. Gifts of Mrs. Willard Steele, given her by Mr. George Barnes of Tennessee.

Texas: State Chairman, Mrs. George S. Frapps. Double miniature, beautifully painted on ivory. A lady of the 1830's and a gentleman of an earlier period. Cherished possession of Miss Brewyn Bunton of Kyle, Texas. Given to her brother, Wilmot Bunton when he died 1838. Miss Bunton, a cousin of Miss Mary Desha, one of the founders of the D. A. R. was the first D. A. R. in Texas. Miniature thought to be that of an ancestor of Miss Desha. Given the D. A. R. Museum by Miss Bunton's aunt, Mrs. Howell Bunton of Austin, Texas.

Washington State: State Chairman, Mrs. H. W. Patton. Wine glass, belonged to Deborah Harrington Fuller, relative of Gov. Bradford, Colony, Mass. Gift of a descendant, Mrs. Edith C. Gannon.

West Virginia: State Chairman, Mrs. A. Bruce Eagle. "Lacey" sandwich glass dish and a luster pitcher, white with colored flowered band, and gold trim. Gift of Mrs. L. M. Cox (Rachel W.), Morgantown.

One of the first gifts to the case in honor of Mrs. Robert J. Reed is a rare Apostle spoon, now properly listed from Arkansas as it was left off by mistake when the rest of the case was listed in April.

Besides the form letters sent to State Chairmen and Chapter Regents, your Curator General has written 204 letters and has been gratified by the cooperation and interest evidenced by so many.

The response to the request that each state have at least one case in the Museum by time of our Golden Jubilee has been favorable. So far twenty states have thirty-nine cases in the Museum and several new cases have been definitely promised. One of these will be the gift of Miss Katherine Batcheller of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., whose National Number is 891, in memory of her mother, Catherine Phillips Cook Batcheller. She will also fill this case from her collection of silver, china, and glass of the Colonial period.

Another case will be the gift of Miss Edith Callaghan of Bethesda, Md., Member of Our Flag Chapter, D. C., in memory of her mother, Sabine Drury Callaghan of Thirteen Colonies Chapter, D. C. This case to be used by the D. A. R. of the D. C. for the collection which they are accumulating of silver, clocks and craft work. Made in the District before 1830.

It is interesting to note that Adam Lynn, a silversmith of the District, made the last teaspoons ordered by George Washington in 1796.

Miss Edla S. Gibson of Buffalo, New York, Museum Chairman of New York, will give \$300 for either a case or a particular object for Museum.

The State of New York promises a very beautiful old piano. Many other states have expressed their wishes and intentions to have a part in adding to and increasing the historical and educational value of our Museum, and your Curator General wishes to express her sincere appreciation to the President General, National Officers, Committee members, Mrs. Katherine Allen and to all those who are making the work of the Museum so constructive and successful.

KATE HINDS STEELE,
Curator General, N. S. D. A. R.

The Reporter General to Smithsonian Institution, Mrs. Joseph Taylor Young, read her report.

Report of Reporter General to Smithsonian Institution

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

My report is necessarily an incomplete one since my Smithsonian Report is nearing completion and will soon be in the hands of the printer.

I should like to say that compiling such a report as this provides one with a very liberal education concerning the work of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution.

Comprised in this book are the names of all National Officers, State Regents and National Chairmen.

Part I consists of the general Proceedings of Continental Congress which includes the President General's address, annual reports of National Officers and National Chairmen, together with the report of the Children of the American Revolution.

Part II consists of the State Regents Reports, while in Part III are listed the graves of soldiers of the American Revolution, with name, birth, death, cemetery and record of service given.

I should like to submit a few suggestions to State Regents so that a concerted effort may be made to correct some of the confusing items which exist in both State Regents and State Chairmen reports; which never seem to agree, therefore making accurate compilation practically impossible.

May I give a few examples by way of explanation? Americanization and Human Conservation seem very difficult to separate and consequently much duplication of figures results.

Under the Indian Committee one figure of 45,000 Indians in a certain State was given while in another report the figure was given as 35,000—a difference of 10,000.

Under Historical Research, vague statements were made of new historical research and unlisted work which I must confess was difficult to interpret. Facts should be more definite and specific.

In one state the State Regent reported a gain in the Student Loan Fund of \$202.19 and her State Chairman reported a gain of \$1,203.61. Another State Chairman reported 148 volumes sent to the D. A. R. Library, while the State Regent reported 300 as having been sent.

These are merely a few examples of the wide variances I have found in the statement of facts and I should like to urge State Regents to con-

fer more closely when report time comes, so that we may have a more accurate compilation of work actually accomplished.

State Regents, *please* see that your State Historian sends the blanks containing the lists of graves of Revolutionary soldiers directly to me rather than to Washington. Early in the summer I sent blanks and a complete letter of instructions. On the blank is placed the Reporter General's address with definite instructions to return the blanks by a certain date to her, but many have been sent to Washington instead and this may result in those names having to lie over until next year for publication in the Smithsonian Report.

The President General conferred a great honor upon me when she invited me to represent her and the National Society on Constitution Day in presenting trophies in antiaircraft gunnery to the U. S. *San Francisco* at Long Beach San Pedro anchorage, and to the aircraft carrier *Ranger* at San Diego. S. S. *San Francisco*, Captain Ralph Parker; S. S. *Ranger*, Captain Robert McCain.

Captain McCain presented me with a plaque upon which was placed at the top a piece of shrapnel and a bronze plate below which was inscribed: "This shrapnel was exploded from the gun used in winning the trophy of the N. S. D. A. R. and is presented to Mrs. Joseph T. Young with the compliments of the gunnery crew."

Captain McCain asked me if they could win the trophy for 14 more years, making a total of 17, if I would intercede with the President General to give it to them permanently.

LOU MITCHELL YOUNG,
*Reporter General to Smithsonian Institution,
N. S. D. A. R.*

The report of the committee appointed by authority of resolution adopted by the National Board of Management at the meeting of April 16, 1938, to find the date of organization of the Society was read by the Chairman, Mrs. G. W. S. Musgrave, and Mrs. Haig of the District of Columbia moved that the findings of the committee be accepted and the date October 11, 1890, be recognized as the correct date of organization of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution. Seconded by Mrs. Heaume. Carried.

Mrs. Haig moved that the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, cooperate with the District Society in replacing the tablet at the corner of Fourteenth and H Streets, Washington, D. C., with one bearing the following inscription:

"In a building on this site, known as The Langham, on August 9, 1890, Miss Mary Deha, Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, Miss Eugenia Washington made preliminary plans for the formation of a patriotic society which was organized at The Strathmore Arms on October 11, 1890, as the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution."

The entire cost of same to be borne by the National Society; and further move that a committee of five be appointed by the President General as a committee to plan for the replacement of this tablet. Seconded by Miss Chenoweth. Carried.

A rising vote of appreciative thanks was given the committee.

Mrs. Sinclair of Virginia read a letter received from Mrs. W. F. Fleming, President, Kenmore Association, extending an invitation to go to Kenmore for luncheon at the time of the February Board meeting. Mrs. Binford of Maine moved that the National Board accept the invitation of the Kenmore Association for luncheon at the time of the Board meeting in February 1939. Seconded by Mrs. Geagley. Carried.

Recess was taken at 12:50 P. M.

The afternoon meeting convened at 2:15, the President General presiding.

The Chairman, Approved Schools Committee, Mrs. Samuel James Campbell, read the report of that committee.

Report on Kate Duncan Smith and Tamassee D. A. R. Schools

As National Chairman of Approved Schools it is a pleasure to submit the following report concerning the condition of our two D. A. R. Schools.

Contributions for Kate Duncan Smith from March 1st to October 1st have amounted to \$3,976.15. Only \$35.65 was received during August, and only \$10.00 was contributed during September. It is hoped that contributions will show a decided increase now that Chapter activities have been resumed.

The new Minette G. Mills Dick Health House has been completed and will be dedicated, as you know, on October 30th. This will be a great boon not only to the school but to the whole community.

Another teachers' cottage, a sewage disposal system, a heating plant, and added classroom facilities are badly needed. Two new teachers have been added to the elementary grades. The problem of adequate living quarters for the teaching staff has been acute. It has been temporarily solved by changing the living room of Heaume Cottage into a bedroom, by placing two teachers in the Dick Health House, and three with Mr. and Mrs. Evans.

In order to relieve the crowded condition of the classrooms, Mr. Evans reports that it has been necessary to convert the small school auditorium into additional classroom space.

The high school opened with an enrollment of 150. The elementary school had not opened at the time of Mr. Evans' last report, but it was estimated that the enrollment would be higher than last year with a total of over 500 for the whole school.

The Children of the American Revolution will furnish money for the much needed hot soup and chocolate. At the Indiana State Conference last month it was voted to raise \$5,000 for the building of a model farm home and barn. This will be located on about 30 acres of school land, which will be used for the model farming. A Connecticut friend has generously contributed the amount necessary to provide the Anne Rogers Minor Cottage with plumbing and heating.

At Tamassee the school year opened with an enrollment of 100 girls and 26 boys, but this number will probably reach 200 soon as many children come in after the field work is over.

The Michigan laundry and the Georgia Room were dedicated with appropriate exercises on Founders Day, October 22. It was my privilege to be present at the exercises on that beautiful sunshiny day, and I am sure that had you all been there your hearts would have been touched and your purse strings opened. Over 250 enthusiastic guests visited the buildings, enjoyed the luncheon prepared by the girls, and attended the various exercises.

The Mabel Clay Memorial Cottage has been presented to the school as the Superintendent's home. New Jersey has assumed payment of the debt on the Cottage.

Illinois and Pennsylvania are both busily at work raising their \$10,000 funds for the Boys Dormitory and Health House respectively.

Texas has increased its scholarship fund from \$1,000 to \$2,000, assuring the care of one student each year.

New York has increased its endowment for New York Cottage from \$5,000 to \$10,000, and plans some much needed repairs.

The next need at Tamassee seems to be additional dormitory space for a few more girls; and about four more classrooms. The National Chairman has been asked by the School Board to stress the \$1.00 membership in the Tamassee Club. Such membership funds to be accumulated over a period of years and used to add additional classrooms to the present administration building. A station wagon is also greatly needed.

Tamassee has not as yet sent in a monthly report of contributions received so I am unable to give you a statement of the total amount received since April 1st. I am happy to report, however, that a \$29,000 debt has been reduced to less than \$1,000 which has been borrowed from school funds.

I would like to call your attention to the fact that contributions to both schools for general upkeep are greatly needed. The running expenses must be met, and Tamassee and Kate Duncan Smith depend almost wholly upon our contributions. Please try to impress it upon the Chapters that it is essential to send some contributions for this purpose. So many gifts are designated as scholarships, or to apply on some building fund, etc., that it leaves little for general expenses.

ILEEN B. CAMPBELL,
Chairman.

The Secretary of the Executive Committee, Mrs. John S. Heaume, read the following recommendation of that committee:

1. *Resolved*, That in commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the organization of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, there be established an historical library of the period of the American Revolution, and that the Society provide a properly equipped library and document room in the basement of Memorial Continental Hall, in which to house valuable Revolutionary documents and records.

Moved by Mrs. Heaume, seconded by Mrs. Hightower. Adopted.

2. That the National Society suspend the publication of the Lineage Books for the present and proceed with the printing of indices of Lineage

Books now on hand, and all regular subscribers be notified of this action.

Moved by Mrs. Haig, seconded by Miss Cheno-weth. Adopted.

3. That no additional bars be attached to the National Chairman's pin.

Moved by Miss Schwarzwaelder, seconded by Mrs. Latimer. Adopted.

4. That the reports of National Officers and National Committee Chairmen for printing in the Proceedings of Congress be limited to fifteen pages, and those of State Regents to ten pages, 8½ x 11 inches, these to be double spaced, and with 1½ inch margin at left side of page.

Moved by Mrs. Heaume, seconded by Mrs. Schermerhorn. Adopted.

5. *Whereas*, Recent correspondence with overseas chapters indicates a desire for direct contact with the National Society rather than through a liaison officer or committee as previously suggested by their representatives.

Resolved, That the contacts of these chapters with the National Society, except those which pertain to individual officers, shall be made through the President General.

Moved by Mrs. Latimer, seconded by Mrs. Donahue. Adopted.

6. *Whereas*, The Genealogical Extension Service, which was authorized by the National Board of February 1937, has functioned for nineteen months at a considerable financial loss to the Society; therefore be it

Resolved, That the Genealogical Extension Service be discontinued as of November 1, 1938; that all inquiries received prior to November first be completed, if possible, by January 1, 1939, at which time any uncompleted inquiries be returned with fees to the client. That such genealogist or genealogists as the committee may decide necessary be retained until January first to complete this work; that all other employees of this department be given the usual two weeks' notice; and that all reference material, files and correspondence be turned over to the office of the Registrar General.

Moved by Miss Hersey, seconded by Mrs. Blakeslee. Adopted.

7. *Whereas*, For many years the eligibility clause for membership in our Society has been left to the interpretation of the Registrar General; and

Whereas, It has always been the desire to keep high the standard of eligibility to this organization; be it

Resolved, That this National Board record itself in accord with the ruling of the present Registrar General: that Civil and Community service cover offices held which by necessity prevented the said officer from taking a military or naval part in the Revolutionary War. And that the giving and not selling of supplies be considered patriotic service.

Moved by Mrs. Chiles, seconded by Mrs. Latimer. Adopted.

8. That if a supplemental paper be received which is unacceptable because of the resolution just adopted containing the following: "that Civil and Community service cover offices held which by necessity prevented the said officer from taking a military or naval part in the Revolutionary War.

And that the giving and not selling of supplies be considered patriotic service," that the fees be returned to the member with explanation.

Moved by Mrs. Donahue, seconded by Mrs. Geagley. Adopted.

9. *Whereas*, The request has come from the National Society, Children of the American Revolution, that the lease of the South Carolina and their regular room be renewed by them; and

Whereas, It has been found impossible to carry on the work of the National Committees of the Daughters of the American Revolution properly because of lack of rooms in which to work; therefore be it

Resolved, That the South Carolina room be again used for the Credentials Committee, Filing and Lending Committee and such other committees as the Society finds necessary and that the room on the first floor next to the offices of the Treasurer General be placed at the disposal of the National President of the Children of the American Revolution whenever she is in Washington and needs such a room for the business of her organization in addition to the regular room at the annual rental of \$100.

Moved by Miss Street, seconded by Mrs. Marshall. Adopted.

10. *Resolved*, That the markers promised by the Society to designate the doors and pillars of Constitution Hall be supplied and that the cost be taken from the Constitution Hall Fund.

Moved by Mrs. Dixon, seconded by Mrs. Schlosser. Adopted.

11. (For presentation to Continental Congress):

That the balance of \$653.50 remaining in the Magna Tablet Fund be used for the establishment of the Edith Scott Magna Student Loan Fund for use of students of American International College; and that this fund be transferred to the State of Massachusetts for administration with its other student loan funds.

Moved by Miss Street, seconded by Mrs. Latimer. Adopted.

12. That the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, participate in the New York World's Fair on Flag Day, June 14, 1939, and present an American Flag if suitable arrangements can be made.

Moved by Mrs. Chiles, seconded by Mrs. Geagley. Adopted.

13. That the Board accept the estimate of the George A. Fuller Company on the basis of cost, plus 10% commission, to install a new lintel at the south side of the 17th Street portico of Memorial Continental Hall, and that the estimate of approximately \$4,400 be approved.

Moved by Mrs. Haig, seconded by Mrs. Marshall. Adopted.

14. That the following resolution adopted February 3, 1937, be rescinded:

Whereas, Members often inquire how the Approved Schools use the money given by the Daughters of the American Revolution;

Whereas, An audit submitted by the schools to the D. A. R. would be a protection to the schools and to the Society;

Resolved, That the National Society request each Approved School to submit at the close of each fiscal year two copies of its annual audit,

one to the Treasurer General and one to the National Chairman of Approved Schools," and that this substitute motion be adopted in its place:

Whereas, The audits previously submitted by the Approved Schools have proven to be too cumbersome for practical use;

Resolved, That such an audit be submitted only upon special request by the National Society; and be it further

Resolved, That the National Society request each Approved School to submit to the National Chairman an itemized monthly statement of all designated contributions received from D. A. R. chapters or members, and in addition a statement of undesignated contributions with the purpose for which such contributions are used.

Moved by Mrs. Blakeslee, seconded by Mrs. Latimer. Adopted.

Discussion followed on the subject of a fitting celebration of the 50th anniversary of the founding of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, and Mrs. Geagley of Michigan moved *That the time of the Board Meeting for October 1940 be set for the week of October 11, to permit the fiftieth anniversary celebration.* Seconded by Mrs. Forney. Carried.

The President General reminded the members of arrangements being made for the Continental Congress of April 1939, and Mrs. Chiles of Missouri moved *That the 48th Continental Congress convene on Monday evening, April 17, to continue through Friday of that week.* Seconded by Mrs. Donahue. Carried.

Mrs. Zimmerman of Illinois moved *That the February Board meeting be held February 1, 1939.* Seconded by Mrs. Schlosser. Carried.

The President General announced December 8 as the date of the special Board meeting.

The Treasurer General, Miss Schwarzwelder, stated the National Society had lost—deceased 1,162, resigned 1,221 and dropped 1,150, and moved *That 12 members be reinstated.* Seconded by Mrs. Herrin. Carried. Total of an even 300 reinstated on this date.

The Chairman of the Magazine Committee, Mrs. Victor Abbot Binford, read the report of that committee.

Report of National Historical Magazine Committee

Since the Board Meeting of October 1937 there has been a total net gain of 1,660 subscriptions to the Magazine. This brought the total number on October 1, 1938, to 11,204. While this increase is gratifying, still more so is the fact that the increase did not drop off during the summer months. There was a slight decline in July and August, but the number received was more than for the same time the previous year. During the month of September \$1,693.00 was received in subscriptions. This steady increase would seem to indicate that the Magazine in its present form has been acceptable to the Society.

Also during the past year the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE has been accepted as a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. This is a step forward in definite recognition of the standing of the Magazine.

Two meetings of the National Chairman and the Assistants will have been held during this week. A permanent organization of the committee has been made and plans for a three-year period considered.

The National Chairman wishes to express her appreciation to the President General and to the Editor for the clear presentation of the problems confronting the Magazine.

Through the Chairman, the committee wishes to pledge to this Board its constant effort to increase the circulation of the Magazine, both among the members of the organization and the reading public.

MARIA R. BINFORD,
Chairman.

The Editor of the Magazine, Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes, gave a verbal report on the progress made since the last Board meeting, stating that the subscriptions received had fulfilled her estimates, with a net gain of 2,000 subscriptions in less than a year, and that with continued support the Magazine would prove an asset rather than a loss to the Society.

Mrs. Zimmerman of Illinois moved *That recommendation 15 of the Executive Committee be adopted: That a budget of \$200 a month be continued for articles for the next six months in the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE and that the sum of \$400 be allowed as an emergency fund for that period.* Seconded by Miss Hershey. Carried.

Discussion as to cost of printing the Magazine followed, the Treasurer giving a statement of this item of expense, and Mrs. Donahue of Ohio moved *That the President General, the Treasurer General, the Chairman of Printing Committee, the Chairman of Magazine Committee, and the Editor, be a committee to obtain bids on a new contract for printing the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE; and that these be submitted to the Executive Committee with power to act.* Seconded by Mrs. Chiles. Carried.

Mrs. Binford of Maine moved *That printed minutes of the National Board of Management go only to the members of the National Society who are subscribers to the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE.* Seconded by Mrs. Geagley. Carried.

The Registrar General, Mrs. Nason, read a supplemental report.

Supplemental Report of Registrar General

Number of applications verified—232.

Total number of verified papers reported to Board Meeting today:

Originals	2,232
Supplements	417
Total	2,649

ISABELLE C. NASON,
Registrar General, N. S. D. A. R.

Mrs. Nason moved *That the 232 additional applicants whose records have been verified by the Registrar General be elected to membership in the National Society, making a total of 2,232 admitted on this day.* Seconded by Mrs. Schermerhorn. Carried.

Mrs. Nason stated this to be the greatest number since 1931 when 2,075 were admitted.

The Organizing Secretary General, Mrs. Schermerhorn, read a supplemental report.

Supplemental Report of Organizing Secretary General

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

The Organizing Secretary General now presents her supplemental report for your approval:

Through their respective State Regents the following members-at-large are presented for confirmation as Organizing Regents:

Mrs. Laura Pinnell Hunter, New Madrid, Missouri.

Mrs. Dixie Lee Smith Strong, Fort Monmouth, New Jersey.

Miss Amelia Klink, Pottstown, Pennsylvania.

Chapters are requested authorized by State Regents at the following places:

Fort Payne and Greenville, Alabama.

Perrysburg, Ohio.

Waxahchie, Texas.

The Coronado Chapter at Hobbs, New Mexico, has met all requirements according to our National By-Laws and is now presented for confirmation.

The members of the Jonathan Bryan Chapter of Waycross, Georgia, have been transferred to the Lyman Hall Chapter; therefore the Jonathan

Bryan Chapter of Waycross, Georgia, is presented for official disbandment.

HAZEL F. SCHERMERHORN,
Organizing Secretary General, N. S. D. A. R.

Mrs. Schermerhorn moved the confirmation of the three Organizing Regents; the authorization of the four chapters; and the confirmation of the Coronado Chapter, organized at Hobbs, New Mexico; and the official disbandment of the Jonathan Bryan Chapter at Waycross, Georgia. Seconded by Mrs. Nason. Carried.

The President General read telegrams from Mrs. Reuben Edward Knight, State Regent of Nebraska, and Mrs. Elmer H. Whittaker, Vice President General of California, absent because of illness; and announced the passing of Mrs. Drayton W. Bushnell, Honorary Vice President General of Iowa; Mrs. John Newman Carey, Honorary Vice President General of Indiana; of former State Regent of North Carolina, Mrs. Sydney Perry Cooper; of the husband of Mrs. Arthur Rowbotham, Vice President General of Virginia; and the members stood in silent sympathy.

The Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Heaume, read the minutes of October 26, 1938, which were approved as read.

The Corresponding Secretary General, Mrs. Herrin, moved *That we adjourn*. Seconded by Mrs. Heaume. Carried.

Adjournment was taken at 5:20 P. M.

JULIA D. HEAUME,
Recording Secretary General, N. S. D. A. R.

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